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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1992 • $3.95

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SPECIAL 30TH ANNIVERSARY INTERVIEW: BETTY FRIEDAN

REAL MEN DON'T BOND BY BRUCE FEIRSTEIN

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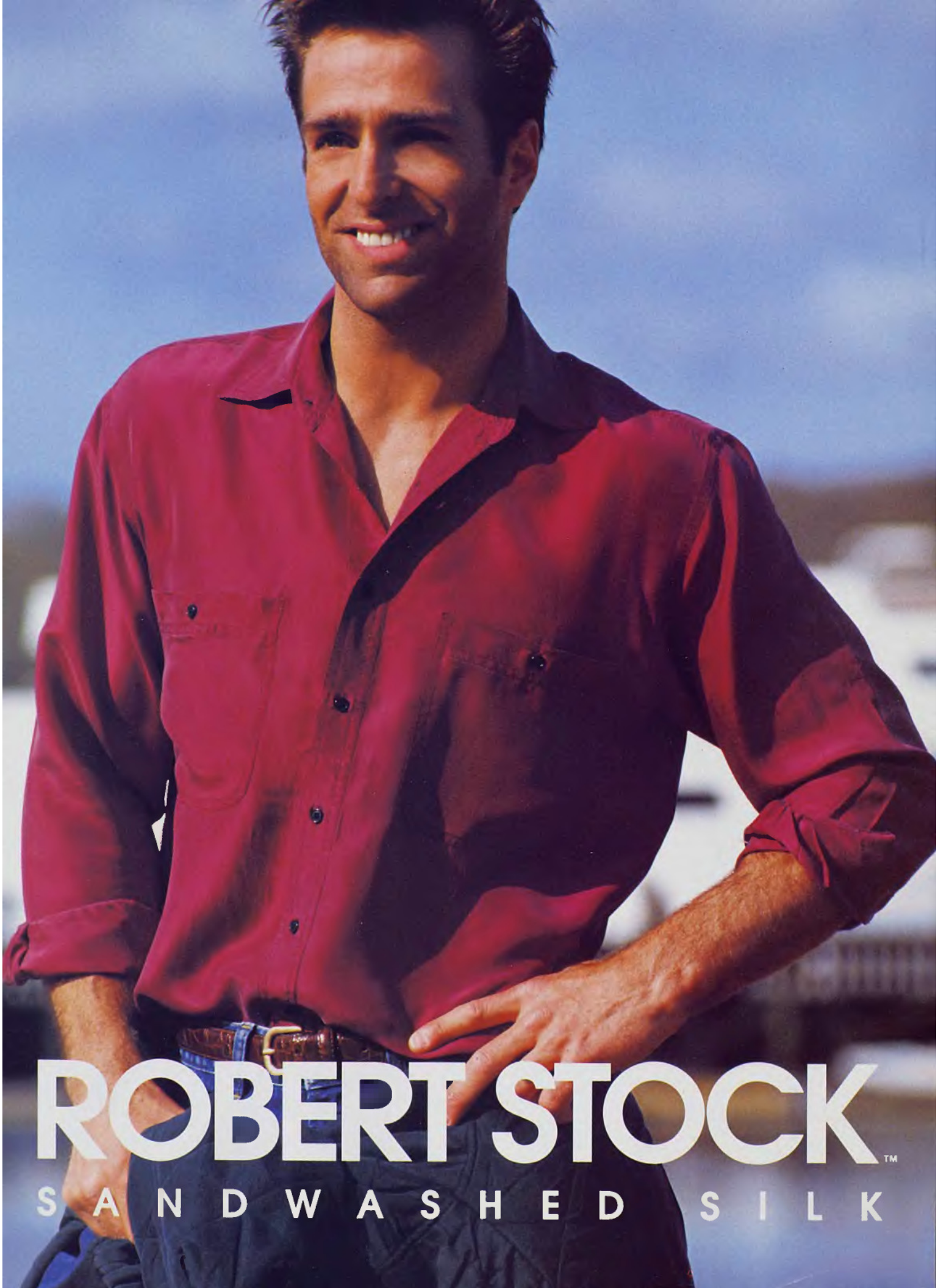
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PLAYBILL

TRY TO IMAGINE a mix of the salons of Paris, the bars of Boston and the dorm rooms of any college—and you'll get the idea behind the *Playboy Interview*. Hef wanted a magazine in which men could hang around and talk, so 30 years ago we sent Alex Haley to interview Miles Davis. The guest list has since grown to include artists, writers, Presidents, jocks, lawyers, film makers and feminists—all extraordinary, all revealed fully in what has been called "the command performance of American journalism." The interview is the direct opposite of a sound bite. So pull up a chair and join the celebration. Appropriately, our interview this month is with **Betty Friedan.** As author of *The Feminine Mystique* and one of the founders of the National Organization for Women, Friedan helped launch the women's movement. Contributing Editor **David Sheff** grilled Friedan on what lies ahead for men and women. It's the interview at its best: smart talk from a visionary thinker.

Also celebrating an anniversary in this issue is **Bruce Feirstein,** who ten years ago redefined American manhood with his PLAYBOY article *Real Men Don't Eat Quiche*. A lot of bottled water has flowed under the bridge since then, so Feirstein figures it's time to set men right again. He does it in *Real Men Don't Bond*, due soon in longer form from Warner Books. He-man artist **Michael O'Brien** did the artwork.

PLAYBOY, of course, has always been a magazine for real men, as opposed to theoretical men (*Esquire*), armchair men (*Sports Illustrated*) or mannequins (*GQ*). As part of our mission to sort the real from the unreal, we are instituting a new section called *Mantrack*: part sexual politics, part humor, part survey report—all male, and no drumming. The guest essay this month comes from **Warren Farrell.**

Hard to believe it took us this long to mention our cover girl: comedienne extraordinaire **Sandra Bernhard.** Herein she bares a side—OK, all sides—we've never seen before, with the help of photographer **Michel Comte.** She wrote her own text in collaboration with **Claudia Lapin.** Credit is also due Assistant Photography Editor of Entertainment **Patty Beaudet,** who produced both pictorial and cover.

We'll miss the Mafia, won't you? All those great Coppola movies, the pinkie rings, blood on the tablecloth. In *La Cosa Nostra Takes the Big Hit*, third in our series on organized crime today, **T. J. English** writes an elegy for the Italian Mob, which is being debilitated by loose lips and botched hits.

Now that baseball's heating up, it's time for *Playboy's Pro Football Forecast* (illustrated by **Mike Benny**). Taking up the crystal ball this year is **Danny Sheridan,** sports analyst for *USA Today* and CNN. His first predictions for PLAYBOY take him out on a limb: neither the Redskins nor the 49ers in the Super Bowl.

Lucius Shepard's latest piece of PLAYBOY fiction, *Beast of the Heartland*, follows a boxer whose career and eyesight are in simultaneous decline. Still, he battles toward redemption with the help of a woman he can't see—and imaginary beasts he can. **Etienne Delessert** delivered the knockout artwork.

Now that Johnny Carson has abdicated his throne, the late-night landscape looks like Eastern Europe. Among those competing for turf with Leno, Arsenio et al. is Weekend Update grad and smirkmeister **Dennis Miller.** In *20 Questions*, he shares the joys of his new desk job with **Wayne Kalyn.**

Rounding out this issue are mountain bikes to die for, photographed by **Marc Hauser,** and Fashion Director **Hollis Wayne's** look at fall and winter styles from America's top designers. We're also featuring women wearing hardly any fashions at all: Playmate **Morena Corwin,** displaying the outfit she was born in, and a flock of flight attendants *quite* out of uniform.

With that, we bid you a pleasant trip through these pages.

SHEFF

FEIRSTEIN

O'BRIEN

FARRELL

COMTE

ENGLISH

SHERIDAN

BENNY

SHEPARD

DELESSERT

KALYN

HAUSER

WAYNE

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PLAYBOY

vol. 39, no. 9—september 1992

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		3
DEAR PLAYBOY		9
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		13
STYLE		28
MANTRACK		31
ANATOMY OF A SEDUCTION	WARREN FARRELL	34
MEN	ASA BABER	36
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL	37
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		39
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		41
REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK: THREE BLIND MICE—opinion	ROBERT SCHEER	49
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BETTY FRIEDAN—candid conversation		51
REAL MEN DON'T BOND—article	BRUCE FEIRSTEIN	64
NOT JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE—pictoriol	text by SANDRA BERNHARD	70
BEAST OF THE HEARTLAND—fiction	LUCIUS SHEPARD	78
FALL AND WINTER FASHION GUIDE—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	82
LA COSA NOSTRA TAKES THE BIG HIT—article	T. J. ENGLISH	90
SEOUL MATE—playboy's playmote of the month		94
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		106
THE WILD BUNCH—modern living	MATTHEW CHILDS	108
THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW 30TH ANNIVERSARY		115
PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST	DANNY SHERIDAN	118
FLY GIRLS—pictoriol		122
20 QUESTIONS: DENNIS MILLER		132
BACK TO DATING—humor		140
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		161

Sassy Sandra P. 70

Raging Beast P. 78

Seoul Mate P. 94

Rough Riders P. 108

COVER STORY

Say hello to Sandra Bernhard, a woman of unconventional attitudes, appetites and beauty, in a pictorial that's as daring as she wants to be. Our cover was produced by Assistant Photo Editor/Entertainment Patty Beaudet, styled by Stephen Earabino for Visages Style/L.A. and photographed by Michel Comte. Sandra's hair was styled by Cemal for Cloutier, her make-up by Karen Kawahara/Estilo Salons. "Whew, she's a sexy Bunny wanna-be," quips the Rabbit.

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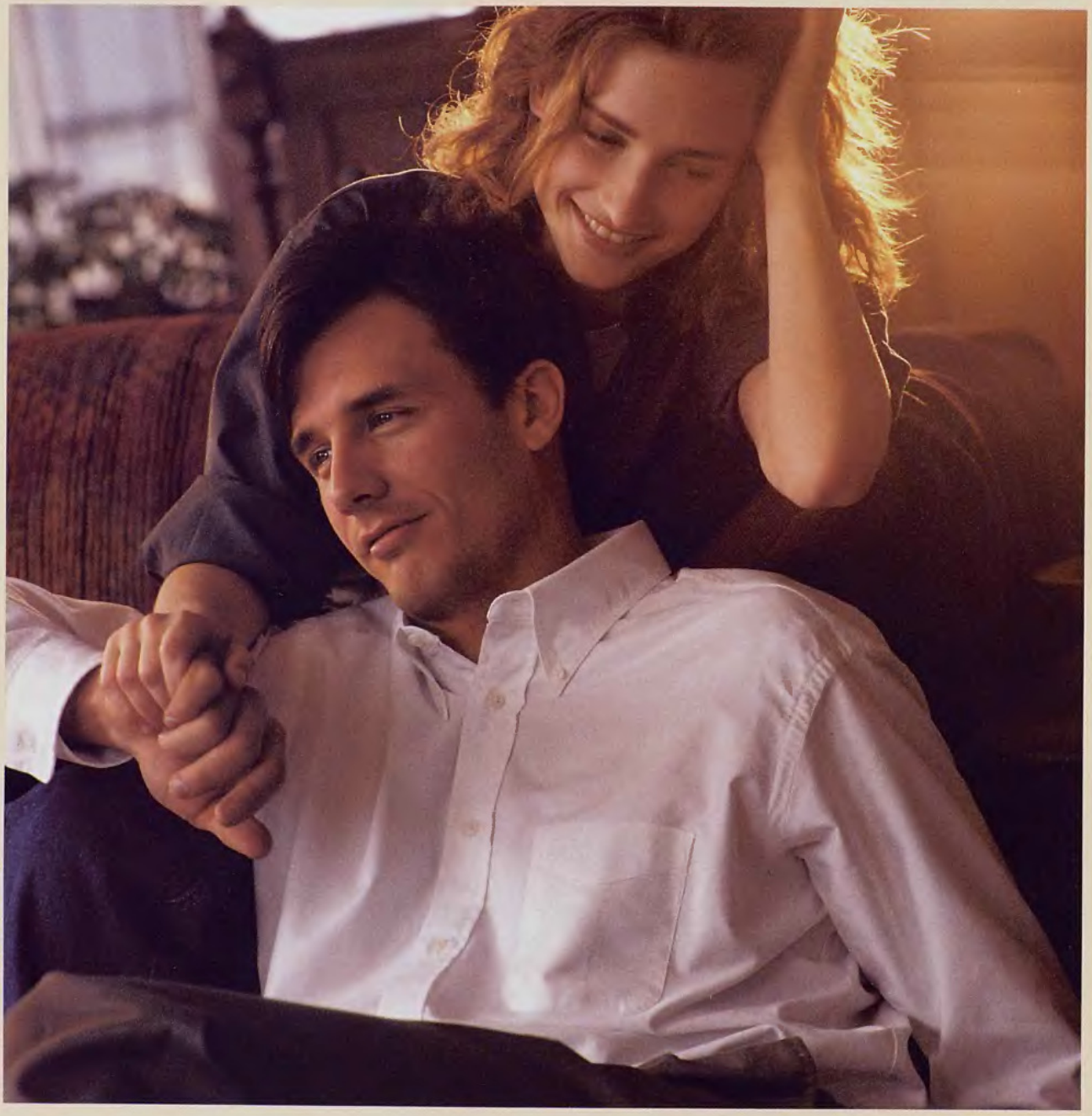

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RALPH NADER INTERVIEW

Murray Fisher's *Playboy Interview* with consumer advocate Ralph Nader (June) reaffirms my desire to make a difference in this country. Nader's analysis of what's wrong with our government made me realize that our country is in dire need of change. The control of the United States must be returned to the hands of the people, where it belongs. I just wish more citizens were willing to voice their concerns and take action as Nader has done.

Luther R. Wiest
West Point, New York

I accept Ralph Nader's "incorruptible idealism" and his status as the most credible crusader for U.S. economic and social justice, but his hope that Princeton alums collectively worth billions will somehow invigorate his vision is ridiculous. Nader cannot truly think current Princetonians and members of other elites will deny themselves the means their forebears used to gain power and success.

In making his plea to his class of 1955, Nader implicitly recognized that most people won't aid progress at the expense of financial and professional goals. Otherwise, they would have become Nader's Raiders long ago.

After a career of public good, Nader knows change cannot be bought. It only comes with his style of sweat, guts, commitment and sacrifice to ideals.

Harold Burbank
Collinsville, Connecticut

I was impressed with the Ralph Nader interview. Now I know who will get my vote for President.

Ron Bostick
Cedar Park, Texas

Many men claim to be what Ralph Nader is, and they usually hold public office. But if Honest Abe were alive today, would we recognize him? I contend that these days an honest man can't hold public office. This country desperately needs a Nader-type personality in the White House, but I'd like to ask Nader: How can I take your candidacy seriously when you don't? Why not consider the Presidency? This country needs you.

Curtis Perry
Harriman, Tennessee

Ralph Nader is a dangerous, subversive and radical socialist. Calling him a consumer rights advocate is a joke. His only crusade is the total destruction of capitalism and the free market system. Government confiscation of pension funds, the breakup of corporations and more taxes and regulations on business and industry are sure ways to increase unemployment and throw this nation into the worst depression ever known.

Richard L. Loken
Royal Oak, Michigan

PRESUMED GUILTY

Harry Stein's *Presumed Guilty*, (*Playboy*, June) is interesting. I feel awful for Tom Anson and any other man who has been falsely accused of child sexual abuse. But the article gives the impression that his story is quite common. It's nowhere near so common as the number of real sexual-abuse cases, many of which are never reported. I hope that readers of Stein's article won't think that most women make up child sexual-abuse charges out of revenge.

I am a woman and a feminist and I would never accuse a man of sexually abusing a child unless I really thought it were true—not even a man I really hated. Sure, there are some crazy women out there who would do it for revenge, but not many.

Tonya Ramos
Roseville, California

I find it difficult to express how much empathy I have for Tom Anson and the battle he continues to face, not only for his children's future but for his own. But

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Harry Stein has given Anson perhaps the best tool to reestablish his relationship with his children. Anson should save Stein's article and show it to his kids when they come of age. The obvious love he had for them will, I think, touch them. The article will also give them a better understanding of how and why their childhoods were ruined.

I wish the best for Anson and I thank PLAYBOY for providing a forum that allows such issues as child sexual abuse to be better understood.

Cliff Weir
Orlando, Florida

The revolting miscarriage of justice Harry Stein describes in *Presumed Guilty* could be prevented if our system of jurisprudence took a leaf from the criminal justice system of imperial China. There, gossip mongering and false accusations were extremely rare, because if the accuser couldn't prove his or her charges, he or she received the same sentence the accused would have received if he or she had been proved guilty.

Erwin Fuchs
Seattle, Washington

As a mental-health professional, I applaud your courage in publishing Harry Stein's article. However, I feel compelled to present two additional points in order to bring more balance to the debate.

First, most mental-health professionals (myself included) were taught that children never lie about sexual-abuse allegations, based on an assumption that only an abused child would have intimate and detailed knowledge of adult sexual behavior. However, the proliferation of cable TV and sexually explicit videotapes, coupled with inadequate adult supervision, has increased many a young child's education in terms of specific and graphic sexual behavior. Therefore, it is ludicrous not to believe that some children are simply recounting what they have heard and seen at home on TV.

Second, as mentioned in the article, the nonabusing spouse often is aware that the abuse is taking place and tacitly allows it to continue. While law-enforcement and social-service agencies expend incredible amounts of time and resources prosecuting the actively abusing parent, counseling services and sympathy are extended to the nonabusing but aware spouse. In other words, men go to prison while women are given the status of martyrs.

It seems to me that legal intervention and/or social services should be applied equally to both genders. An adult who is aware that child abuse is taking place and does nothing to stop this activity is as guilty as the adult who is abusing the child.

Robert Brewer
Houston, Texas

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

Congratulations and applause to Corinna Harney, Playmate of the Year 1992 (PLAYBOY, June). Whether because of the sparkle in her eyes, the dazzling shine of her hair, her charisma or all of the above, she was clearly my choice for PMOY. If I should happen to venture to Las Vegas, the gamble won't be on blackjack, poker or a roll of the dice. I would rather bet all my luck on having a chance to walk down the street with Corinna.

Michael McCarthy
Dracut, Massachusetts

Corinna Harney is, without a doubt, the perfect successor to Lisa Matthews for Playmate of the Year. Both women exude charm, have vibrant personalities,

are beautiful inside and out and are the type you can bring home to Mom.

Kris Gallimore
Thunder Bay, Ontario

ANGELA MELINI

I have long admired the women of Vietnam as the most alluring in the world. Finally, a Vietnamese centerfold (Miss June, Angela Melini)!

Paul Bedor
Minneapolis, Minnesota

If I'm ever in Seattle, I know where I'm getting my hair cut!

Joseph Rella
Albany, New York

BOB COSTAS GOES FOR THE GOLD

Lee Green's profile of Bob Costas (*Bob Costas Goes for the Gold*) in the June issue is an endearing piece on an endearing personality. Costas' low-key wit has kept me entertained from the beginning of his career. He's even good enough to keep my wife watching, and she isn't the world's biggest sports fan. It's a shame that he's a perfectionist to the point of personal distraction. Still, after freezing and sleeping through Tim McCarver's hosting of the winter Olympics, it will be a joy to sweat and cheer through Costas' hosting of the summer Olympics.

Adam M. Green
Delaware, Ohio

While I enjoyed Lee Green's profile of Bob Costas, I was a little surprised that Kevin Cook's *The Boys in the Booth* omits a few of the prominent women in the booth, namely Robin Roberts and Gayle Gardiner. As I consider PLAYBOY a progressive magazine, I believe it would only be fair to give these talented (and plastic-haired) "talking heads" equal time.

Robert Richards
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

THE BEST PLACE IN TOWN

I find it inexcusable that John Oldcastle, in his review of the best restaurants in America's major cities (*The Best Place in Town*, PLAYBOY, June), neglects, for whatever reason, the many fine dining establishments that this area of more than 2,000,000 people has to offer. Cincinnati, St. Louis, Portland, Cleveland, but not Pittsburgh?

Any one of these restaurants—the Hyeholde, D'Imperio's, Jamie's on the Square, Prima Donna and Le Mont—deserves a place on Oldcastle's list.

Sean A. McDowell
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

In May, while on a research assignment with my employer, Dale Brown—the best-selling military fiction novelist (author of *Flight of the Old Dog*, *Silver Tower*, *Day of the Cheetah*, *Hammerheads*, *Sky Masters* and *Night of the Hawk*)—I met a contingent of 15 Russian Air Force officers who were visiting Barksdale Air Force Base, Louisiana. In the interest of promoting American goodwill, I bought and discreetly gave a copy of the June PLAYBOY to one of the Russian officers to share with the other members of the contingent and take back to Russia. I could think of no other American product that better exemplifies the liberty and freedom we Americans enjoy.

The PLAYBOY was a big hit. After showing it to his superior officers, the junior officer tried to persuade me, via a blushing woman Russian interpreter, to obtain for him a whole stack of copies. When I replied that the one copy of the June PLAYBOY was meant as a gift to the contingent, the Russian officer smiled, shook my hand and voiced his thanks. How's that for detente?

Dennis Hall
Folsom, California

Alive with pleasure!

Newport

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

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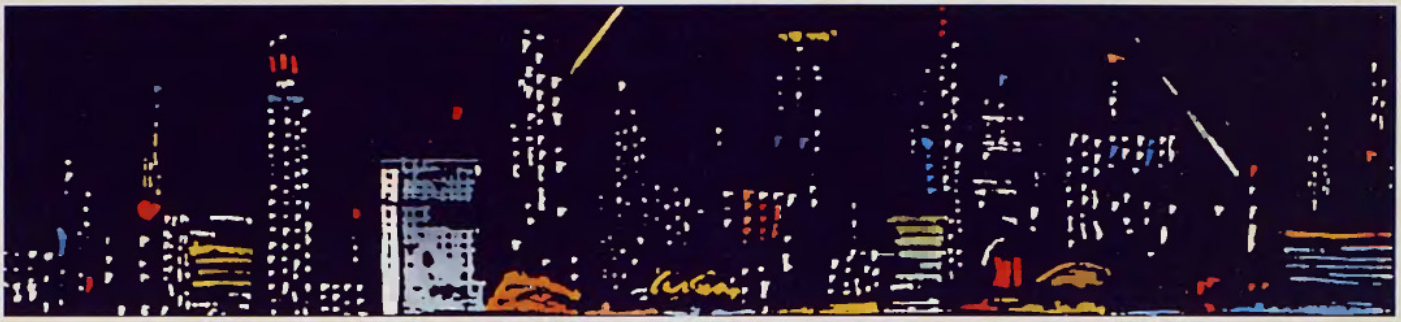
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



WHAT YOU WON'T LEARN AT FRESHMAN ORIENTATION

From our old friend Bob Wieder, college grad, some advice for those of you in the class of 1996 that you won't find in a college catalog. You need to know:

That you can no longer count on being the smartest person in your class or social group—or, for that matter, your relationship.

That if you have roommates, you protect your milk in the refrigerator by writing "I spit in here" on the carton.

That before you can finish the carton, someone will add "So did I."

That the greatest student health problem isn't drugs or alcohol but allergic reactions to tetracycline.

That if you were too awkward to score with the opposite sex in high school, college will merely refine your intellectual awareness of this deficiency.

That the more you despise a particular subject, the more corporate recruiters consider it essential.

That the current hot majors will be career suckholes by the time you get your master's degree.

That college life is to actual life as Disneyland is to Cleveland.

That college will not clarify your thoughts, future or complexion.

That college may end but student loans go on forever.

That as wretched as your college years may be, it's likely that you'll never be this happy again.

WEIGHTY WORLD NEWS

Extra-large plane passengers in the U.S. are issued seat-belt extensions adorned with the initials of the Federal Aviation Administration's technical standards order: FAA-TSO.

JUST SAY OM

For his next feat, magician Doug Henning—with guidance from Beatles-era wise guy Maharishi Mahesh Yogi—plans to conjure up a theme park in Niagara Falls, Canada. Henning says that by melding special effects and "magic illusion technology," Maharishi Veda Land will "reveal the inner secrets of life and the universe" for the low daily admission price of $21 Canadian. The Maharishi promises that Veda Land will create "heaven on earth for all mankind forever." Until then, visitors may gawk at mind-bending rides and attractions such as the world's only levitating building. Henning hopes to house 7000 yogic fliers at a nearby university. According to the mustachioed magician, the fliers will be able to lift off the ground and radiate a "powerful influence of coherence"—something we've often felt would come in handy. The park also promises answers to such eternal questions as "What is the universe?" and "Where did it come from?" Look elsewhere for answers to "Baked or mashed?" and "How will I pay for this vacation?" As usual, Veda Land won't differ from other attractions combining enlightenment with entertainment: You get entertained and your wallet gets enlightened.

•

At California's Monterey Bay Aquarium, curators canceled a special exhibition of live jellyfish in a touching tank because handling the slippery coelenterates might harm or even kill them. So they came up with substitutes that feel exactly like jellyfish: silicone breast implants.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

NO IFS, ANDS OR BUTTS

Posted above a urinal in the men's room at a country store in Helotes, Texas, was the following message: PLEASE NOTE: THE SAME FINGERS THAT REMOVE THE CIGARETTE BUTTS FROM THIS URINAL ARE THE ONES THAT FIX YOUR HAMBURGERS. There were no cigarettes in the urinal.

THINKING OFF

After a decade of cautious research, a newly published study in *Archives of Sexual Behavior*, by Beverly Whipple, Gina Ogden and Barry R. Komisaruk, confirms that some women can reach orgasm with no stimulation other than their thoughts. The blood pressure, heart rate, pupil diameter and pain threshold of ten women—all of whom claimed to enjoy mentally induced orgasms—were calibrated during tests to see if fantasizing matched what manual dexterity produced. A half-dozen bar graphs and as many monitored sighs later, the results showed that seven of the women made good on their claims and that even intrusive lab equipment needn't spoil a good time. Her job done, Ogden—who reported the phenomenon in her doctoral thesis—says she's moving on: "I thought I might have fun with sex instead of working at it." We'd be happy to lend a hand.

THE POLITICAL LEFT

According to a recent survey at the University of British Columbia, lefties are 89 percent more likely than right-handers to suffer accident-related injuries and tend to die eight years younger. Now pundits of the alarmist bent are pointing out that George Bush, Bill Clinton and Ross Perot are all left-handed. Although in the past there have been a few southpaws in the White

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

According to a report in *Machinist* magazine, the moon holds 100,000,000 tons of helium-3, a fuel used in nuclear fusion reactors that sells for $1000 a gram; 27 tons of the element could supply the entire U.S. with enough energy for one year.

QUOTE

"As you know, I planned a trip out there for some time, so it fits in very nicely."—GEORGE BUSH, ON HIS PLANS TO VISIT LOS ANGELES AFTER THE RIOTS

SIGNATURE ACTS

According to Mike Johnson of Autograph Research, average percentage increase in value of signed photo if a celebrity dies: 250.

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Percentage of all celebrities who respond to mail requests for their autographs, 77; percentage of the first 28 American astronauts who respond, 93.

•

Market value of a Michael Dukakis signature before he ran for President, $15; while he was running, $100; after he lost, $10.

ONE SUPERBURGER, HOLD LE ONION

As of 1990, number of trademarked products with names bearing the prefix Super, 1517; beginning with the words Mister or Mr., 351; with New, 328; with Le, 250; with Miss, 135; with Mrs., 94; with Cheap, 6.

"I BRAKE FOR THE L.A.P.D."

Percentage of southern California drivers who admit to making obscene gestures at other drivers, 38; who confess to having run a red light in the past month, 20; who say they keep a gun in their car, 5.

HOT FUN IN THE CITY

Number of escort services listed in the Yellow Pages in Boston, 54; Chicago, 32; Manhattan, 27; Los Angeles, 25; Houston, 10.

THE NAME GAME

Percentage of U.S. presidential elections since 1789 won by the candidate with the longer last name: 57.

•

Number of letters in Bush, 4; in Perot, 5; in Clinton, 7; in None of the Above, 14.

KING GEORGE

Number of servants who accompanied Queen Elizabeth and Prince Phillip on a visit to U.S. last year: 41.

•

Minimum number of staffers who travel abroad with President and Mrs. Bush: 125.

HI, GENE

According to a survey of 500 adults, percentage of men who would tell someone if he or she had food stuck between their teeth, 61; percentage of women, 53; percentage of men who would tell someone if he or she had dandruff, 22; percentage of women, 14.

IRS CONFIDENTIAL

According to an internal ethics survey obtained by the National Coalition of IRS Whistleblowers, percentage of IRS executives and managers who believe tax workers steal from the government, 91; who believe using "information as a source of power" is not a serious ethics violation, 69; who believe co-workers have used their positions to do favors for friends, 58; to punish personal enemies, 49.

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Percentage who said they had answered all the survey questions honestly: 79.

—CHIP ROWE

House—including the notoriously nimble Gerald Ford—the 1992 election could be the first time all the candidates are left-wingers. Perhaps this would be a good year for a right-in candidate.

THE SMELL OF BROKEN THUMBS

Bodywise, a London manufacturer, has introduced a product called Aeolus 7, which it is selling to bill-collection agencies for about $6000 a gram. The product's main ingredient is a pheromone secreted from men's armpits and groins that mysteriously appears to be effective in getting deadbeats to settle their accounts. In Australia, a market test indicated that invoices sprayed with Aeolus 7 had a 17 percent higher return rate than those that were not.

PET SOUNDS

Nippon Crown Company of Japan has come up with a CD of New Age–type music to soothe dogs and cats stressed out by their overachieving Japanese owners. The cuts, tested on more than 100 animals, are slow and calm for dogs, bouncier and more rhythmic for cats. Included is that golden oldie, the sound of buzzing flies.

PULL AND PRAY

Jay Knudsen, a landscaper in Des Moines, Iowa, has a business on the side. Relatives of deceased hunters pay him to pack the ashes of their dearly departed into shotgun shells and fire them at targets. Knudsen says he also gets requests to put the ashes in duck decoys, fishing lures and golf clubs. He allowed, "A lot of ideas go to waste because people are afraid of being laughed at."

•

Wide receiver Vance Johnson of the Denver Broncos is suing HBO for broadcasting footage of his genitalia recorded during the taping of a locker-room celebration. Johnson's lawyer explains, "It was humiliating to Vance because it showed frontal nudity. His sister called from Japan to tell him she saw it, and his grandmother saw it, too."

WRITE AND ROLL

Literary luncheons are a thing of the past; these days famous writers prefer covering songs to signing covers. The Rock Bottom Remainders—featuring a lineup of Stephen King and Dave Barry on guitars, Amy Tan singing backup, Barbara Kingsolver on electric keyboard and Michael Dorris on tambourine—did a benefit gig at the American Booksellers Association convention in Anaheim, California. They performed energetic renditions of *Da Doo Ron Ron* and *Louie Louie*, but the evening was best summed up by the message on the T-shirts worn by the sonorous scribes: THIS BAND PLAYS MUSIC AS WELL AS METALLICA WRITES NOVELS.

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MUSIC

CHARLES M. YOUNG

WITH ROOTS in the San Francisco underground as a "hippie hate" band that deliberately played bad music to provoke audiences, Faith No More brought lots of promising attitude to its major-label debut in 1989. MTV picked up the video *Epic* shortly thereafter, and suddenly the group was atop a new wave of smart metal bands that combined literacy with crunch. On its follow-up, ***Angel Dust*** (Reprise/Slash), Faith can't decide whether it wants to sound like the Mothers of Invention, Deep Purple or Henry Rollins.

Guitarist Jim Martin has a unique and intriguing feel for the power chord, but every time the band kicks into a groove with an interesting riff, it kicks out of it quickly, just to let us know Faith is superior to it all. Aspiring to catharsis, vocalist Mike Patton wallows in bitter sarcasm and achieves only nihilistic arrogance. And he's boring.

FAST CUTS: Die Toten Hosen, ***Learning English: Lesson One*** (Charisma): German neo-punks pay tribute to their roots by covering punk classics with guest appearances by many of the original musicians. Fun, energetic and very listenable.

Indigo Girls, ***Rites of Passage*** (Epic): Folkie duo avoids cuteness and delivers memorable melodies that I thought no one could write anymore.

Pops Staples, ***Peace to the Neighborhood*** (Pointblank/Charisma): Eerie, sensual, politically aware blues from a master, backed by all-star lineup including Jackson Browne, Bonnie Raitt and Ry Cooder.

360s, ***Supernatural*** (Link): Hard rock with sufficient indirection for college radio, but songs, arrangements and aggressive guitar hang together for satisfying whole. They manage to be bleak without being snotty or above the music.

VIC GARBARINI

Feeling adventurous? Yothu Yindi may be the most powerful blend of indigenous and modern music to emerge from the world music scene. For ***Tribal Voice*** (Hollywood), their first worldwide release, these aboriginal Yolngu musicians asked permission of their clan elders to use ancient tribal chants and instruments in a rock setting. The result is music that resonates in your solar plexus—roaring in from some ineffable zone beyond time and space. And these native Australians effortlessly fuse their sacred sounds with electric guitars and drums. The Yolngu see the world as a matrix much like the music on *Treaty*, their Aussie hit about aboriginal rights.

JOE CAMPITELLO

Angel Dust: no magic.

Losing faith
in Faith
No More.

Upbeat, reggae-ish melodies are blended with an otherworldly mix of Yolngu chanting and playing that blends the rhythmic intensity of rap with the fluidity of jazz. And you can dance to it.

Australian rockers Midnight Oil, who crusaded for aboriginal rights long before their hit *Beds Are Burning*, toured with Yothu Yindi. On their in-concert retrospective ***Scream in Blue Live*** (Columbia), they prove they were grunge and thrash enthusiasts long before anyone heard of the Seattle crew. All but the most hard-core fans will miss the rich dynamics of their recorded work, which get lost in the crunch.

FAST CUTS: Material Issue, ***Destination Universe*** (Mercury) and XTC, ***Nonsuch*** (Geffen): Alternative pop with panache.

DAVE MARSH

As an Otis Redding fan, I embraced ***Remember Me*** (Stax) with trembling arms—though it was trepidation as much as anticipation that gave me the shakes. Two fine albums of Otis leftovers were released by Atlantic just after his death—in fact, *Tell the Truth* and *Love Man* have just been reissued on CD. It was hard to believe that the archivists had missed much.

At the very least, they passed over an extraordinary, one-time-only collaboration with songwriter-producers Isaac Hayes and David Porter on *Trick or Treat*, which has a great slow-drag groove, a rumbling bass and soaring horns complementing a classic Redding vocal.

Much of the rest of *Remember Me* consists of outtakes, alternate takes and remakes of R&B hits like the Drifters' *There Goes My Baby* and Sam Cooke's *Cupid*. Some of it amounts to little more than rehearsal run-throughs; some is polished to the point of release quality. Generally, the rougher items are the most gripping—on *Cupid*, Otis sounds more like Cooke's fan than his competitor, and that's why it's touching. It's fun to hear Redding working out the idea of *Dock of the Bay*, wrestling with *Try a Little Tenderness*. But this set's other revelation is the frantic rendition of *Respect*, taken at breakneck pace. As an evocation of place, time and artist, it would be hard to find a more poignant moment.

FAST CUTS: Geoffrey Williams, ***Bare*** (Giant): In the mold of Terence Trent D'Arby and Seal, Williams is an exquisite writer-singer-multi-instrumentalist with a complex approach to song cycles that owes debts to Prince and Anglophilia.

Iron Prostate, ***Bring Me the Head of Jerry Garcia*** (Vital Music 45): An overdue trash lament. The only flaw is that the B side doesn't concern Michael Bolton.

Mbuti Pygmies of the Ituri Rainforest (Smithsonian Folkways): Samplers alert: The technology may be crude, but the polyrhythmic intensity reflects a source of sophistication that pop music has only begun to tap.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Ever since Tiffany and Debbie Gibson, grown-ups have noted with alarm the infiltration of radio by, of all things, teenagers. No sooner do the New Kids fade than rapping bro Marky Mark moves in. Enfant terrible Prince touts 15-year-old Tevin Campbell; new jack Michael Bivins touts the even younger ABC. You'd almost think pop music was youth culture or something.

I say such whiners should tune in the local adult contemporary station and die, because there's more pleasure, energy, fun and even wisdom in the hits of the above-named than in all the recorded works of Richard Marx and Michael Bolton combined. And when it comes to Kris Kross, two gimmicky 13-year-old Atlanta rappers masterminded by 19-year-old producer Jermaine Dupri, I'm tempted to mention genius.

Either that or dumb luck. *Jump* is the kind of single that can define a whole summer at the beach, a pop smash that could make Michael Bolton shake his

booty. But for the refusal of ***Totally Krossed Out*** (Ruffhouse/Columbia) to flag or cute out, you have to thank Dupri's studio savvy and instinct for the hook—and also the rhythmic cool and boy-man timbres of Chris Smith and Chris Kelly. All are improved by their brushes with the adult danger and dissonance *Lil' Boys in da Hood* can't avoid, and all are sparked by the ebullient hopes that made us love rock and roll to begin with.

They also wear their clothes funny. Me, I'm just listening.

FAST CUTS: Marky Mark and the Funky Bunch, ***Music for the People*** (Interscope): Give him this—he loves the life he sings (and talks).

Del tha Funkee Homosapien, ***I Wish My Brother George Was Here*** (Elektra): Bigger boy in da hood.

NELSON GEORGE

Rap music's artistic development can be traced to its amazing flexibility. The format of a performer speaking in rhyme over rhythmic music has been able to support the part chants of Kurtis Blow, the nationalism of Public Enemy, the gangsterism of N.W.A. and the utopian rhetoric of P.M. Dawn.

The latest, and one of the most exciting, rap mutation comes from Arrested Development on its debut ***3 Years, 5 Months and 2 Days in the Life of . . .*** (Chrysalis). This five-member collective of rappers and singers blends blues, black nationalism, gospel and Afrocentricity. Speech—Arrested Development's lead rapper, lyricist and producer—has a calm, conversational style well suited to the thoughtful musings that inform his writing. In *Mama's Always on Stage*, he observes "brothers talkin' revolution but leave their babies behind. Well, Sister, he's a sucka, just leave him be. The revolution is now up to brothers like me. To step in cuz yo man stepped out."

Lyrically, the album is packed with similarly affecting commentary. *Fishin' 4 Religion*, for example, is a dead-on critique of why the traditional black church has lost much of its credibility with young people. The album's production is also inventive, with samples from bluesmen Buddy Guy and Junior Wells as well as from Prince and Sly Stone. Like De La Soul's first album, of which this may remind you, Arrested Development's first effort is an instant classic.

FAST CUTS: Otis Redding's ***Remember Me*** (Stax) is a collection of 22 previously unreleased and alternate takes from the Stax vaults. There are a couple of clinkers, but it's an essential buy for fans (like me) who think Otis was soul's greatest male vocalist.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Arrested Development *3 Years, 5 Months and 2 Days in the Life of . . .*	6	7	9	8	8
Kris Kross *Totally Krossed Out*	8	6	7	8	6
Foith No More *Angel Dust*	7	4	7	4	5
Otis Redding *Remember Me*	6	7	8	9	7
Yothu Yindi *Tribal Voice*	4	8	7	5	8

WEIRDOS NEED APPLY DEPARTMENT: IRS Media, on a national talent search, went looking for wild but unknown bands to be featured in a movie currently titled *Blow My Mind*. IRS, which produced **Penelope Spheeris'** *Decline of Western Civilization Part II: The Metal Years*, now wants to do a film about what life will be like in 2030—after 50 years of MTV. Said IRS's **Nick Turner:** "Every town has a band or artist whose stage antics defy description and often logic." The film began shooting this summer, a sound track LP is planned and a tour is possible. Stay tuned.

REELING AND ROCKING: Another Bad Creation will be featured in **Robert Townsend's** movie *The Meteor Man*. . . . **Bruce Beresford,** who directed *Driving Miss Daisy*, will make a movie bio of **Bessie Smith** early next year.

NEWSBREAKS: Aaron (*Beverly Hills 90210*) **Spelling** is developing a TV drama similar to *The Commitments*, centering on a group of young people who form a band. . . . After the enormous success of *Red Hot + Blue* and the more recent success of *Red Hot + Dance*, the Red Hot Organization has *Red Hot + Rap* and *Red Hot + Rock* in the works. As with *Blue*, all funds raised by *Dance* will be distributed to AIDS charities throughout the world. . . . Look for **Glenn Frey's** first tour in years to support the *Strange Weather* LP. . . . In honor of Capitol Records' golden anniversary, the company will celebrate with a series of CD releases. Capitol's roster has over the years included **Nat King Cole, Frank Sinatra, The Beatles, Bob Seger, Tina Turner, Hammer, Bonnie Raitt** and **Steve Miller.** . . . *Reggae Sunsplash Festival* is winding its way through North America. For more info, call 800-WE-SPLASH. . . . **Eddie Kramer,** who produced all of **Jimi Hendrix'** LPs and built Electric Lady Studios with the guitarist, is cowriting *Hendrix: Setting the Record Straight* and producing a tribute album for Warner Bros. that will feature various artists doing Hendrix covers. . . . **Michael Bivins** is rolling. He's hot in his own group **Bell Biv DeVoe;** his protegés include **Boyz II Men** and **Another Bad Creation;** and now he's overseeing the debut LP of **Whytgize** (pronounced, you guessed right). . . . **Adam Ant** and **John Densmore** have produced a play about **Gene Vincent** and **Eddie Cochran** called *Be Bop a Lula* to favorable reviews and sold-out houses in L.A. *Be Bop*, written by **Rex Weiner,** is set in a seedy hotel room near Manchester, England, in 1960, where Vincent and Cochran are staying a week before Cochran's death in a car accident. . . . **Oleta Adams** is working on her sophomore LP, with **Roland Orzabal** of **Tears for Fears** again producing. . . . **Keith Richards** is recording his second solo album with a little help from Waddy Wachtel, Ivan Neville and Steve Jordan. . . . Keep an ear out for **T-Ride.** The Northern California band is being compared with **Queen** and has a single—*Zombies From Hell*—out. . . . Finally, we're a little late but happy to report that all went well at **Ted Nugent's** third annual World Bowhunters' Night, which featured hunting seminars, archery advice and new-product displays. Even the governor of Michigan, **John Engler,** showed up to address the crowd. No one was spotted from PETA.

—BARBARA NELLIS

GUEST SHOT

When he's in front of the VCR, **Tom Hanks** lives for the past. "I'm big on movies I saw a long time ago and forgot about," he says, ticking off such recent rentals as *To Kill a Mockingbird*, *The Last Detail* and *Easy Rider*. "As a kid I was influenced by the antihero, you know, the Everyman who gets shot at the end of the movie." Hanks's comedy tastes run from kitsch to classic. "I own most of the Marx Brothers movies, but after those, everything else sort of pales." He also bought the Beatles' *Help!* and *A Hard Day's Night*, mainly because they are "New Wave versions of the Marx Brothers' brand of insanity." But for belly laughs, Hanks looks to Elvis. "Rent *Speedway* or *Clambake*," he advises. Thanks, we'll pass. —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDEO VIBES

If MTV's rapid-fire format turns you off more than it tunes you in, rest easy. Warner Reprise Video lets you face the music with the new, the old and the gold. ***The Lost James Brown Tapes:*** First release of a 1979 concert film. Spotty quality, but Brown sweats out a 20-minute version of *Sex Machine*. The man has staying power. ***The Incomparable Nat King Cole, Vol. II:*** Natalie's dad sings mellow, romantic tunes. Vintage film clips in TV-show format. ***In Paris:*** Jazz trumpeter Miles Davis prowls the stage in a no-frills 1989 gig. Little to see, but the music's cool enough to air-condition your living room. ***Frank Sinatra, the Man and His Music:*** The Chairman of the Board does his standard standards. Very Vegas. ***Jimi Hendrix Experience:*** Classic Sixties rockumentary—sex, drugs, rock and roll and that awesome guitar. ***The Film Is On:*** R.E.M.'s collection of arty videos from the album *Out of Time*; includes the hit *Losing My Religion*. Slick MTV-type film making suits the music just fine. ***24 Nights:*** Eric Clapton in concert with four- and nine-piece bands, a blues band and an orchestra. Best number: *Bell Bottom Blues*. ***Harvest of Seven Years (Cropped and Chronicled):*** Singer k. d. lang's career via live concert footage, music vids and interviews. Sometimes sweet, sometimes grating, always entertaining. ***Graceland: The African Tour:*** Paul Simon takes the act on the road to Zimbabwe and gets help from some of South Africa's top talent. The huge, racially mixed audience dances in the aisles. ***Nothing Can Stop . . . Prince and the New Power Generation "Gett Off":*** Prince is having an orgy; you're invited. Don't bother. ***The Fan's Video: Soul Kiss:*** Tunes are scarce on this home-movie-quality vid from Jane's Addiction. Good how-to tape for trashing a hotel room, though. ***Ragged Glory:*** Basic driving rock and roll from Neil Young and longtime backup band Crazy Horse. You gotta love a guy who writes a rock song called *F*!#in' Up*. And sings it, unbleeped, twice. —ROBERT WALDNER

VIDBITS

Nope, *Alien*[3] isn't on video yet, but Fox has packaged a behind-the-scenes making-of program with the original *Alien* and the 1986 sequel. The creepy threesome costs $39.98. . . . PBS Home Video's ***Empire of the Air*** recalls America's radio days from 1906 to 1955. It's the first big release from photomontage master Ken Burns, whose *The Civil War* is still on everyone's top-ten list. . . . Schlessinger Video Productions (800-843-3620) has introduced ***Black Americans of Achievement Video Collection,*** based on the Chelsea House book series. Among the 30-minute bios: George Washington Carver, Harriet Tubman, Jackie Robinson, Martin Luther King, Malcolm X, Thurgood Marshall and Colin Powell. . . . To decant or not to decant? Public Media's ***How to Enjoy Wine*** ($14.95) covers all the bases, from popping the cork to selecting the right glass. Call 800-262-8600. . . . Cabin Fever's five-tape ***Legends of the American West*** profiles such real-life black and white hats as Jesse James, Wyatt Earp and Billy the Kid with archival photos and compelling reenactments. Also from Cabin Fever, the first six of a 25-tape ***Laurel and Hardy*** collection ($9.95 each). Stan and Ollie's slapstick holds up; the colorization's a drag.

LASER FARE

Although Oscar snubbed Barbra Streisand's directorial efforts on ***Prince of Tides,*** the venerable Hollywood diva gets to plead her case on disc. Voyager's Criterion Collection edition of *Prince* features a running audio commentary by Streisand, as well as previously unheard Babs vocals over the closing credits. . . . Fall to one knee and start singing. MGM/UA's seven-disc ***The Al Jolson Collection*** ($150) includes all eight of Joley's Warner Bros. pictures. Our favorite? *The Jazz Singer*, of course. . . . Just in time for campaign '92, Voyager has released the three-volume ***Tanner '88*** ($40 each), Garry Trudeau and Robert Altman's brilliant parody of life on the presidential hustings. . . . Until it's sold Stateside in Yankee packaging, the hip collector's item these days is the 29-episode Japanese edition of ***Twin Peaks.*** The 12-disc set comes with a booklet that includes maps, schematics and plot synopses (in Japanese), as well as a bonus "guide" disc. The package quickly sold out in Japan. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
MUST SEE	***Bugsy*** (Bening meets Beatty in biopic of Vegas mobster-cum-visionary Benjamin Siegel; a sure bet); ***Fried Green Tomatoes*** (Jessica Tandy's homespun tales inspire schlumpy Kathy Bates; a charmer); ***Let Him Have It*** (sad but true Fifties story of English boy executed—wrongly?—as cop killer).
DRAMA	***Shining Through*** (businessman/spy Michael Douglas sends secretary Melanie Griffith undercover into Nazi Germany; taut); ***The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*** (Robert Altman's 1988 TV take on the Wouk classic); ***The Man in the Moon*** (two Southern sisters fall for the same farm boy, with tragic results).
SUSPENSE	***Final Analysis*** (mysterious patients Kim Basinger and Uma Thurman drive shrink Richard Gere to the edge); ***Rush*** (free samples push narcs Jason Patric and Jennifer Jason Leigh over the edge); ***The Final Judgement*** (historic last two episodes of TV's *The Fugitive*; 1967 gold).
COMEDY	***Father of the Bride*** (he's not Spencer Tracy, but a mugging Steve Martin carries it); ***Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country*** (a last laugh for Kirk and crew); ***This Is My Life*** (Julie Kavner juggles life as stand-up comic and mother; Nora Ephron's directorial debut).

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August 1992

There's a story in every Boks.

8.2.92

I'm going to Panama to bone fish, shuck oysters

Men's
Oak Street

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and pee in the gulf.

B.B.

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8.22.92

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and we marinated ourselves

Men's
F 17

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in sunshine and mustard.

B/B.

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8.29.92

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dusting canned goods... When
be back next summer, I

Men's
Recker

BOKS™
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groceries, scanning bar codes, the manager asked if I'd couldn't keep a straight face.

B.B.

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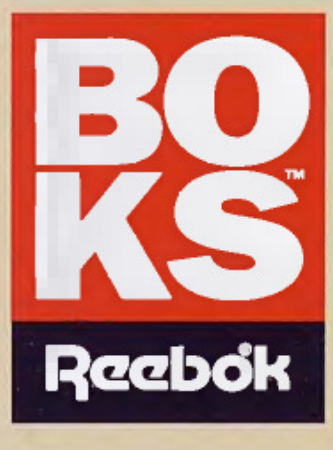

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

TWO FRESH young voices give us vivid portraits of what it's like to be a kid today. Mostly, it means a life bombarded by societal disapproval—from parents, teachers, cops and politicians—which one escapes with cool disdain, drugs, loud music or antisocial behavior.

In ***Shampoo Planet*** (Pocket), by Douglas Coupland, and ***Kicking Tomorrow*** (Random House), by Daniel Richler, two Canadian writers chronicle a short period in the lives of young men at the end of their teen years. Tyler Johnson, the 20-year-old antihero of Coupland's novel, is too old for mall-jamming and too young to become one of the undead who trudge through 50 years of work and money. Hair is a big thing in his world: "Your hair is you—your tribe—it's your badge of clean. Hair is your document. What's on top of your head says what's inside your head." Hence, the Shampoo Planet shop in the mall in Lancaster, Washington, is central to Tyler's life.

Tyler's mother is a leftover Sixties flower child who can't keep a job or a marriage. His biological father is still farming marijuana in California and his stepfather is a drunken hustler who went broke. His grandparents are obsessed with a get-rich-quick pyramid scheme built on a cat food called Kitty-Whip. Small wonder that Tyler walks around in a daze of capitalistic fantasies as a hotel management major at the Lancaster Community College Hospitality Industry Education Department.

Protected by a shell of cynicism, Tyler bumbles his way through the obligatory rites-of-passage European trip, is dismayed by the festive scene at Jim Morrison's grave and is picked up by an I'm-so-bored rich girl named Stephanie. She comes to Lancaster just as Tyler's despised stepfather reappears. Tyler drives with Stephanie to Hollywood, where she dumps him. When Tyler appears to have hit bottom selling crayon rubbings of the stars on Hollywood Boulevard, his comically cursed existence takes a happy turn upward.

It is the witty humor, vulnerable uncertainty and self-deprecating honesty of his narrator that makes Coupland's novel so exceptional.

Robbie Bookbinder, the 18-year-old narrator in *Kicking Tomorrow*, is a dropout. But he doesn't know it. He thinks he's an artist and an undiscovered rock star. He is a more volatile, more extreme version of Tyler who chooses to turn his anger and confusion about modern life into self-destructive bouts of drinking and doping. Robbie's mother is another Sixties type who has used her passion for the environment to become the star of the *Hello World!* TV show. His father is a successful dealmaker who has just enough energy left on the weekends to drink Scotch and watch hockey on TV. After Robbie disrupts the family seder, then nonchalantly leaves the water running in the upstairs bathroom and wrecks the house, they ask him to leave.

PAUL MOCH

Rebels with a cause.

Coupland and Richler: two visions of disillusioned youth.

He wanders through Montreal's netherworld of punks, druggies, strippers and bikers as Dante moved through the deeper circles of hell.

As this first novel aptly demonstrates, Daniel Richler has inherited the family literary talent (he's Mordecai's son). He has also experienced the pain and terror of a generation left facing both the economic and psychological aftermath of the greedy Eighties. Although his style has a harder edge than Coupland's, the authors share a vision of disillusioned, disenfranchised youth.

Where do kids like this come from? Remarkably enough, that question is answered in a large, powerful documentary study of one American family, ***Home Fires*** (HarperCollins), by Donald Katz. His answer is that they come from good middle-class homes with well-meaning parents. Sam Goldenberg, a child of the Depression, returned in 1945 from fighting in World War Two to work as an electrician and make a good life for his family. Seven years later, Sam achieved his dream. He moved with his wife and three daughters from the Bronx to a new house on Long Island—and they became the Gordons. With the addition of a son, Sam Gordon's family was a portrait of Fifties middle-class perfection.

But as his children grew into independence, one by one they broke his—and his wife Eve's—heart. Political activism, LSD, heroin addiction, homosexuality, drug dealing, New Age cults, unwed pregnancy, divorce, suicide attempts—all became a litany of parental nightmare. Instead of being perfect, Sam's family had become, in fashionable phraseology, dysfunctional.

Katz tells this family saga with empathic skill, but the greatest strength of this important book is that the Gordons are truly Everyfamily. With variations, their social and cultural experiences mirror those of any middle-class American family in the postwar decades—and so do their troubles.

Finally, the silver age of crime fiction continues to offer a flood of impressive mysteries and detective novels. In ***Rum Punch*** (Delacorte), Elmore Leonard discovers a cast of hilarious eccentrics involved in a drug deal in Palm Beach. Patricia Cornwell lives up to the promise of *Body of Evidence* with her latest adventure of chief medical examiner Dr. Kay Scarpetta, ***All That Remains*** (Scribner's). Sid Stebel evokes the mean streets of L.A. in a noir story of love and embezzlement, ***The Boss's Wife*** (Walker). Race riots erupt in Miami when a black football star dies in ***Contents Under Pressure*** (Hyperion), by Edna Buchanan. In ***Blue Bayou*** (Simon & Schuster), Dick Lochte finds murder, Cajun style, to be musical and nasty down in the Big Easy. And Fiddler, A. E. Maxwell's smart-mouthed sleuth, returns to take on the *yakuza* in a hard-boiled outing, ***The King of Nothing*** (Villard).

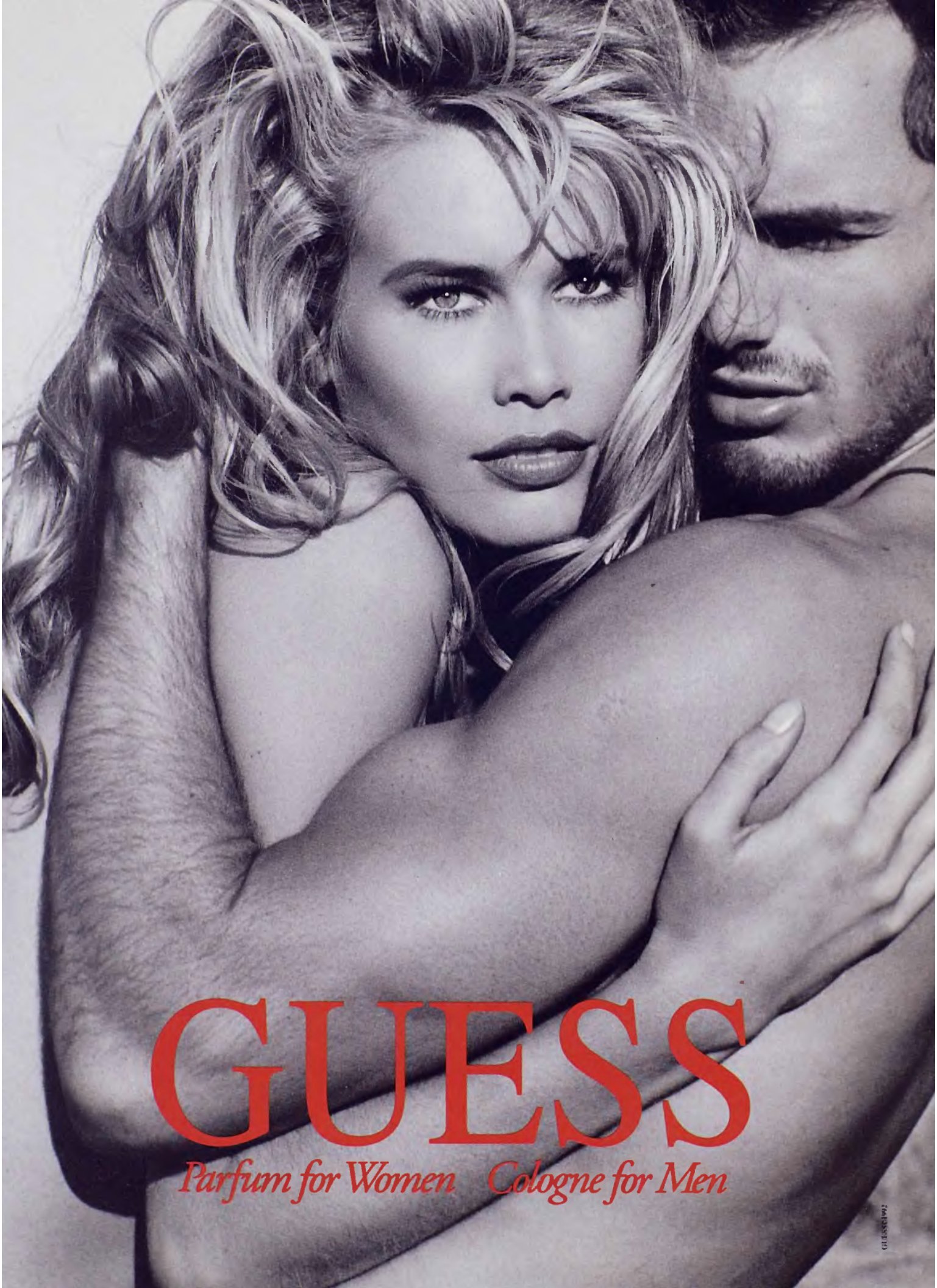
BOOK BAG

True Confessions (Dutton), edited by Jon Winokur: Our favorite revelation is Germaine Greer's: "If I had a cock for a day, I would get myself pregnant."

Your Blues Ain't Like Mine (Putnam), by Bebe Moore Campbell: A brilliant first novel about the aftermath of a 15-year-old black boy's murder in a rural Mississippi town during the Fifties.

After Henry (Simon & Schuster), by Joan Didion: Reading this collection of tough, clear, smart essays after the Rodney King verdict and riots is like opening the back of an expensive watch to check out its intricate mechanism. Didion at her best.

White Butterfly (Norton), by Walter Mosley: There's a serial killer on the loose in Mosley's third Easy Rawlins mystery, and the potent world of Watts in the Fifties comes alive at every turn.


GUESS
Parfum for Women Cologne for Men

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

ADVERTISING FOR a roommate in the heart of Manhattan is the fatal mistake made by Allie (Bridget Fonda) in ***Single White Female*** (Columbia). Alone after a breakup with her unfaithful intended (Steven Weber), Allie has the bad luck to install a psychotic named Hedy (Jennifer Jason Leigh) in her spare bedroom. Hedy has a dark past and a downright murderous future. By the time she has copied her new friend's wardrobe and has her hair cut and dyed so they look alike, it's clear that she wants to *be* Allie. All of which leads to lies, murder and a slash-and-splatter finale that should dispel any remaining idea that women are the weaker sex. Working from a novel by John Lutz, director Barbet (*Reversal of Fortune*) Schroeder puts it all together with consummate skill. You can see the body count mounting a reel or two before Hedy strikes, but the dueling actresses should satisfy any viewer's blood lust. ¥¥½

•

According to director Tim Burton, ***Batman Returns*** (Warner) is "not a sequel to *Batman*." Oh, no? Then Michael Keaton is Diane Keaton's kid brother. Narrative-wise, the movie is an elaborate muddle. The scene stealers are Michelle Pfeiffer (looking great but sounding a little like Mae West) as a mild secretary turned Catwoman, and Danny DeVito, heavily made up as the evil Penguin and getting plenty of mileage from a one-joke part. Darting in and out of his Batmobile, Keaton seems to spend much of his title role at the computer. It's that kind of filmed comic strip—plenty of dash but negligible depth. ¥¥½

•

An inspired and eloquent nonfiction movie called ***Brother's Keeper*** (Creative Thinking) goes behind the scenes as well as into the courtroom to cover a celebrated upstate New York murder trial. Delbert Ward, then 60, was charged with smothering his sickly brother Bill to ease his suffering. Before his acquittal last year, Ward became a media darling, attracting the attention of TV newscaster Connie Chung and mobilizing rural neighbors in his defense. In the film, the town sponsors square dances to raise defense funds; one elderly couple, who might have posed for *American Gothic*, describes going to the bank to withdraw $1000 toward poor Delbert's bail. There were four Ward brothers, all semireclusive bachelors with dim IQs, living in a squalid two-room shack. Delbert and Bill slept in the same bed for half a century,

Leigh, Fonda in *SWF*.

Single White Female meets roommate from hell; *Batman* sequel slips.

which led prosecutors to dig for a sexual motive. Amid a community of people who "stick to their own," the Wards are cherished as well-meaning loners. The amazing accomplishment of Joe Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsky, who teamed up to produce, direct and edit *Brother's Keeper*, is that they transform what might have been a routine documentary into a mesmerizing evocation of traditional American values. The movie never pretends to know whether or not Delbert was guilty of a mercy killing. "He went natural," claims another of the dead man's brothers. Wonderfully photographed vignettes of the backwoods countryside suggest *The Grapes of Wrath* set to a folksy musical score that celebrates, this once, the triumph of down-home justice. ¥¥¥¥

•

When the German-made ***Via Appia*** (Strand) ends in a misty dawn on a beach in Rio de Janeiro, it's a relief to learn that the pivotal Frank (Peter Senner), nude and undoubtedly doomed, is an actor, not an actual AIDS victim. Senner plays a Lufthansa steward on leave, with a film crew in his wake, trying to find a hustler named Mario who intentionally infected him during a one-night stand and left behind the message: "Welcome to the AIDS club." They never do find Mario, but *Via Appia*—the name of Rio's notorious gay underworld district—explores that bleak scene with appalling accuracy. Writer-director Jochen Hick doesn't try to make Frank, who spends a lot of time photographing naked men, likable—or even easy to understand. He's just a guy who wants to know what hit him. Frank believes he generally had sex out of sheer boredom, and in this blunt, downbeat slice of low life, much of the boredom comes through. ¥¥

•

A sound-effects man who works on animated films runs into serious problems when his left hand suddenly turns into a cartoon with a life of its own. His metamorphosis begins while he's having dinner by candlelight with the beautiful Angela (Angela Finocchiaro). Before the conclusion of ***Volere Volare*** (Fine Line), the hero (Maurizio Nichetti, billed simply as Him) is totally transformed into a caricature who hesitates to undertake any serious lovemaking. He conquers that obstacle—and Angela, too—in a bizarre Italian comedy that is more original than satisfying. As co-author, co-director and star, Nichetti had better luck with his previous *The Icicle Thief*. Reminiscent of movies such as *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?*, *Volere Volare*—the title translates as "want to fly"—adds adult sex to cinematic Silly Putty and comes up with mild satirical slush. ¥¥

•

Jami Gertz supercharges a fairly predictable screenplay in the title role of ***Jersey Girl*** (Triumph). As an Italian-American dreamer named Toby, with working-girl fantasies and an accent to match, she wants to snag a Manhattan guy who has a Mercedes and a prestigious job and who looks like a magazine cover. What she finds is close: Dylan McDermott as Sal, a hot young sales executive from Long Island with the right car and an impeccable wardrobe. Toby's clumsy attempts to win Sal alienate her three chums, whose girl talk livens up a local diner. Finally, the force of Gertz's performance disarms Sal, the friends and the audience. ¥¥½

•

Three young males in their early 20s take off on a cross-country odyssey from Cleveland to the California surfside in ***Breaking the Rules*** (Miramax). The best thing that happens to them in transit is Annie Potts, an impulsive pickup who decides to tag along. Jason Bateman plays Phil, a colorful, emotional good guy who reunites his two estranged buddies (C. Thomas Howell and Jonathan Silverman) after their dispute over a girl. The purpose of the trip turns out to be

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lump-in-the-throat stuff that gets quite precious at the bittersweet end. No fault of the players, though; their spontaneity seems easy, improvised and far superior to the softheaded screenplay. ¥¥

•

Getting to know one another—and themselves—during a holiday in an Italian villa in the Twenties, four Englishwomen join forces to make ***Enchanted April*** (Miramax) a civilized rebellion as delicate as old lace. Miranda Richardson and Josie Lawrence are the repressed married ladies who simply need to get away to a warm climate; Joan Plowright plays a crusty, distant old widow and Polly Walker a spoiled rich girl worn out by adulation. Under the low-key direction of England's Mike Newell, the actresses scintillate opposite Alfred Molina and Jim Broadbent as the two visiting husbands in a slight, disarming comedy that perfectly matches its title. ¥¥¥

•

Chicago's infamous thrill killers Nathan Leopold, Jr., and Richard Loeb, two well-to-do lads convicted of the 1924 kidnap-murder of young Bobby Franks, have inspired major movies at least twice before: Hitchcock's 1948 *Rope* and the 1957 *Compulsion*, based on a popular novel about the case. With a penny-ante budget, writer, co-producer and director Tom Kalin retells the story in a feisty minidrama called ***Swoon*** (Fine Line). Kalin's relatively unknown leads—Craig Chester as Leopold, Daniel Schlachet as Loeb—are more than adequate as a pair of psychopaths whose homosexual chemistry becomes volatile. Grainy black-and-white photography often enhances rather than handicaps the period atmosphere, at its peak when the trial judge removes women from the courtroom before letting the raunchy testimony be aired. On the down side, someone should have told director Kalin—whose scenario includes lots of phoning—that the telephones in use in the Twenties did not register the beep-beep of modern touch-tones. ¥¥

•

Seldom has stand-up comedy been considered a woman's thing, but ***Wisecracks*** (Alliance Releasing) may well work some changes. Director Gail Singer has collected offstage and onstage footage of some two dozen female performers. Only a couple are truly famous (Whoopi Goldberg, Phyllis Diller), though the movie includes archival film excerpts on everyone from Lucille Ball to Fanny Brice to Sophie Tucker. Singer dwells on the assumption that menfolk often feel threatened by funny ladies. Maybe. But these gals keep their audiences in stitches, with or without male bashing, which is no worse, after all, than the comics who have built careers by belittling their wives. Typically cheeky is Jenny Jones, with her wry diatribe about dating married men: "They say they're single, then they pick you up in a Winnebago with a swingset on top." Fighting the odds against them in a cruel world with angst, anger and well-aimed wit, the women of *Wisecracks* definitely have the last laugh. ¥¥¥

Robert Davi: the next Bogart?

OFF CAMERA

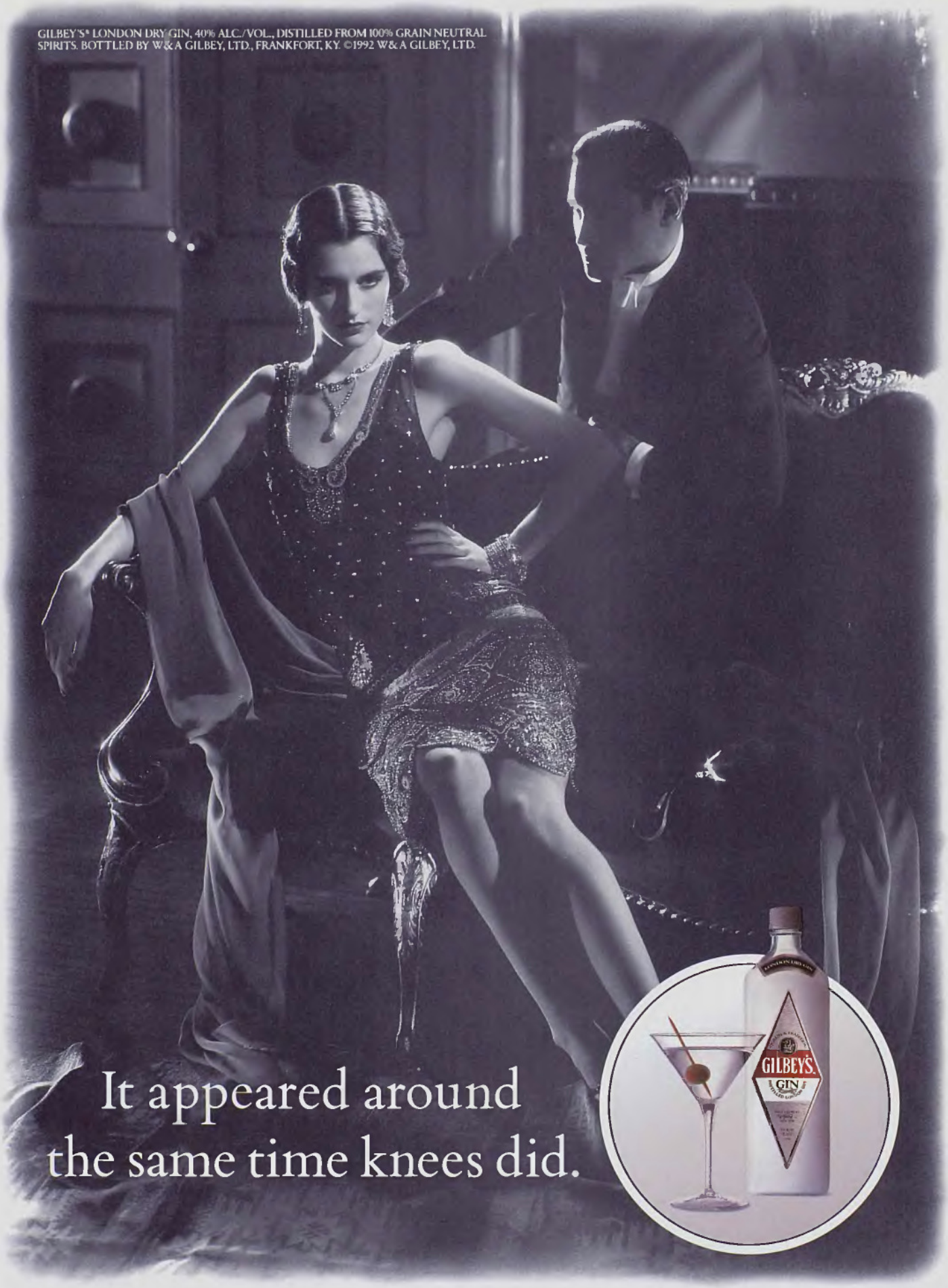
He looks as mean and handsome as a latter-day Bogart. That's just what **Robert Davi** has in mind. "Bogart played those weasel parts until he was in his forties. There's a plethora of leading boys in the movies today—but not many leading men. That's the direction I want to go." Davi, now in his late 30s, has already scored high as Sanchez, James Bond's nemesis in *Licence to Kill*. He plays Pinzon, captain of the Pinta in an imminent *Christopher Columbus* (the one with Marlon Brando as the Grand Inquisitor); he was a brothel flunky in *Wild Orchid II*, an adventurer in *Amazon* and a crusty cop in the new *Badge of Silence*. Before flying off to France to shoot a sequel called *Son of the Pink Panther*, Davi told us, "This one is comedic. I play a funny bad guy who leads an international gang of criminals." A classically trained baritone from Long Island, Davi was a high school football star before he went to Hofstra University, studied singing with opera star Tito Gobbi and acting with Stella Adler. Davi hopes to follow his *Panther* stint with *Love, Lust and the Electric Chair*, "a movie Zalman King wrote for me. I'm the hero—a hit man, but for the right reasons. It's very social and political." Summing up, Davi says, "I want to do something musical—I'm developing a script called *The Brooklyn Caruso*. I do *not* want to be slotted into playing the evil guy forever. It's boring."

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Afraid of the Dark (Reviewed 8/92) Bloody business with the blind. ¥¥½
Alien³ (8/92) The sequel's dull, but Weaver's still on target. ½
Batman Returns (See review) Some new evildoers keep it airborne. ¥¥½
Breaking the Rules (See review) Guys and a doll on the road. ¥¥
Brother's Keeper (See review) Ode to outsiders in the boondocks. ¥¥¥¥
Children of the Corn II (8/92) Schlock as high as an elephant's eye. ¥
La Discrète (8/92) A casual French seducer meets his match. ¥¥
L'Elegant Criminel (8/92) Stylish Gallic venom about a killer. ¥¥½
Enchanted April (See review) Doing Italy with four Englishwomen. ¥¥¥
Far and Away (8/92) Cruising. ¥¥¥
Gas Food Lodging (8/92) Slice of women's lives in a trailer park. ¥¥½
Housesitter (8/92) Wobbly comedy helped by Hawn and Martin. ¥¥
Howards End (4/92) Superior version of another Forster novel. ¥¥¥¥
Jersey Girl (See review) Gertz as a fine import from Hackensack. ¥¥½
A League of Their Own (8/92) The diamond as girls' best friend. ¥¥¥
Lethal Weapon 3 (8/92) Satisfying sequel with plenty of snap. ¥¥¥
Light Sleeper (8/92) Willem Dafoe on the dwindling drug scene. ¥¥¥
Night on Earth (6/92) Around the world in five taxis with director Jim Jarmusch. ¥¥¥
Patriot Games (8/92) Fast-moving thriller pits Harrison Ford against implacable Irish terrorists. ¥¥¥½
Pepi, Luci, Bom (8/92) Spanish director Almodóvar way back when, already on a wild track. ¥¥½
The Playboys (7/92) Robin Wright and Aidan Quinn in Ireland. ¥¥¥
The Player (6/92) Hell to pay in Hollywood, courtesy of Altman. ¥¥¥¥
Single White Female (See review) Room with a view of a psycho. ¥¥½
Sister Act (8/92) Whoopi making whoopee with a convent choir. ¥¥¥
Swoon (See review) The Leopold and Loeb case pried open again. ¥¥
Via Appia (See review) Flying down to Rio with the gay crowd. ¥¥
Volere Volare (See review) Cartoon sound man looking very drawn. ¥¥
Wisecracks (See review) Some stand-up women take the floor. ¥¥¥
Zentropa (1/92) Complex, eye-opening fantasy aboard a German train. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it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WESTWARD HO!

Western fashion influences are prominent this fall, and while top-name designers such as Gianni Versace are offering expensive (and flashy) Vegas-type cowboy clothes, the real news is in the subtler styles. In other words, no one except genuine cowboys should be wearing this look from head to toe. One or two Western items are all it takes to rustle up some added style. Shirts, for example, are a good place to start. Our top picks include the rayon model with the piped yoke shown here, by Atlantic Connection ($95), and the simple denim, yoked styles by Guess ($58 to $78). There are also trim Western shirts from Café ($70) and Razzy by International News ($52 to $55). In outerwear, M. Julian and Winlit offer Buffalo Bill–type fringed jackets in suede, leather, deerskin and nubuck ($275 to $450). And for just a hint of cowboy, there are Western belts. Styles range from Indian-beaded or conch belts by Leegin ($30 to $50) to expensive sterling-silver-buckled and -tipped ones from Al Beres U.S.A. ($225 to $600).

HOT SHOPPING: NEW YORK

A new wave of retailers has hit downtown Soho's style center, bringing in a mix that ranges from upscale to downscale to eccentric. Too Cute, Soho (113 Prince Street): The place to find Betty Boop boxer shorts or a Mickey Mouse jean jacket. • Radio Hula (169 Mercer): South Pacific specialties, including classic Hawaiian shirts and Tahitian bath oils. • Stüssy (104 Prince Street): Fresh fashions that look like a cross between L.L. Bean and Kris Kross. • A/X Armani Exchange (568 Broadway): The first home for Armani's "affordable" fashions. • Yoshi (461 West Broadway): Trendsetting threads from Europe. • New Republic Clothiers (93 Spring): The best vintage-influenced menswear around.

CLOTHES LINE

What does the host of *Saturday Night Live*'s Weekend Update wear on weekdays? "Jeans from the Gap," answers **Kevin Nealon,** "and Nike Air running shoes, so I'll write faster." He also likes to hang out in sweatpants, "anything oversized, cotton and comfortable," and has developed a fondness for Armani suits. "They're cut longer," says the 6'4" comedian, "so they fit me well." At work, many of the suits Nealon wears as *SNL*'s anchorman are custom-made in New York's Garment District. Since viewers see only his top half, Nealon says his long legs are often clad in the next sketch's costume or "sometimes," he admits, "not clad at all." Egads.

BOOT CAMP

To stay in step with fashion, pick up a pair of boots. A classic cowboy style is the obvious choice for the Western garb above, but for the rest of the season's casual looks, there are three ways to go: biker boots, Dr. Martens and work boots. The first is a square-toed, slip-on model with leather harness straps connected to metal rings. Our favorites come in biker black from companies such as Durango ($125 to $140) and Code West ($150). "Dr. Martens" is often used as a generic term for thick-soled, lace-up boots, but it's actually a specific brand of shoe featuring a patented air-cushion sole. The real McCoy by companies such as Utility and London Underground cost from $90 to $120 and range in color from black and oxblood (the most popular) to blue and olive green. Last, to complement the laid-back look of a plaid flannel shirt and jeans, there're minibuck leather work boots. Plenty of companies make them, but none better than Timberland ($152).

KEEP ON GLOWING

Hate to part with your summer suntan? One safe way to keep that golden glow is with self-tanning products. No, you won't look like a reject from the Minute Maid factory. The newest lotions create natural shades of bronze, which vary according to your own skin tone. Clarins' Self-Tanning Milk, for example, promises "golden color" in two hours and solar protection for at least three times that long ($16.50). Lancôme's Lait Auto-Bronzant Personnalisé lets you build a gradual tan over two to three days ($20). Elizabeth Arden combines moisturizers, sunscreens and bronze-boosting amino acids in its Natural Look Self-Tanner for the Face ($18.50). And Estée Lauder's new Self-Action Tanning Spray comes in a continuous-spray bottle for easier all-over coverage ($19.50).

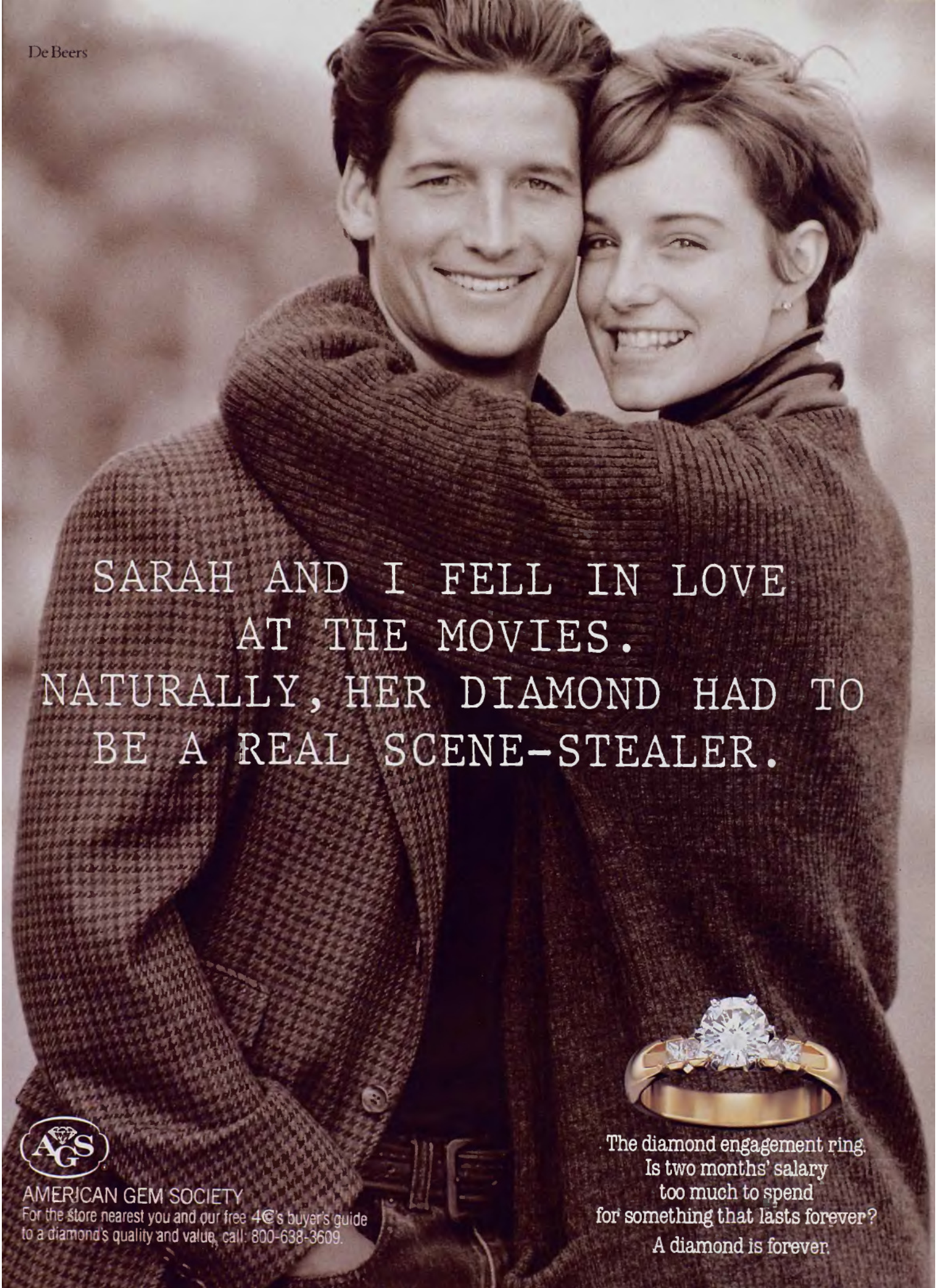
MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

RAINCOATS	IN	OUT
STYLE	Knee-length or shorter; relaxed fit; single-breosted; unbelted	Long, ankle-length; semitight or tapered fit; any Wall Street wanna-be look
DETAILS	Reversible coats and contrasting collars; roomy pockets; bold color linings	Multiple pockets; useless buckles; large-plaid linings with scarf to motch
COLORS	Earth tones; olive, stone, plum; black or charcool groy	Technicolored coats or anything that screams "I saw Dick Tracy"

Where & How to Buy on page 159.

De Beers



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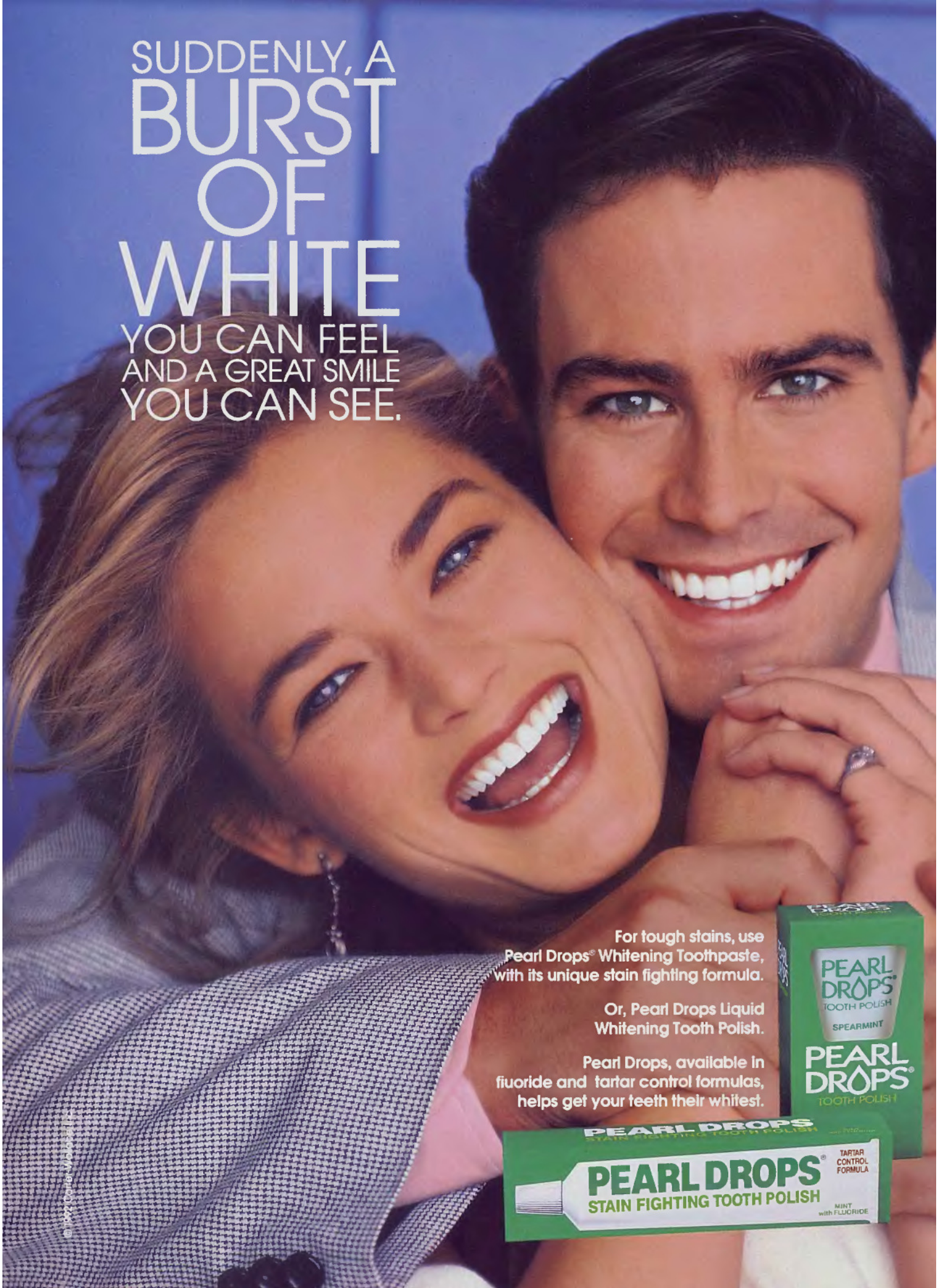
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MANTRACK

a guy's guide to changing times

THE RULES OF DISENGAGEMENT

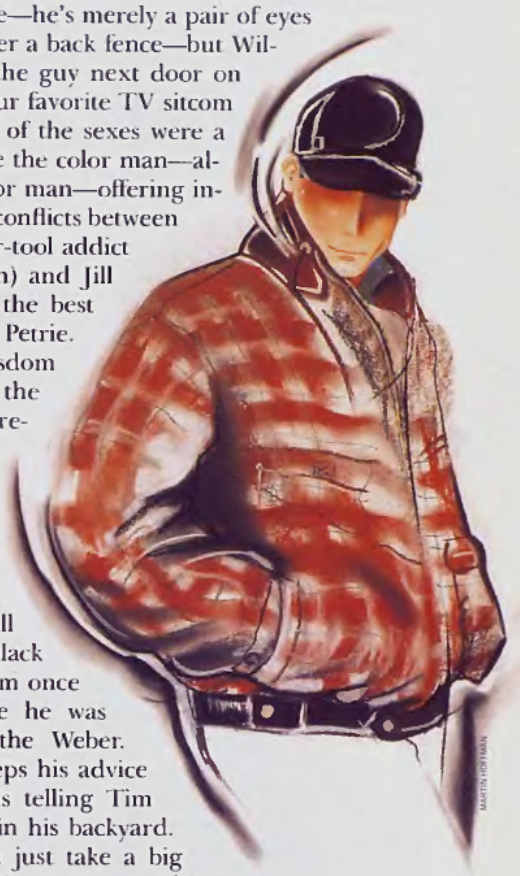
The continuing discussions on the elusive issue of date rape, along with the William Kennedy Smith and Mike Tyson rape trials, remind us of a long-standing principle of male-female relationships. A woman's right to say no is absolute. She can even say no after she's taken off her panties. The one time a woman can't decide to say no is the morning after.

MAGIC AND THE MEDIA

"After ten years of the most intensive reporting ever lavished on any human ailment, the public remains stunningly uninformed about the relative risk of AIDS," says an article in the *Washington Journalism Review*. Author Daniel Lynch accuses the media of whipping up an unwarranted AIDS hysteria, misleading John and Jane Doe into thinking they're at risk, when, in reality, they face far greater danger from other ailments. He claims reporters have been manipulated by the combined efforts of AIDS activists (who want to keep AIDS from being ghettoized as a gay disease) and medical researchers (who know that the media frenzy makes it easier for them to get funds). Many of the journalists who write about AIDS are "more worried about being polite than being truthful," complains Lynch, adding, "Magic Johnson's illness is a tragedy, but so was the death of Gilda Radner, who died of cancer. And the reality, when you talk about death rates, is that for every AIDS victim, there are 19 Gilda Radners."

THE MYTHOPOETIC NEIGHBOR

We never see his face—he's merely a pair of eyes and a hat that peer over a back fence—but Wilson (Earl Hindman), the guy next door on *Home Improvement*, is our favorite TV sitcom neighbor. If the battle of the sexes were a sport, Wilson would be the color man—albeit a mythopoetic color man—offering insights into the marital conflicts between the show's stars, power-tool addict Tim Taylor (Tim Allen) and Jill (Patricia Richardson), the best TV wife since Laura Petrie. Wilson shares his wisdom about metamessages, the visceral male urge to create, the hierarchical structure of male conversation and other topics not much discussed outside PBS. Wilson is smart; he knows why Jill needs 19 pairs of black shoes. He is quirky; Tim once interrupted him while he was grilling squirrels on the Weber. And best of all, he keeps his advice brief, even when he is telling Tim how to carve a canoe in his backyard. Explains Wilson: "You just take a big block of wood and chip away everything that's not a canoe."



NEWS FROM DOWN UNDER

A urologist at UCLA has found what might be the cause of up to 80 percent of the cases of male impotence. Dr. Jacob Rajfer says nitric oxide allows the penis to become engorged with blood—without it, you and your penis might as well watch TV. Ultimately, researchers say, a nitric oxide patch worn on the penis may solve the problem.

MAIL-ORDER MEN'S STUFF

The Land's End catalog is all right as far as it goes, but does it have a George S. Patton Type B-3 Sheepskin Jacket? Alas, no. But a catalog called *The Cockpit* does. Similarly, the otherwise fine L. L. Bean catalog is not the place to look for a genuine boar's hair car-wash brush. For that, you need a dazzling display called *Griot's Garage*. There's great mail-order stuff for guys out there if you know where to look. Here are a few names to whet your appetite:

- *Griot's Garage*, 1228 Keystone Way, Vista, CA 92083 (*everything* for the garage)
- *Beverly Hills Motoring Accessories*, 200 South Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211 (car stuff, especially for sports cars)
- *The Wine Enthusiast*, P.O. Box 39, Pleasantville, NY 10570 (for oenophiles and oenophiles-in-training)
- *Brigade Quartermasters Action Gear*, 1025 Cobb International Blvd., Kennesaw, GA 30144 (from boots to compasses to camo bandannas)
- *Orvis*, P.O. Box 12000, Roanoke, VA 24022 (peerless outdoor and fishing gear)
- *Nat Sherman*, 711 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022 (tobacco products)

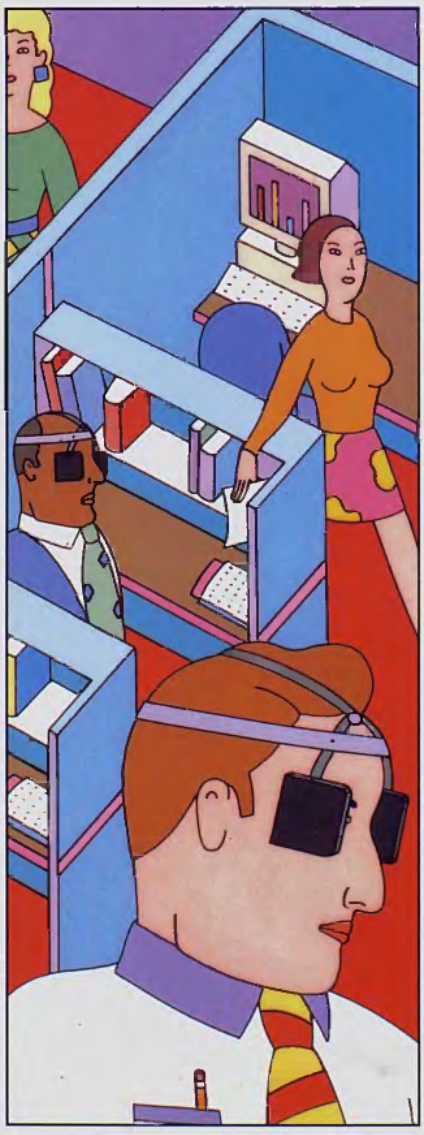
That's a partial list of our favorites. We'll report on others from time to time.

THE CASE AGAINST MRS. PRESIDENT

Where is a woman's place? The past few months of primary campaigning have taught us that it's not necessarily on the campaign trail. With the obvious exception of bachelors Jerry Brown and Bob Kerrey, the candidates shamelessly tried to turn their spouses into political assets. Paul Tsongas wore a picture of his wife on his lapel, pointing to it as he proclaimed, "I don't have charisma, I *married* it." Hillary Clinton went from being foisted on voters as the model "new" wife by husband Bill to being what William Safire dubbed the Hillary problem. That, in turn, encouraged the GOP to trot out Barbara Bush as a veritable trophy for her bumbling husband. We've had enough, guys. This isn't high school, and you don't need to impress us by bragging that you're taking the coolest chick to the prom. If you insist on making your wife a campaign issue, you forfeit the right to complain when the media probe into other equally irrelevant aspects of your life.

HARASSMENT IS THE PROBLEM

While we are often told that men and women have wildly differing views about what sexual harassment is, the chart opposite reveals that their views are surprisingly similar. According to the evidence recorded on the chart, each gender appears confident about its ability to determine what is and is not sexual harassment. So if definition is not a source of conflict, why is the issue so elusive? We think the term itself is partly responsible for the confusion. "Harassment" doesn't easily connect with the real-life dynamics of the workplace.


STEPHEN TURK

For example, when an employer or superior coerces a sexual favor or threatens retaliation if a sexual favor is withheld, that is not harassment—that's extortion. The facts of a specific case may be hard to prove, but the concept goes back many generations in common law. Let's simplify things and call that situation sexual extortion. However, if a different situation arises and an employee is prevented from doing her job because of sexual innuendos from fellow employees, or is made sufficiently uncomfortable to cause her work to suffer, that's a lesser crime, one that has more in common with hazing than it does with rape. Let's call that situation sexual harassment. Most important, with these concepts in mind, let's be sure that the punishment fits the crime.

STEVE DINGMO BATES

LIP SERVICE

- "I love women—my mother was a woman—and I respect them as well. Unfortunately, every time I get involved with one, something always happens." —MIKE TYSON
- "In reality, men can't move fast enough to meet women's expectations. As men have come to respect women more, women have become less satisfied with men."
—*American Demographics*
- "I used to think women were better than men. Now I realize that they are not. I find that women, having achieved more power and greater recognition, are the equal to men when it comes to stupidity and vice and misjudgment."
—NORMAN MAILER
- "All right, men, we now know you can cry. So could we just turn down the manly tear ducts to a trickle, fellows?"
—RUSSELL BAKER

SPARE CHANGE

Let's take a moment to lament the demise of the full-sized spare tire. Ever since the mid-Seventies, when car companies first felt the pinch of the gas crisis and tried to make cars lighter, the full-sized spare has been going the way of the variety show. Tire manufacturers experimented with several designs until the small space-saver spare tire caught on and became the industry standard. But as anyone who has used one can tell you, a convenience spare is an odd combination of impracticality and humiliation. Many people don't even bother to make the switch, preferring to limp along on what's left of their flat. When you're forced to use the spare, the reaction from onlookers makes you feel like a bicyclist with training wheels. And there's no help in sight. Temporary spares continue to increase their foothold and are now available on nearly 80 percent of cars sold in the U.S. Your best chance of avoiding one is to buy a foreign luxury car or move to Europe, where full-sized spares are more common.

THE ONE-MINUTE BOOK EXCERPT

"You can have fun with a son, but you've got to be a father to a girl. Almost everything you need to teach your son can be done through the metaphors of baseball fundamentals. Throwing, catching, getting behind your hands when picking up grounders, knowing when to slide and when to bunt—it all sounds like it means more than it means. If you can work a little hunting-gathering into the regimen, so much the better. But basically, teach the boy how to play ball and you're done. After all, it's not as if you're home that much. Little girls are another thing altogether. They need you to make them feel safe, special—to be a model of male gentleness and strength. Buy your daughter things and fold her laundry for her. Your time with her is short; once you die, she might want to see other men. May she remember you well."—FROM *Fire in the John*, A PARODY OF THE MEN'S MOVEMENT, BY ALFRED GINGOLD

MANTRACK: THE SURVEY

Last year PLAYBOY *and the Roper Organization surveyed thousands of American men to find out more about their passions, their concerns, their dreams. This is what we've discovered about men at work and at play.*

OFFICE AFFAIRS
Battle of the Sexes?

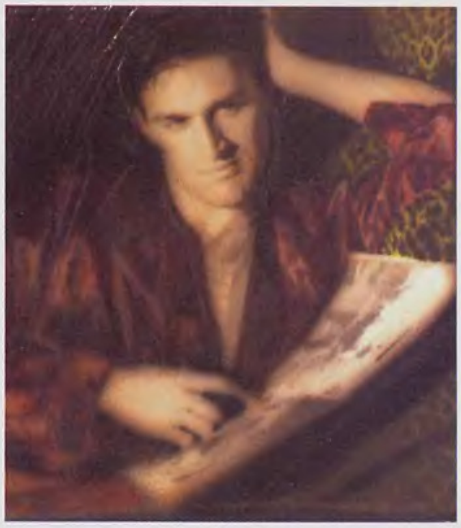
After all the debate generated by last year's Clarence Thomas confirmation hearings, we came up with a surprising discovery: Pressed to define sexual harassment in the workplace, men and women are close to agreement. Their responses:

It's sexual harassment if:

	men	women
• A male boss makes it clear to a female employee that she must have sex with him in order to get a promotion or a raise.	91%	92%
• A male boss asks a female employee direct questions about her sexual practices and preferences.	59%	68%
• A male boss tells a female employee about his own sexual practices and preferences.	45%	53%
• A male boss occasionally asks a female employee to go out on a date, even though she has declined in the past.	15%	21%
• A male boss calls a female employee "honey," "dear" or "cutie."	11%	13%
• A male boss tells a female employee that she looks very attractive.	3%	5%

WORK VERSUS PLAY

The economy confounds men who cherish their leisure time. Caught between the demands of making a decent salary and finding time to spend that salary, men are forced to choose between work and play.



Of the men surveyed, 31 percent said that they would agree to spend more time at work (sacrificing leisure time) if they received a higher income. More than half of the men surveyed—56 percent—said they are satisfied with their current income and would continue to work for that salary, provided their work time did not increase. Only four percent said they would take a pay cut in exchange for more leisure time.

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When men do have the chance to kick back, how do they spend their time? Seventy-five percent of those surveyed said they enjoy "getting together with friends," 71 percent chose "watching movies or entertainment" and 68 percent said they prefer "going to restaurants." "Watching sports events" was the favorite activity of 66 percent of respondents; actually "going to sports events" was the choice of 53 percent of those surveyed.

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What would the American male do with a windfall of $10,000? His first concern seems to be financial security. But after that, we get a glimpse of his innermost desires. Fifty-two percent of those surveyed would "invest it or put it in the bank." Forty-four percent would use the money to "pay off bills or debts," 27 percent would "take a great vacation," 24 percent would "buy a new car," 23 percent would "give some away" and 18 percent would "buy new clothes."

LIFE AT HOME: MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RANCH

Don't look now, but the man of the Nineties may be getting sensitive. When asked what constitutes a "good relationship," men in both the 18–29 and 30–44 age groups ranked "being in love" as the number-one criterion. Younger men ranked "a good sexual relationship" second in importance, while older men chose "sexual fidelity" as number two. Both groups ranked the "ability to talk about feelings" as the third most important factor in a relationship.

Where does sex come into all of this? When asked if they would "have a fling" if they knew they wouldn't get caught, 21 percent of the men in the younger age group said they would "definitely or probably" do so, while only 14 percent of the men in the older group said they would. Overall, 21 percent of the single men surveyed admitted that they would have a casual affair, compared with only nine percent of the married men.

GUEST OPINION

ANATOMY OF A SEDUCTION

BY WARREN FARRELL

I can remember in sixth grade an afternoon date with Joanne. I wanted to kiss her, but it took me hours to work my hand from my side to her shoulder. When it got there, the doorbell rang. My parents had arrived to pick me up. As we all stood by the door saying goodbye, her dog rushed up, and she gave it a kiss. Oh, for puppy love.

I was too young to know that I was just the latest casualty of the traditional system of seduction, in which men are responsible for taking the sexual initiative and women decide to accept or repulse it, as they see fit. This is the barrier method of sexual initiation: Men propose and women decide.

I'm not talking about sexual conquest here but sexual contact—a complex human interaction that struggles along clearly defined, unequal roles. In most sexual contact—from a brief kiss to heavy petting to intercourse—men alone bear the responsibility to initiate. Along with that responsibility comes the risk of appearing too forward or too timid, the risk of interpreting a no as a no forever when it meant no right now and, above all, the risk of rejection.

when boy meets girl, why does boy do all the dirty work?

Most women, and maybe even most men, do not appreciate the complexity of initiation. Each relationship proceeds step by step from handshake to increasing intimacy. While traversing that route, men must be prepared to risk rejection about 150 times between eye contact and sexual contact. *One hundred and fifty?* you ask. Absolutely. Let's examine a seduction.

First, there is the invitation. A man asks a woman out on a date, and she accepts. She knows the man is interested, or he wouldn't have asked her out. But he doesn't know whether she just accepted because she didn't know how to say no, or wanted something to do on Saturday night or wanted to look sought-after to some other man she was really interested in. Or maybe she just felt sorry for the man who asked her out. With all these background fears, which every woman will recognize as valid, the date begins. The man again risks rejection by reaching out to hold his date's hand. If she reaches for a tissue in her purse, he may wonder: Is it because she sneezed, or is it a polite hint to lay off?

If she's receptive again, he may try to crack a joke so he can hug her during a moment of laughter, thereby reducing his risk of rejection. He may whisper something in her ear and see if she keeps her ear there, and then kiss her on the lips and wonder: How long? How hard? How much passion?

If her lips aren't closed tightly, does that mean her tongue is receptive? Or would a kiss of affection turn into an act of intrusion?

If she is kissing him passionately, should he rub his chest against her breasts? Is it the right time for his hands to run over her blouse? And now, under her blouse? Should he move his leg between her legs just a little? If she responds, does that mean she wants more, or is enough enough? During all these decisions, a man must explore, usually through nonverbal means, the desire of his partner to continue, accelerate or stop the sexual advance. In the course of a single lovemaking session, there can be any number of noes that change to maybes, maybes that change to yeses, and yeses that change back to noes. Charting a course through these messages is complicated.

We're only into heavy petting here—fully clothed and partially aroused—so there is much still to be negotiated: discussion of sexual history and STDs, removal of several layers of clothes, serious foreplay, consideration of birth-control options, wrangling over coital position and pace. One hundred and fifty potential stopping points may be a conservative estimate. And almost always, it is the man's responsibility to guide through them. But men must continue taking the initiative, because if they wait for women to make the move, they will miss out on the sexual passion in their lives and even much of the love that can be catalyzed by sexual passion.

All this may seem like a bit much to many women. "Why not just let it happen naturally?" women ask. "Why is he so compulsive? It takes the romance and spontaneity out of it. If it's going to happen, it happens." This is like a man saying to a woman, "Why are you so compulsive about keeping the house clean?" He likes a clean house and she likes good sex. They both like the outcome and they both want the other sex to take care of it so it looks natural. They both want it to be like great service at a great restaurant—so they never notice it's happening. She learns that it's her job to make it appear as if cleaning the house comes naturally. And he learns that it's his job to make it appear as if taking the initiative comes naturally. And both wonder why they're not appreciated.

As with housework, unshared responsibility for taking initiatives can turn a broad-minded man into an obsessive beast. It has a way of transforming consciousness. When women's consciousness was raised, women came to see housework as their shit work. When men's consciousness is raised, sexual initiatives will be seen as male shit work.

There's a big difference, however. With housework, you can hire a maid. With seduction, there is everything to be gained when both partners share the responsibility, the communication and the joy.

Warren Farrell, author of "Why Men Are the Way They Are," writes frequently on men's issues. His next book, "The Disposable Sex," will be published in 1993 by Simon & Schuster.

Lagerfeld Photo

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MEN

By ASA BABER

I really like John McLaughlin. He is a crusty, amusing, tough-minded man with an ability to laugh at himself. He is also one of the few hosts on national TV that understand the problems that men face today in this culture.

I was a guest on *John McLaughlin's One on One* last May. I got on one of my favorite topics and said, "I believe that until we stop separating fathers from their children, particularly boy children, we are going to have a society in which we burn down our cities and have muggings in the streets. The only answer to these problems is to bring fathers back into the community." (This, let the record show, was ten days before Dan Quayle blamed Murphy Brown for the burning of Los Angeles.)

According to conventional wisdom, the causes of our urban ills are as follows: chronic unemployment, drug consumption and merchandising, police brutality, racial strife, a breakdown in law and order, miserly government funding, redlining by banks and real estate developers, citizen disinterest, cultural myopia and economic depression.

An incident occurs, a population explodes, a city burns, a city is looted, a city tries to recover, a postmortem is held and the usual analyses and explanations are paraded before us. Some action is taken, some money is handed out, some government grants and bank loans are restructured. There is a fuss. Briefly. But inevitably, the media lose interest, and life in the mean streets goes back to "normal."

The reason the problem of urban violence has not been effectively addressed, my fellow Americans, is that the single most important cause of urban unrest is usually ignored.

The deepest and most pernicious cause of our widespread national agony is the disappearance of fathers and mentors from the community. We have allowed fathers to become expendable in their children's lives, and we are paying dearly for our cavalier attitude.

You will find millions of dollars allocated to rebuild businesses and clean up city streets. But you will find no significantly funded programs designed to bring fathers and mentors back into the community. The megabucks go for window dressing, not radical rethinking.

For the moment, consider what a negative impact the absent father has on his

TERRY WIDENER

WHY CITIES BURN

sons. In the introduction to my recently published collection of *Men* columns (*Naked at Gender Gap*), I wrote the following about the universal need for fathers and mentors:

"When a young man grows up without valid mentors, when he is deserted and misled and abandoned, he is placed in a terrible psychological limbo. He is basically left without definition as a man. He remains uninitiated, uninformed and lost in confusion, sometimes for his entire life. He also remains angry and embittered, feeling he has been cheated by the men he depended on."

There you have it. When the father is expendable, when he is disposable and disrespected, when his vital and necessary role in the growth of his children is unacknowledged, young men (and, I believe, young women, too) become rebellious. They yearn to burn. They carry within their hearts what seems to be limitless anger.

What can we do? The following agenda will seem either incendiary or foolish to some of you. But I assure you that I mean every word of it.

We must change our child-support and -custody laws. We must signify that the father-child relationship is sacred and that the state cannot step in and abolish it. We must have a better understanding of the pressures a father faces, and we must reconstruct our social contract so that he is encouraged—not forbidden—to see his children and be involved with them.

One day, I hope, the following practices will be common in our culture:

1. *Joint custody.* The state will admit that it cannot declare fathers null and void. Unless proved abusive or derelict in a court of law, the father will always retain full parental rights in the eyes of the state. From the beginning, the father-child relationship will be considered sacred under the law.

2. *No-strings access.* There will be a certain number of days per week in which a father may be with his children. No strings, no conditions, no excuses. The children cannot be withheld from him at this time. He is their father. He has a right to be with them. Period. If there are disputes over child-support payments or other issues, they are not reason enough to bar the father from seeing his children on these special days.

3. *Accountable use of child-support payments.* The state will spend as much energy ensuring that child-support payments are being responsibly used by the mother as it will in pursuing the father for those payments. And the father will be given evidence of that accounting. He will not simply hand over his money to someone he may not trust to be spent without his knowledge.

4. *Enforced cooperation.* If games are played with these arrangements and if fathers are barred from reasonable time with their children, the state will be vigorous in supporting the fathers' rights to have access to their kids.

5. *Definition of reasonable time.* This is the most important element in the revised legal code. Instead of assuming that a father's importance to his children's growth is minimal, the law will finally acknowledge that the father is crucial to a healthy child, family and community. Fathers will be awarded maximum time with their kids.

If and when we reach these conditions, we will have a healthier and safer society, and we will have taken one giant step toward our survival as a people. If we continue to ignore this issue, our cities will burn and our culture will die.

The choice is ours.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

FEAR AND LOATHING IN TEN CITIES

Let me say again that we have a beautiful room for you tonight, Mr. Lamb," cooed the woman at the front desk of a hotel in Denver to a man who was squirming for her to let him go unpack. "I hope it meets with your satisfaction. If there's anything I can do for you, anything at all——"

"Why don't you just get down on your knees and blow him?" I muttered.

"Excuse me?" she asked me fishily.

"I said, I'd like to register." She threw a card and keys at me. "Do I have a nice room, too?" I asked.

"Well, yes," she said. "Not as nice as his, of course."

"Thank you for making my night," I said and went upstairs and punched the wall. Why do women treat other women like this? How can a woman treat another woman like a less valuable, even slightly contemptible, member of the species?

I'm on a book tour. Right now I'm in Minneapolis. I had a hard time getting my check at lunch; the waitress was busy fawning over the businessmen and ignoring all females. Yesterday I told a talk-show host she had lipstick on her teeth and daggers came out of her eyes. She hated me. I didn't take it personally.

But I found myself hating her, too. Those long-dormant feelings of competitiveness and hostility are stirring in my heart. They make me want to puke.

These feelings could be partly biological: We are pack animals. Females, just like males, fight for pack supremacy. But I think this is a discouraging sociological phenomenon: At the core of every woman who mistreats other women is abysmal self-loathing. In our society, girls are taught from birth that boys are the valuable sex. Some of us believe it. We identify with our perceived superiors and become bitches to one another. Some of us become fearful wimps.

At my hotel in Seattle, a woman was going into one room, a man into another. "What do you want to do about dinner?" the man asked. "I guess I'll think about where you'd like to go," the woman answered. "Yeah, OK," he said and disappeared into his room.

Huh?

At a book signing in Chicago, a woman presented a copy for me to sign. "Who shall I make it out to?" I asked.

"Oh. Wait a minute," she said. "I'll just go ask my husband how he wants it."

"But how do you want it?" I asked her. She grinned, covered her mouth, fiddled with her hair and fled in fear.

Most of the women I met were fearless, foaming-at-the-mouth feminists who wanted all men castrated, then killed. OK, so I'm lying. I met regular, run-of-the-mill feminists all over the place. None of them, not even the lesbians, hated men. Plenty of them said they weren't feminists until I asked them questions: Should a woman get equal pay for equal work? Should a woman have the same opportunities in life as a man? Should a woman be allowed to be captain of her own soul? Yes, yes, yes, they all said.

They didn't know that that's what feminism is. Over the years the media and right-wing propaganda have curdled the definition of feminism. Now the word appears to mean "angry, castrating, hairy-legged, diesel-dyke psycho bitch." So on every radio show I would say, "I am the happy feminist, the feminist who likes men, the feminist lite." This would make the women laugh, but the men seemed dubious. Or hostile.

"Can we agree," said one male caller on a radio show, "that women are trying to control men more than ever before?"

"No," I said. "Women just want control over their own lives."

"Then we have nothing to talk about," he said and slammed down the phone.

"John Wayne had the right idea," said a caller in another city. "He said women belong at home, taking care of the children, that men should be the only ones to go out and work. What do you think?"

"Oh, I just hate you," I said with great maturity and tact.

The calls from men who said their mothers always stayed home with the children were endless.

Guys, I gotta tell you, it's not an option. Very few women have the luxury of staying home. There are many one-parent families. There are many families who can't make it on one paycheck.

Somewhere around Houston I discovered that Dan Quayle had called Murphy Brown a tramp. I went mental. It is the most frustrating thing in the world to see your country being systematically destroyed by arrogant and greedy morons. I loathe Dan Quayle.

After Dan's pronouncement, the new leitmotiv of the country was to blame single-parent families for the current societal unrest, for the L.A. riots, for the hole in the ozone. The welfare mother is the new scapegoat. Every newspaper had articles and every Senator had statements decrying the lack of fathers in our homes and the dependency that welfare breeds.

I was a welfare mother for six months until I finally found a day-care center for my son. It was the most humiliating time of my life. They would never give me my check until I broke down and sobbed. Nobody with a choice would choose to be on welfare; welfare teaches you to loathe yourself.

Oh, Dan, could we please trade in a couple of Stealth bombers to just have decent child care so women don't have to twist themselves into pretzels trying to make their lives work?

In the middle of my national tour, I made a stop in Albany to watch my son graduate from college. He graduated magna cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa. So there, Dan.

Then, on the plane last night, I spent maybe ten minutes tearing a rapt stewardess away from the fabulous bon mots of a drunk, sweating salesman in order to get a glass of mineral water. *C'est la* fucking *vie*.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Last spring I met a woman from Santa Fe who is into New Age stuff. She said that she is a devotee of mystical sex. What exactly does she mean? I have out-of-body experiences every time I climax—is that mystical? Or is she talking about something else?—M. C., Los Angeles, California.

Louis Meldman wrote an excellent book, "Mystical Sex." We recommend it to all those with Zip Codes in the astral plane or to those who simply want to expand their sexual horizons. Here's how it's done, according to Meldman [read this aloud to a rap beat]: "In mystical sex, lovers need to make no effort, furious, furtive, conscious, or otherwise, to thrust, hump, pump, jump, bump and grind, rub, writhe, wriggle, wiggle, shimmy or shake, sock, knock, rock and roll. Swinging, swaying, pressing, pushing, plunging, pulling, wham, bam, slam, bang, tango, fandango, mambo, hula, boogaloo, cha-cha-cha! You don't have to think about those or any other motions if you let your natural, instinctive, inner knowledge take you along, a long way past such regular basic fucking. Thank you, ma'am! Lifting, sinking, in-out, way out, way in, up-down, around-and-around, side-to-side, to sidesaddle, high-in-the-saddle, bareback, way back, backbone slip. 'If I hold you any closer, we'll be in back of each other,' quipped Groucho Marx. Back and forth, linear, circular, rotating, revolving, vibrating, figure eight, parabolic, peristaltic, gyroscopic, oceanic, or as songwriter Warren Zevon put it, 'like a Waring blender'—it's still regular pedestrian sex as long as one is carrying out, executing or consciously performing such actions. It is the effort itself, the willing, the very striving to do it in such and such a way, just so, on purpose, that will prevent one from reaching the altered emotional play of mystical experience."

This goes on for another 60 pages—or if you're lucky, half the night. The author suggests that karezza—having sex without orgasm—will lead to a heightened spirituality. We've always thought it led to blue balls. Oh, well.

I've been running three miles a day to maintain my ideal weight, but my stomach is still flabby. Surely, three miles is enough to burn off that extra fat.—D. C., Seattle, Washington.

Body fat can't be spot-reduced, but specific muscle groups can be toned through strength-training regimens. To achieve tone in your midsection, you need to concentrate on the rectus abdominalis, the external and internal obliques and the transversalis muscle groups. In other words, the muscles that are trapped under that gut. A series of exercises that include hip curls, abdominal crunches and twists should produce significant results in four to six weeks if done three or four times a week. Aside from the obvious babe appeal, strong abs help to stabilize your torso, strengthen your lower back and improve your ability in recreational sports.

Sex with my new beau is very comfortable. He isn't the least bit inhibited and always makes up fantasy scenes while we are making love. What's the problem? He always makes up fantasy scenes while we are making love. I'm not talking about an occasional bit or two—he does a running monolog. How can I shut him up without turning him off?—T. L., Passaic, New Jersey.

Our Playboy Sex Poll showed that 82 percent of all men like "talking dirty" in bed. That's not to say that an Eric Bogosian stage show is what men need, but sexy talk adds texture to the erotic experience for men and women. Maybe the poor guy rattles on in an effort to make up for your silence. Take the opportunity to indulge him and still have it your way: Start a fantasy where you're the dominant partner, and every time he opens his mouth, demand that he shut up and fuck you or stop talking and use his mouth to make you happy. Or do it long-distance on the phone: Pick up a copy of Nicholson Baker's erotic novel "Vox" to see if carnal confession turns you on.

Ever since I discovered foie gras on a jaunt to the Périgord region of France, I've been hooked on fattened liver. However, here in the States, I find the stuff to be rather inconsistent. Tell me, am I missing something?—G. E., Boston, Massachusetts.

Read the fine print. Americans often confuse foie gras with pâté de foie gras. They're quite different. Foie gras alone or foie gras d'oie entier is 100 percent fattened goose liver. Foie gras de canard entier is 100 percent fattened duck liver. (Farmers force-feed birds a corn gruel daily. The finished livers are tender and firm with a rich buttery flavor.) The term pâté, on the other hand, suggests a mixture of ingredients and seasonings. Foie gras can be served as an hors d'oeuvre with warm toast, garnished with a thin slice of black truffle and accompanied by a glass of chilled sauterne.

How do antilock brake systems (ABS) work? I've heard that even the police are having problems with them. Should I specify ABS on my next car if it's available?—P. T., Princeton, New Jersey.

We've read reports that some police departments experienced difficulty with new Chevy Caprice patrol cars equipped with antilock brakes. But the problem had nothing to do with the cars and everything to do with the officers' lack of training. For years, police officers (and most of us) were taught that in a panic stop, you should pump the brakes so as not to lock up the front wheels. The reason was very simple. Locked wheels cannot be steered. If you needed to steer around an obstacle while you were applying your brakes hard, you'd be unable to do so if they were locked. With ABS, a microprocessor-controlled hydraulic system pumps the brakes up to 32 times per second (faster than even a race driver could) and ensures that brakes won't lock, even on slippery surfaces. The proper technique: Hit the brakes hard. If you pump ABS brakes, they don't work efficiently, and the stopping distance, instead of being shortened, is actually increased. When police officers (and the general public) are properly trained in the use of ABS brakes, they easily adapt to the new system. ABS actually requires less skill than learning to modulate your braking—and it really works.

I'm too busy, my wife is too busy, and as a result, our love life isn't busy enough. Our evenings together used to lead to sex, but now we often work late. We've been scheduling sex in our datebooks, but it doesn't feel very romantic. Is there a better way?—D. D., Port Arthur, Texas.

If sex is all you schedule together, we predict a downhill course for your love life and your marriage. Great sex grows out of great times together. Schedule whole evenings with each other, or weekend getaways, or take some midweek mental-health days off together. Spontaneity can spur romance, but most busy working couples have to schedule time together or else they never see each other. Planning and spontaneity are not mutually exclusive. A little planning can provide the context for impulsive sensuality. So call that little inn you've been meaning to visit. After dinner, stroll the grounds. Hold hands. Make wishes on

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

stars. Get silly. Do it in the bushes or in the elevator back to your room.

Please settle an argument. Who invented the vibrator, Hitachi or General Electric?—C. C., Bellevue, Washington.

Neither. The honor goes to two unsung, and unwitting, 19th Century sexual heroes, an American, Dr. George Taylor, and a Brit, Mortimer Granville, both of whom considered their inventions medical instruments, not sex toys. During the Victorian era, sexual deprivation caused half to three-quarters of women to suffer "hysteria" (Greek for uterus), which caused anxiety, irritability, distraction, sexual fantasies and "excessive" vaginal lubrication. Physicians treated hysteria by manually massaging women's vulvas until they experienced relief through "paroxysm" (orgasm). During the 18th and early 19th centuries, health spa physicians began offering hysterical women treatment with pressurized water jets, the forerunner of the shower massagers many women use for masturbation today. Then, in the 1860s, Dr. Taylor introduced a coal-fired, steam-powered massage device that worked but was expensive and not at all portable. Two decades later, when batteries became powerful enough to operate small appliances, Granville modified Taylor's cumbersome rudimentary vibrator into his more compact "percuteur," a muscle massager for men that he considered "morally indefensible" for use on women. But doctors ignored him and used it extensively for treatment of hysteria. As the Victorian era gave way to the Roaring Twenties, vibrators stopped being marketed just to doctors for treatment of hysteria and became household massagers. The 1918 Sears, Roebuck catalog offered one for $5.95, calling it an aid "every woman appreciates." Of course, the device's sexual purpose remained camouflaged behind the euphemism of massage. Sex-toy catalogs promote vibrators for masturbation and couple fun, but today, major catalogs and department stores continue to market the same vibrators disguised as massagers.

I have a collection of old cassette recordings that haven't been touched in years. I'm wondering if they're OK to play and, if not, whether there are steps I can take to preserve my newer tapes?—B. T., Chicago, Illinois.

As long as the cassettes haven't been exposed to extreme conditions—e.g., left to melt in your car on a 100-degree day—chances are the oxide is intact and they'll perform just fine. Since the tapes haven't been played for some time, though, it's possible that some print-through has occurred. Your collection will last longer if you store the cassettes on end, keep them away from extreme temperatures and humidity and exercise them at least once a year. To preserve your favorite tapes, you can also make copies.

When you run out of condoms, how can you have great sex? My girlfriend and I have done everything imaginable with our fingers and tongues. Now we need a new move. Any suggestions for couples looking to try out safe sex? It has to be hot and nonprocreative.—G. M., Eugene, Oregon.

If your fingers and tongues are worn out, we suggest you try your knees. With your girlfriend on her back, kneel over her and gently place one knee between her legs against her vagina. Hold your leg still and allow her to rub her genitals against your knee. Many women enjoy "knee jobs" because they have complete control over the intensity of the stimulation they receive, and by tilting the pelvis up and down, they can enjoy more or less clitoral stimulation. Meanwhile, as they kneel over the action, many men enjoy watching how turned on their lovers become during knee jobs. For variety, try a knee job with your girlfriend on her stomach or her side, or sitting straddling your knee.

Unfortunately, I don't know a thing about cars and I'm really worried about being ripped off on auto repairs. How can I find a good mechanic?—B. J., New York, New York.

One of the best ways to find a good mechanic is to ask friends for a reference. People who know of a good mechanic are usually willing to share. Failing that, there's a nonprofit organization based in Herndon, Virginia, called the National Institute for Automotive Service Excellence. It's better known as ASE. ASE certifies more than 100,000 technicians annually in 19 skill areas ranging from electronics and brakes to paint and bodywork. (Over the past 20 years, ASE has certified more than 500,000 auto and truck mechanics.) ASE certification is a good indicator that a repairman is competent. To pass all of ASE's stringent American College Testing exams, a technician must demonstrate basic skills and knowledge in each of the test areas. Most of the nation's top independent mechanics are ASE certified; thousands of certified technicians work for automobile dealers as well. New-car dealerships, repair and body shops employing ASE-certified technicians often display a sign with the ASE seal. (It looks like a blue gear wheel.) To locate an ASE-certified technician in your area, look for the ASE symbol in a repair shop's advertisements and in Yellow Pages ads. For more information on the testing program, write to ASE at 13505 Dulles Technology Drive, Herndon, Virginia 22071.

The shower is a great place for sex, but it's awkward. How can my girlfriend and I make it less so?—W. A., Knoxville, Tennessee.

For hand jobs, use more soap for better lubrication. For oral sex, arrange yourselves so that the kneeling or crouching partner doesn't get sprayed in the face. For intercourse between lovers of about the same height, both should stand facing away from the spray, with the woman bending forward at the waist so the man can enter her from behind. If one lover is considerably taller than the other, he or she will probably have to crouch somewhat. Good shower mats and extra handholds on the wall and tub also help take the awkwardness out of shower sex. They also make it safer, which helps lovers relax and have more fun. Another treat: Buy a see-through shower curtain and let your partner watch while you soap yourself—or vice versa.

Perhaps I'm behind the times, but I'm considering buying a CD player. My audiophile brother-in-law says that I shouldn't get a player with a pop-in cartridge because the discs can be scratched when the feeder arm slides them beneath the laser. He says players without cartridges are better. Is there any danger of a cartridge player scratching my discs?—K. S., Washington, D.C.

If there is, the risk of damaging your CDs can't be any greater than that posed by the constant loading and unloading of a carousel player. Because a cartridge player allows you to categorize your CDs into separate magazines, you avoid handling them as frequently and save on wear and tear. You decide your mood—jazz, rock, "Bolero"—and the cartridge provides hours of uninterrupted tunes (imagine the possibilities). Besides, cartridge players don't "slide" discs into place; the holder arm extends to position the CD, which is then lifted gently by a spindle to be read by the laser. Some manufacturers make cartridge players for car stereos, which makes moving your music from home to auto and back much less a chore.

How many birth-control pills can a woman miss and still be protected?—L. D., Lake Charles, Louisiana.

One, according to the Food and Drug Administration's experts. A woman should take the missed pill as soon as she realizes she's forgotten it. If she does, she's still protected and no backup contraceptive is necessary. If a woman misses two pills in a row during the first two weeks of the pill cycle, she can take them both the day she remembers. She should take two more the following day and one pill a day after that. But she still might not be protected. She should use backup contraception for a week, just in case. If a woman misses two pills in a row during the third week or three or more pills anytime, she should call her physician or family planning provider for instructions. She might also consider a new method of birth control, because three misses in a row suggests that the pill may not be a good method for her.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

NEWSSTAND SEX

if it wasn't for bad news, we wouldn't have any news at all

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Last May I was invited to address the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex. My topic, concocted after seconds of research and the offer of a free plane ticket to San Francisco, was simply this: "How the print media view sex."

I decided first to do a little number-crunching. I turned on my data disco and went to work. My office PC is hooked up to Nexis, an information service with a variety of libraries and data bases. I chose two—major papers (such as *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, *Chicago Tribune*, *The Atlanta Constitution*) and major magazines (*Time*, *Newsweek* et al.)—and asked about a few of my favorite and not-so-favorite sexual things. The computer searched its memory and told me how many stories have mentioned a given term. At the simplest level, the search gave a box score of how many stories cater to fear and anxiety and how many to the pursuit of pleasure. The result shows the former winning by a landslide. The media, it seems, have nothing good or reassuring to say about sex.

Here's the breakdown by the number of references. (The left columns are newspaper references, the right are magazines.)

abortion	52,569	8638
AIDS	19,178	648
birth control	12,276	2192
condoms	8648	1698
HIV	9640	1155
impotence	2801	1043
pornography	11,685	2098
prostitution	11,806	1393
rape	43,799	4588
safe sex	2949	520
sex education	4475	616
sexual assault	7912	405
STDs	3531	580
teen pregnancy	11,171	237
X-rated videos	217	35

OK, enough of the serious stuff. How about some kinky or even merely risqué topics?

masturbation	1010	374
multiple orgasm	72	22
oral sex	1281	268
orgasm	1237	565

Nexis also allows you to browse stories to see the context in which the search word occurred. Most of the oral-sex references were in articles on AIDS transmission. A number of the orgasm references seemed to be related to how many times Sharon Stone climaxed in *Basic Instinct*. Many of the multiple-orgasm references were in reviews of the controversial TV show *Sisters*, in which the characters discussed sex.

People may be having sex, but we wondered with what body parts:

clitoris	89	60
penis	1440	536

Well, there you have it. The media can't even name the erogenous zones.

I decided to look at the media's erotic Rolodex. Whom do they turn to for expertise?

Lonnie Barbach	25	8
Alex Comfort	156	39
Sol Gordon	53	7
The Joy of Sex	312	101
Helen Kaplan	42	26
Alfred Kinsey	74	37
Kinsey Institute	202	46
Masters & Johnson	130	38
John Money	95	29
The Playboy Advisor	27	20*
Dr. Ruth	1401	348

The media, it seems, did prefer the zesty hedonism of Comfort to the somber tones of Masters and Johnson. Maybe it was his taste for bondage. (Comfort's *Joy of Sex* has 22 paragraphs on bondage, and the major papers mention it 2565 times, the magazines 652. Under certain circumstances, even Ann Landers condones it.)

To put these numbers into perspective, the major papers mention Julia Child 1950 times, Jimmy the Greek 972 times and Michael Jordan 16,772 times.

With Nexis, you can determine which words hang out together, too. Enter "sex w/50" and a word, and you'll discover how often that word appears within 50 words of sex.

sex and babies	3474	1051
sex and crime	16,837	747
sex and death	5819	1144
sex and Democrats	1370	278
sex and desire	1730	507
sex and drugs	10,252	1818
sex and golf	476	110
sex and laughter	1179	265
sex and love	10,060	2912
sex and pleasure	1553	521
sex and Republicans	1992	385
sex and violence	5576	1130

I would reveal the link between golf and sex, but some lines of research are too ugly to pursue.

*Nexis carries PLAYBOY articles, interviews and personality profiles. It does not carry the Advisor's column.

READER

COMPENSATION?

Ted Bundy was the inspiration for the so-called Bundy bill—the pornography victims' compensation act—which would allow victims of sexual crimes to sue producers of sexually explicit material for "provoking" the perpetrator ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, July). On one level, Catharine MacKinnon's act is aptly nicknamed. Long before he began killing females, Bundy was buying magazines and books that graphically depicted violent fantasies of the type already festering in his imagination. Yet (as mentioned) at the apex of his slaughter spree, Ted stoked his aberrant fancies with the decidedly nonprurient promotional pamphlets distributed by girls' cheerleading camps. According to what Ted later told me, another personal source of psychosexual fantasy fodder had been his college physiology text. I know of another sexual sadist, now imprisoned, who scours public-record court decisions for details of the most heinous sexual-abuse cases. This offender has also been observed achieving trancelike raptures reading catalogs for prosthetic devices. And what of the Oregon man, also now behind bars, who blossomed from a women's foot fetishist into a serial sex killer? Would a ban on seductive shoe advertisements have prevented his career in murder? However abhorrent sadistic smut may be, those who would embrace Bundy as their poster boy should take caution: Ted Bundy could serve other agendas as well. Indeed, if in 1946 his unwed mother had had recourse to legal and safe abortion, at least 30 young women and girls might still be alive today.

Stephen G. Michaud
New York, New York

Michaud is co-author of "The Only Living Witness," Ted Bundy's biography.

Feminist antiporn lawyer Catharine MacKinnon may want to eliminate constitutionally protected sexually explicit materials based on alleged harm to women, but her broader goal includes attacking the legal right to privacy. Since privacy is the legal foundation for women's abortion rights, for their use of contraceptives, for their (marital) sexual acts and for their perusal of erotica, MacKinnon's dismantling of individual privacy sets a dangerous precedent. In effect, MacKinnon sees privacy as a state-sanctioned right that allows men to subordinate women and control all aspects of women's sexuality and reproduction. Her attack on pornography may be a smoke screen for an even deeper, more radical assault on our nation's ideological, political and cultural infrastructure by unraveling the privacy doctrine.

Brenda Loew Tatelbaum, Publisher
EIDOS, Erotic Entertainment for Women, Men & Couples
Boston, Massachusetts

FOR THE RECORD

ART ATTACK

"Any system of control must make some small space for the dynamic, the unexpected and the downright quirky, or we shall all be the poorer for it."

—BRITISH PLANNING MINISTER TONY BALDRY, ON THE DEPARTMENT OF ENVIRONMENT'S DECISION TO ALLOW AN 18-FOOT SHARK SCULPTURE STICKING OUT OF A ROOF TO STAY PUT, DESPITE THE PROTESTS OF OXFORD CITY OFFICIALS

The pornography victims' compensation act is a dire warning to all writers, singers, film makers and lyricists. John W. Hinckley, Jr., claims that watching the movie *Taxi Driver* drove him to shoot President Reagan; now we get to see another example of passing the buck. I suppose it was fortunate that this law wasn't around for Charles Manson and his family. Manson claims to have been inspired by the Beatles' *White Album* and the book of *Revelations* in the Bible. I'd love to have seen the defendants called in for that suit!

Willie Holmes
Chicago, Illinois

Based on the language of the pornography victims' compensation act, imagine the following scenario: A father gets drunk two nights in a row, commits incest with both of his daughters and, as a result, both of them become pregnant. When the authorities arrest the man for his horrendous acts, he blames his conduct on having just read a similar story in *Genesis* 19. Would Thomas Nelson, Zondervan or some other Bible publisher be held liable for the man's actions?

Skipp Porteous, President
Institute for First Amendment Studies, Inc.
Great Barrington, Massachusetts

CENSORSHIP

As concerned students at Indiana University, we have been doing research on the social issue of censorship. If books, television programs and music lyrics are censored, it is only a matter of time before multitudes of people are imprisoned for voicing their opinions. Since writers are our key to learning, we should offer them our full support. Why not urge your readers to write their representatives?

Brad Graves
Tuan Hoang
Bloomington, Indiana

Good idea. If the current political climate is any indication, censorship resistance needs to be cranked up a notch. Call the Capitol switchboard in Washington, D.C.,

at 202-224-3121. Give your Zip Code and you'll be connected to the office of your Representative or Senator.

The censorship battle is heating up again in Daytona Beach, Florida. State's Attorney John Tanner has asked for a court order forcing video stores to identify people who rent *Drillers, Men in Motion No. 6, Spank Me Daddy* and *Who Reamed Rosie Rabbit No. 2* (four adult movies he wants banned under obscenity laws). Tanner claims he won't prosecute the customers but may call them to the witness stand in his civil suit against store operators. Earlier criminal charges have already been dismissed. Store operators say they don't keep such records and would not release them if they did. The scare tactic is an assault on First Amendment rights and a reelection publicity stroke for the religious right wing.

Ken Presti
Winter Park, Florida

The book burners may be running amok in parts of these United States, but in New Hampshire the partisans of the Reverend Donald Wildmon have run into resistance. Citizens Against Censorship is an organization formed to fight recurrent attacks on the First Amendment. An attempt in Nashua to impose censorship of adult entertainment enterprises through zoning ordinances is being opposed by the group. We are building support from many corners and are interested in organizing in other states. If preservation of the freedom to monitor your own morality is important to you, contact Citizens Against Censorship, Box 7583, Nashua, New Hampshire 03060, 603-880-3706.

Arthur W. Ketchen, Co-founder
Citizens Against Censorship
Nashua, New Hampshire

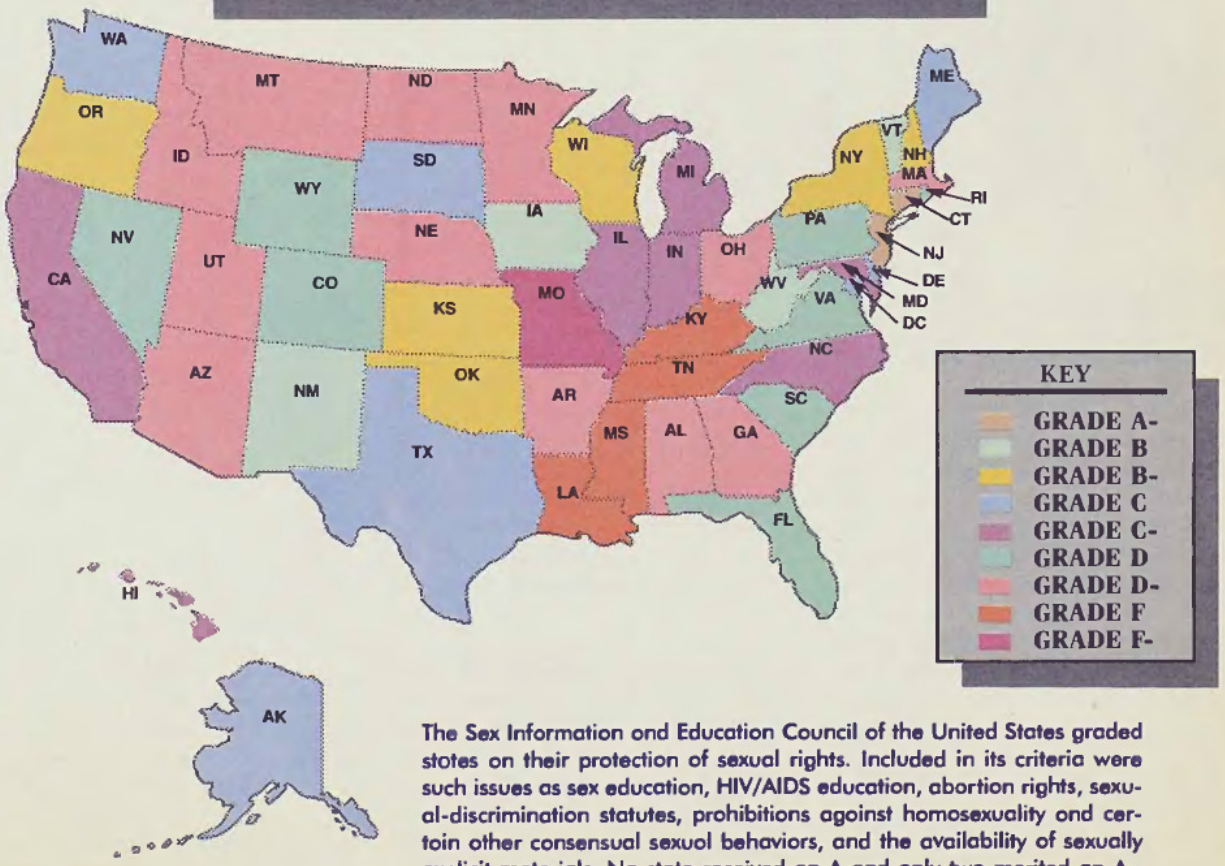
COMPUTER COPS

I enjoyed your article on hackers and the First Amendment ("Computer Cops Versus the First Amendment," *The Playboy Forum*, May). I was, however, disturbed by your inclusion of Robert Tappen Morris and Kevin Mitnik in the same category. Unlike Mitnik, whose hacking supposedly jeopardized North American defense systems, Morris simply made a mistake. He deserved the punishment he received, but only in the same manner that a child deserves to be punished for accidentally breaking a vase. Morris' circumstances should be clarified so that your readers do not believe that all hackers are created equal.

Gary Weinheimer
Fallon, Nevada

Morris did intend for his program to invade other computers (a crime); he did not intend for it to do damage (a greater crime). Thus, as was stated in the article, he was convicted on trespassing,

SEXUAL GEOGRAPHY



The Sex Information and Education Council of the United States graded states on their protection of sexual rights. Included in its criteria were such issues as sex education, HIV/AIDS education, abortion rights, sexual-discrimination statutes, prohibitions against homosexuality and certain other consensual sexual behaviors, and the availability of sexually explicit materials. No state received an A and only two merited an A-.

not computer-abuse, charges. Both men were hackers, their intentions were simply different.

Matthew Childs's article "Computer Cops" is a good summary of many different issues surrounding electronic technology and the First Amendment. But it just began to touch on the real story behind the events and its effect on real peoples' lives and futures. Many of our country's current laws are fundamentally inappropriate for dealing with the situations that arise as we open the electronic frontier. Laws created to govern the physical world become problematic when applied to a place where intangibility and information are the only terrains. The issue at hand, and my primary concern, is the apparent lack of civil-liberty protections in these areas. As the editor of *Phrack*, a small electronic publication, I received from a contributor a copy of an administrative document concerning the emergency telephone system used in the Southern Bell service area. In February 1989 two articles about 911 telephone systems were published in *Phrack* after considerable editing to insure that no part of the text file could be used for destructive purposes. I never had any doubt that the information published was easily obtainable from a number of other places. Based on the argument that the articles discussed topics our government agencies and the telephone company didn't want the public to know about, I was indicted on charges of wire fraud, receiving stolen property and several other counts. That summer it became apparent that the trial *U.S. vs. Neidorf* was much more than a fight for my personal freedom. The government withdrew the charges, after cross-examination of the government witness revealed that the document was harmless and that the information I had printed had been in the public domain for years. I had my freedom but it didn't come cheap. My legal defense cost roughly $109,000, not to mention the emotional expense during my seven-month ordeal. Given that our society is being driven more and more by computers, the ramifications of my trial could affect everyone in America. Now my goal is to concentrate on the study of law and technology so I can make a real contribution both in protecting individual rights and in ensuring that technological advances are put to the best possible use for everyone.

Craig Neidorf
Washington, D.C.

CHILD PORN

Here's a disturbing update to Bill Andriette's "Are You a Child Pornographer?" (*The Playboy Forum*, September 1991): Under existing law, authorities could charge a person with only one count of breaking the child pornography law no matter how many photographs of sexual conduct of a child were found in his or her possession. Recently, the Florida Senate increased the penalty, allowing a separate count—each punishable by five years—for every photo found. Suppose you live in Florida and own one of Traci Lords's early videos. And assume that on a one-hour video, only ten percent of the 108,000 frames were ruled by the court to be child pornography. This one tape alone could get you 54,000 years in jail. It's yet another example of self-righteous legislators joining a witch-hunt.

Bill Sands
Tampa Bay, Florida

SEX ED

After reading "Abstinence Ed" (*The Playboy Forum*, April), I was, quite frankly, sickened. It amazes me that any curriculum could be so unilaterally negative toward sex. Moral decisions belong to the individual, not to the schools. Coleen Kelly Mast and her partisans must realize teens and young adults will have sex. Young people were having sex in the 1890s, 1790s and 1690s. I am fairly certain they will continue to do so in the 1990s. It's time for these neo-Puritans to understand that sex education must teach, not preach.

James R. Klute
Lincoln, Delaware

ABORTION

The abortion piece in your July issue ("Behind Enemy Lines," *The Playboy Forum*) brought up, once again, a few sore points. I'm tired of this issue and the fact that no one's doing anything about it. A woman has a right to do what she wants with her body, and, make no mistake, it boils down to control of that choice. Pro-choice people are extremely pro-life. It is not, however, a belief in life for the sake of quantity. It is affirmation of a high quality of life, not one that begins with crack or heroin addiction, AIDS, poverty or child abuse. I'm pro-choice and pro-life and damn tired of this opprobrious war.

Terrie Burrell
Chicago, Illinois

"Behind Enemy Lines" was a great take on activism as comic relief. But it's the same old material recycled, as pro-lifers keep trying to impose their moral code. Now they are trying to manipulate medical research by opposing use of aborted fetal tissue to cure debilitating illnesses. If you ask me, they have a very narrow definition of life support.

Colin Cook
New Bedford, Massachusetts

Fetal tissue research is being conducted to heal spine injuries, arrest fatal genetic diseases and treat diabetes and Parkinson's disease. Assistant Secretary of Health James O. Mason argues that fetal tissue research will only tilt "already vulnerable women" toward abortion. Mason's rationale is a ludicrous one that reduces an intelligent, conscious choice to an act of mindless manipulation. George Bush's virtual ban on further research has taken significant medical developments (as in the case of RU 486, the abortion pill) out of reach of American science and, consequently, out of reach of a needy public. But foes of abortion are far from agreement on this issue. The Reverend Guy Walden, a pro-life minister from Florida whose son received fetal tissue cells to combat a fatal genetic disease, sums it up in very practical terms: "Right now this tissue is being thrown in the trash cans. If we can save a life, shouldn't we?"

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

ASSUME THE POSITION

COLUMBUS, OHIO—*What do you call it when a Columbus policeman thrusts his rubber-gloved finger into the anus of a 16-year-old boy? Well, in Columbus they call*

it the war on drugs. When the suspect's rectum yielded no evidence of drugs, the examining officer gave him a ticket for jaywalking. The ACLU sued the city on behalf of the youth and several other search victims.

PAY TO SPAY

NASHVILLE—*A committee of the Tennessee House of Representatives approved a bill to discourage procreation by welfare recipients. An early version of the bill simply offered welfare mothers $500 cash if they would use the Norplant contraceptive, plus $50 a year to remain sterile. The final version, aimed at breaking the poverty cycle, is gender-balanced: It offers $500 scholarships at academic or trade schools to Norplant users and to welfare fathers who undergo vasectomies.*

EXTRACURRICULAR CRUSADER

PLANO, TEXAS—*School officials suspended a 14-year-old right-to-lifer from classes until she agrees to stop furnishing schoolmates with gruesome anti-abortion literature. The seventh-grader insisted that educating others was more important than educating herself, but authorities felt the color photos of aborted fetuses were a bit too much for middle school students.*

PLEASURE PRINCIPLES

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA—*It wasn't the Rodney King videotape, but it was just as offensive to some women's groups. Feminists expressed outrage at the verdict in a marital rape case. They were amazed a jury could watch a home video of a woman tied up, taped up and crying out during sexual intercourse, and still find her husband not guilty of marital rape. The jury that acquitted him was asked by the defense to consider, "Was that a cry of pain and torture? Or was that a cry of pleasure?" After less than an hour, the jury, which included eight women, decided that sexuality comes in all forms, and that, while the action on the video was strange, it was not rape.*

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

TROY, NEW YORK—*Police charged an unemployed 21-year-old construction worker with second-degree burglary after he was accused of crawling into the bed of a strange woman. The woman assumed the lacy-lingerie-clad man was her boyfriend. She realized he was a stranger when he asked, "How are you doing, baby?" She then called him "disgusting." He left, apologizing, "I thought you were my sister." His sister lived in the same building. At the trial, the defendant admitted drinking several pitchers of beer that night before trying to find his sister's apartment. The jurors voted for acquittal on the basis of reasonable doubt.*

ROADBLOCKS REDUX

DETROIT—*When Michigan's attorney general's office won in the U.S. Supreme Court the right to erect drunk-driving roadblocks, they congratulated themselves on a job well done. Little did they know the decision would be nullified in the state of Michigan—by Michigan's own appellate court. Seems the court decided the roadblocks violated state constitutional prohibitions against unreasonable seizure. The attorney general is appealing.*

AIDS UPDATE

PARIS—*France, with more than 8500 deaths and 16,000 HIV-positive residents, is the European nation hardest hit by AIDS. It has doubled its number of AIDS-testing centers to 250 and is now offering the test for free. Additionally, the health ministry is flooding the country with posters encouraging persons in high-risk groups to take the tests. This is a French lesson America should learn.*

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A preliminary study found that men with vasectomies may not pass the AIDS virus in their semen. The National Institutes of Health–funded study was based on research conducted in Seattle, Bangkok and Moscow. The scientists reported they could not grow the virus from the semen of HIV-positive men with vasectomies. Infected men without vasectomies had semen that produced HIV. The next stage of research addresses HIV-positive men before and after the surgical procedure.*

GLAD GRADS

ANN ARBOR—*Since 1986, University of Michigan students have celebrated the last day of classes by donning strange headgear and ski masks—and nothing else—for a midnight jog that concludes with a photo*

session on the steps of the campus art museum. This year more than 200 participated. An appreciative 23-year-old female law student noted it was a good study break before finals: "I have a choice of looking at these men or at corporate tax."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

A CRIMINAL SYSTEM OF JUSTICE

a mandatory minimum drug sentence is a true offense

By REG POTTERTON

Of all the anti-American nations in the long history of xenophobia, it is ironic that the United States itself should prove to be the most anti-American of them all. Hyperbole? Not really.

In its most extreme form, anti-American means killing Americans, and nobody leads us in that field. More Americans have been murdered by other Americans in this century alone than have been killed by enemy action in all the wars we have ever fought, beginning with our Revolution.

If killing is the ultimate expression of anti-Americanism, imprisonment is a close second, and there again we lead the race, having overtaken those champions of mass imprisonment, the Soviet Union and South Africa, in the Eighties. Our incarcerated population at last count was around 1,200,000, with another 3,000,000 on parole or probation, all of which requires a criminal justice system that cost taxpayers more than $61 billion in 1988 and increases every year.

We now spend more than $20 billion each year keeping people locked up in local jails and county, state and federal prisons. It's estimated that by 1995, the inmate population will increase by 333,000, or 27 percent.

All this incarceration might be good and justifiable if it reduced the rate of crime in America, but it hasn't. It might be worth doing if it kept habitually violent criminals off the streets, but it hasn't. We could even support it and cry out for more if it reduced the fear and hatred of race, class, gender and religion that eats away at the American spirit, but, of course, it hasn't.

The introduction of mandatory minimum prison sentences in 1986 was one of the more sinister manifestations of governmental anti-Americanism in this country. When Congress passed the laws that impose statutory minimums for drug offenses, it simply abandoned the principle that the punishment should fit the crime. With these measures, judges no longer play a role in determining the severity of a sentence. All they do is obey orders. The fundamental rule of mandatory minimums holds that anyone found guilty in a drug case gets a prison sentence for a fixed term without parole, no matter how marginal his involvement and regardless of whether or not he profited from drug deals. Many now go to jail not because they are drug kingpins or even middle-level players or repeat offenders but because their names have been given up by America's newest entrepreneurial class, the professional informer. In 1989 alone, paid informants received $63,000,000 and immunity or special consideration for their own crimes.

Loren Pogue, a 58-year-old real estate agent, is an example of what this "lock 'em up and throw away the key" policy means. He will spend 27 years in prison because a former business associate asked Pogue to help him sell a plot of land on a Costa Rican mountainside to undercover agents who posed as drug smugglers shopping for a place to put an airstrip.

That Pogue had no drug history, that the airstrip was never built and would, even if built, be useless because of its location, played no part in the court's decision. It was enough for the judge to hear that the undercover agents talked of importing a fixed amount of cocaine, that Pogue was aware of their intention and helped his old pal, a recipient of $250,000 in government largesse for his information, close the deal to sell the nonexistent airstrip.

Consider that if Loren Pogue lives to serve his 27 years in prison, it will cost the taxpayers $540,000 in 1992 dollars and far more for the welfare of more than 25 children and foster children he leaves behind. And Pogue is only one of 70,000 federal prison inmates, each of whom costs the government about $55 a day, or $20,000 a year. That's an annual total of around $1.4 billion. In 1995, when the federal inmate population is expected to reach 99,000, it will cost the taxpayers almost $2 billion.

But forget the numbers. Forget that we spend more on enforcement than on education—that California, for example, laid off 10,000 teachers and used the savings to help build more prisons, or that Texas employs four times as many corrections officers now (about 18,000) as it employed ten years ago. Set aside the fact that violent and habitual criminals are released to make room for nonviolent first offenders convicted on marijuana charges. (The average sentence served for murder in the U.S. is six and a half years, while eight years with no possibility of parole is mandatory for the possession of 700 marijuana plants. It doesn't matter if the plants are seedlings or mature—the federal government treats each as a potential kilo of product.)

Let's forget all of that and think about this: Why is the doctrine of mandatory minimum sentencing opposed by the 12 Federal Judicial Conferences, the American Bar Association, the Federal Courts Study Commission, the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers and the Criminal Justice Policy Foundation?

Could it be that these groups are in agreement with federal Judge J. Lawrence Irving? He resigned from the U.S. district court in San Diego, saying he could no longer in good conscience impose mandatory minimum sentences. Maybe they concur with Judge William Wilkins, chairman of the U.S. Sentencing Commission, who said, "There is no evidence that mandatory minimums deter crime."

Or are these individuals and organizations just wrong? The government line, as Attorney General William Barr told a meeting of California district attorneys, is that "the choice is clear. More prison space or more crime."

Right now there is only one full-time organization devoted to arousing public awareness of the new laws—Families Against Mandatory Minimums. Its founder, Julie Stewart, began FAMM after her brother was convicted of growing 360 marijuana plants. A man with no criminal record, he got five years with no parole. His two co-defendants, both with prior drug convictions, escaped with probation after informing on him.

Stewart readily concedes that her brother's crime deserved punishment, but one that fit the crime. "He took his chances, he broke the law, he got caught," she says. "But five years without parole? What good does that do anyone?"

She began researching other cases and discovered that her brother was one of many first-time offenders to fall afoul of mandatory minimums. The more Stewart dug, the more horror stories she unearthed. Here's a sample of cases from FAMM's files, each involving a first-timer:

John R. got 17 years in Florida last year after undercover agents working with indicted drug informants involved him in a deal to supply marijuana that never materialized.

Ken H., 11 years for conspiracy to sell marijuana. No drugs were found on his person or at his home. The two informants against him received two years apiece. During the trial they said they had heard a third person mention Ken's name in connection with a drug deal.

Tim E., ten years for possession of a gun and conspiracy to manufacture methamphetamine. He was solicited by undercover DEA agents while buying materials for a student chemistry set in a store owned and operated by the DEA. For three months the agents called him at work, telling him that there was big money to be made with meth. When Tim finally agreed to meet them at their dummy lab site, the agents suggested he bring a gun for his protection. At the lab the DEA gave him a step-by-step course in the manufacture of methamphetamine. According to FAMM's account of the case, Tim was arrested after mixing chemicals. He got an extra five years for having the gun.

> "The government maintains that lopsided application of the law is essential if America is to shake free of drugs."

Retired coal miner Bobby J. got six and a half years after he accompanied his son to a marijuana patch under police surveillance. At the sentencing, the judge said he would prefer to take into account Bobby's black-lung disease but the guidelines left him no choice.

Fifty-two-year-old O. Pound got 20 years for conspiracy to distribute 300 pounds of marijuana. Pound bought the marijuana over a three-year period and was turned in by one of his buyers, a man with a felony record who received immunity and was allowed to keep all his assets despite his confession that he had sold drugs for 15 years. Pound's wife got five years for failing to turn in her husband. The judge said he didn't want to give her the sentence but was obliged to do so by the guidelines.

And one more: Nicholas Bianco of Providence, Rhode Island, described as the "reputed boss of the New England Mafia," was sentenced to 11 years and five months on racketeering charges. An underling received 12 years and seven months for murder. The don got bail and was allowed to spend Christmas with his family. A man from Gloucester, Massachusetts, meanwhile, received 20 years and ten months for growing marijuana. He was carted off to jail from the courtroom as soon as sentence had been imposed. Next time he celebrates Christmas at home with his now four-year-old daughter, she'll be 25.

The government maintains that such lopsided application of the law is essential if America is to shake free of drugs. It is an argument that echoes the claim made by the Army during the Vietnam era that it was necessary to destroy the village of Ben Suc in order to save it. Is this what we want, salvation by destruction? Justice by body count?

We have, almost without being aware of it, built a law-enforcement apparatus that has failed almost totally to deter, prevent or reduce crime. It grows steadily more monolithic with each stroke of the legislative pen, while retreating deeper into isolation from the community it so demonstrably fails to protect or to serve.

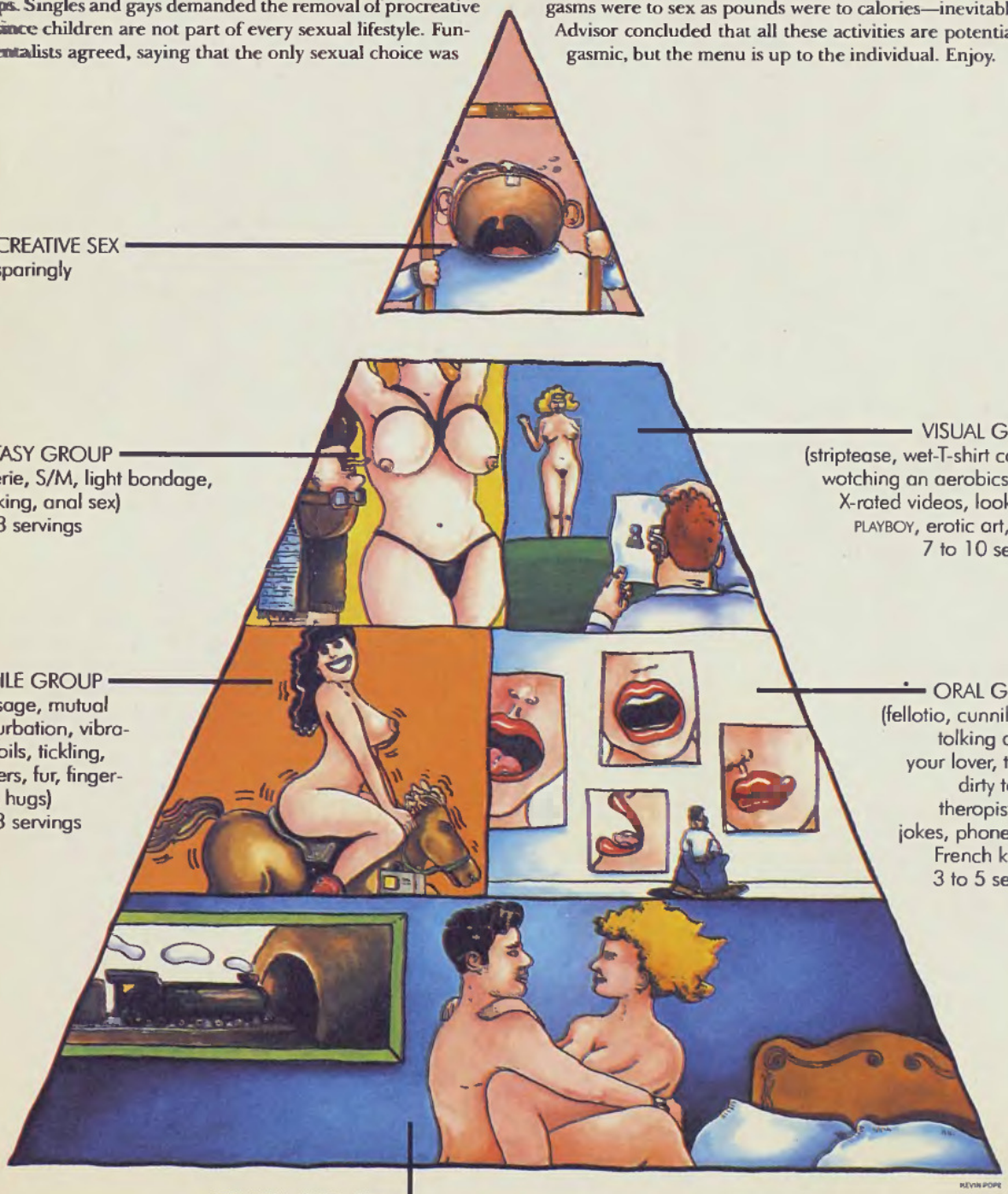
Is that what we want? No. We want the punishment to fit the crime, not the crime to meet the marketing agenda of politicians shopping for an extra term. What we want and what we have every right to expect is common sense, logic, integrity and an even-handed observance of the law. As matters stand, we have our criminal justice system. And seldom has there been a more appropriate adjective for U.S. justice than that: criminal.

FORUM

LOVE GUIDE PYRAMID

a guide to daily sex choices

Unveiled here is the Playboy Advisor's Love Guide Pyramid. **Drawing a** parallel to the USDA's Food Guide Pyramid, the Advisor **said** that the purpose of the pyramid was nutrition (the balanced **love** life), not weight control (the prevention of overindulgence). Originally intended to help American citizens make **informed** carnal choices, the pyramid fell prey to special-interest **groups.** Singles and gays demanded the removal of procreative **sex,** since children are not part of every sexual lifestyle. Fundamentalists agreed, saying that the only sexual choice was for procreation within marriage. Oddly, parents agreed, saying that children pretty much eliminated the chance of doing any of the other things. Another major debate centered on the servings—were these daily choices, weekly choices or "Only in your dreams, Buster" choices? Therapists wondered whether the pyramid should include orgasms. Opponents suggested that orgasms were to sex as pounds were to calories—inevitable. The Advisor concluded that all these activities are potentially orgasmic, but the menu is up to the individual. Enjoy.



PROCREATIVE SEX
Use sparingly

FANTASY GROUP
(lingerie, S/M, light bondage, spanking, anal sex)
2 to 3 servings

VISUAL GROUP
(striptease, wet-T-shirt contest, watching an aerobics class, X-rated videos, looking at PLAYBOY, erotic art, MTV)
7 to 10 servings

TACTILE GROUP
(massage, mutual masturbation, vibrators, oils, tickling, feathers, fur, fingernails, hugs)
2 to 3 servings

ORAL GROUP
(fellatio, cunnilingus, talking dirty to your lover, talking dirty to your therapist, dirty jokes, phone calls, French kissing)
3 to 5 servings

GENITAL GROUP
(protected intercourse, missionary position, woman on top, standing, like spoons, rear entry, indoors, outdoors) 2 to 3 servings

THREE BLIND MICE

see how they run. wouldn't you rather someone else were running for our highest office?

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

How did it come to pass that we must entrust this great nation of ours, the depository of much of the hope and aspiration of humankind, to the truly odd and obviously unfit characters who are running for President? If this were a movie review, I would advise people to stay home.

But we can't. Four more years of George Bush and his serve-the-rich-at-any-cost policies will leave this country with no effective middle class and widening gaps between rich and poor. Bush is also 68 years old and, having traveled with and interviewed his Vice President, I shiver to consider the actuarial odds on Dan Quayle's being President.

Not that Bill Clinton looks so great. I am not referring to the so-called character questions that, for me, may be the sole reason to vote for him. His presumed peccadilloes are the only evidence of a life beyond base career calculation. Having watched the man at close quarters, I kept hoping for some spark of passion to ignite his carefully wrought prose and platform. It hasn't come, so all I have is the hope that the spirit of the erotic jogger, a man willing to put his political ambition at risk, would surface once Clinton is in office. Or maybe he will have proved himself by the time the actual election rolls around. He is, after all, the one candidate logically positioned by virtue of program, age and education to lead us into the next century. If we turn instead to one or the other of the old men running, then we will concede our inability to live in the future.

Which brings us to the Magic Christian, Ross Perot, who is unbelievable in his mockery of all of the norms of our political life. Despite a rich personal history, politically he comes from nowhere. And that is his obvious attraction to an electorate rendered nihilistic by the Reagan-Bush revolution. Their reign will be remembered for having cheated us of options for our social future by deliberately bankrupting the economic system. Even more serious was their relentless debasement in practice and rhetoric of the very art of democratic government. They left us a vacuum in which we scorn the traditional mechanisms for political change and can believe only in the forlorn specter of a savior on a white horse.

Is he Benito Mussolini or Franklin Delano Roosevelt? I haven't a clue and neither does the electorate, which makes Perot's candidacy one of the most dangerous, albeit possibly promising, events in our nation's history. What is going on with our economy that so many of our settled citizens should engage in such desperate behavior? What we are witnessing is a spasm of failed expectations.

As I watched the Perot phenomenon develop, I was startled by its social underpinnings. This is not, after all, the decaying Weimar Republic in the wake of Germany's humiliating defeat in World War One. Yet, make no mistake about it, the support for Perot can be found in the same once-contented, now-disillusioned burghers who sought order and efficiency in fascism.

In truth, I shouldn't be surprised. Living as I do in the shadow of John Wayne Airport, midway between Disneyland and Newport Beach, California, I have learned to lower my political expectations. One of our Congressmen says he kited a check to build a shrine in his backyard to the Virgin Mary. Another believed that the Centers for Disease Control, in pursuit of a gay conspiracy, suppressed evidence that the AIDS virus is spread by mysterious spores.

By contrast then, I thought it was cute and even healthy when a large number of my Orange County neighbors started pushing for Perot. They have been circulating those petitions at every supermarket, and at first it seemed a novel development that these blue-haired women and Hawaiian-shirted men were collecting signatures for a candidate who is pro-choice and is reputedly for gun control. What I could not understand was why these people who had something to lose—homes, cars, their grandchildren's futures—were willing to gamble all on such a throw of the dice.

Not to take anything away from Perot, who has led a fairly honorable life. He might even make a good President. But the point is, we have no reason to know that. All we have is the presumption that a person without government experience cannot be as bad as those with some knowledge of the trade.

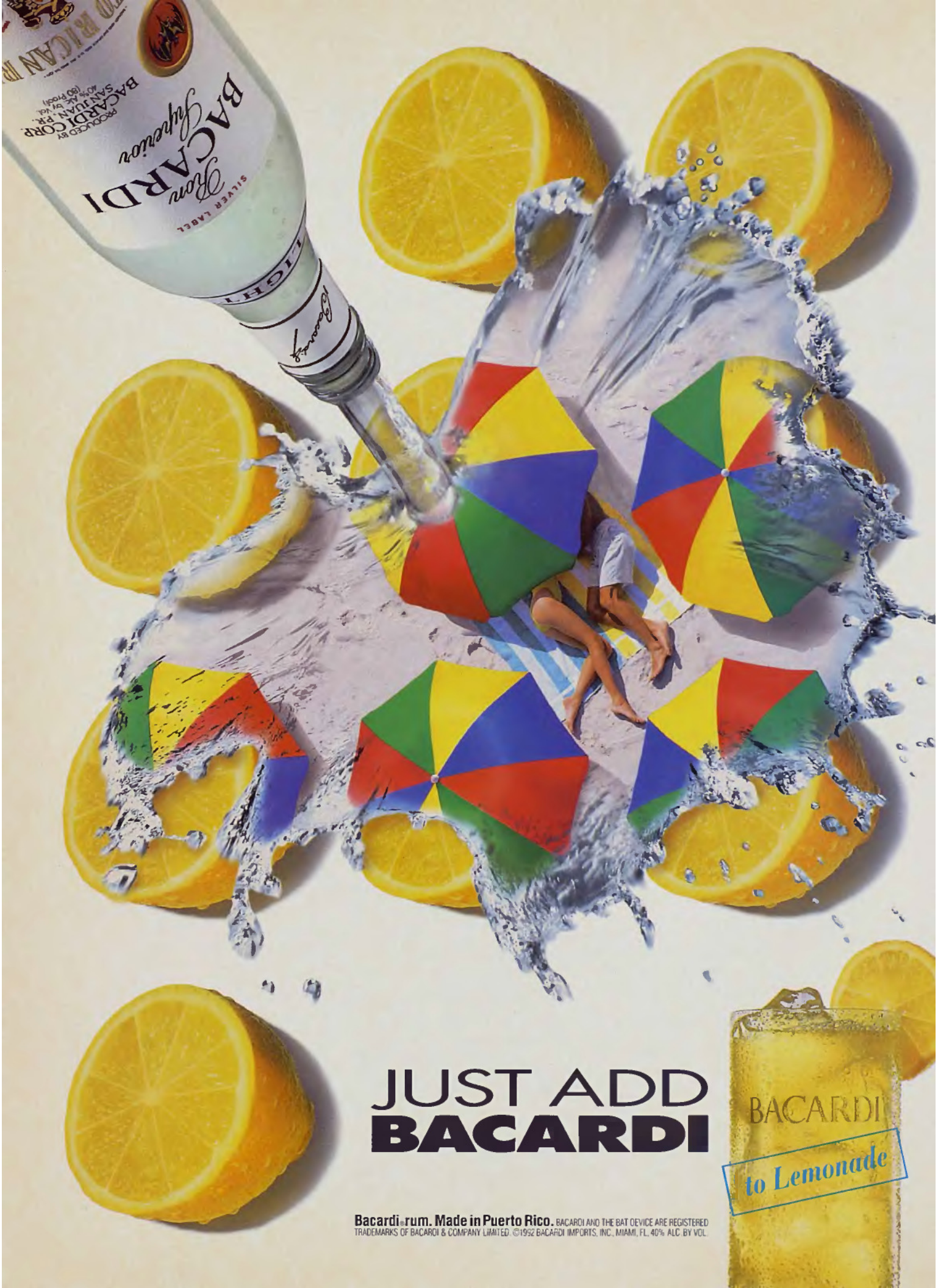
Think of just how fickle this expectation is. All that we can count on is that our TV viewers' well-honed intuition on the man is valid. Is he a genuine star? Will the series last? The electorate is reduced to an Arbitron-rating sample deluded into believing that it is making informed judgments. In fact, all it is doing is responding to the production values built into Perot's mass-media appearances. Stripped of its populist rhetoric, the Perot promise is just another artfully built sitcom, the last gasp of the couch potato. His so-called electronic town meetings have as much to do with participatory democracy as watching Monday-night football does with muscle-toning.

This sad turn of events is not Perot's fault. He is doing what he should—responding to a genuine call for help from the populace and offering to be our boss. But the hunger for a boss, no matter how benevolent or efficient the job description, is a fundamental corruption of the dream of our founding fathers. The basic notion of representative government presumes the empowerment of the citizen with inalienable rights that make a boss, as opposed to a leader, untenable.

The Perot candidacy is at its essence a denial of the achievement of 200 years of democratic governing. At least with the political parties as we used to know them, there was some minor element of accountability. There were recognized constituencies that had to be tended lest they seek revenge the next time around.

No one takes political parties seriously anymore because, as Jerry Brown delighted in pointing out ad nauseam, they have become little more than collection agencies servicing the fat cats and special-interest groups. So why not just elect a single fat cat in the form of Perot? His supporters must hope that he already has enough in the way of riches earned from government favors to turn his attention to the needs of the rest of us.

But don't blame Perot for this loss of faith in our system and ourselves. He's just a businessman with a product to sell in a wide-open market. It's the other guys, George Bush and Bill Clinton and the rest of the politicians these past ten years, who make Perot look viable by offering such a pitiful alternative.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Añejo
SILVER LABEL
LIGHT
PRODUCED BY
BACARDI CORP.
SAN JUAN, P.R.
40% ALC. BY VOL.
(80 Proof)
JUST ADD
BACARDI
BACARDI
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Bacardi® rum. Made in Puerto Rico. BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BETTY FRIEDAN

a candid conversation with the mother of the women's movement about the future of feminism, her famous feuds and what she really thinks of playboy

Wherever Betty Friedan goes, she gets the kind of attention normally reserved for movie stars. But the people who approach her are not autograph seekers. They represent a remarkable array of women of every race, age and background. They usually apologize for bothering her and explain that they just want to tell her one thing: "You changed my life."

Few people have affected as many lives—male or female—as Friedan, the mother of the modern-day women's movement. In 1963 she finished "The Feminine Mystique," a book that "pulled the trigger on history," as Alvin Toffler put it. Amitai Etzioni, professor of sociology at George Washington University, called it "one of those rare books we are endowed with only once in several decades, a volume that launched a major social movement."

The book, which sold millions of copies, gave a name to the alienation and frustration felt by a generation of women who were supposed to feel fulfilled doing what women before them had done: taking care of their homes and families. Friedan struck a nerve and received an overwhelming response, including hate mail from people who believed that a woman's place was in the home. Many women saw Friedan as a savior who showed that they were not alone in their despair. It spurred them to demand more. As a result, life as we knew it—relationships, sex, families, politics, the workplace—began to change.

"The Feminine Mystique" made Friedan the champion of the fledgling women's movement that grew up around her and her book. In 1966 she co-founded the National Organization for Women, was its first president through 1971 and wrote its mission statement. She led the group's fights for equal opportunities for women, equal pay for equal work, better child care, better health care and more.

But the movement that came on so strong in the Sixties and Seventies seemed to fall out of favor during the Eighties. Headlines announced that feminism was "the great experiment that failed." Women seemed less attracted to NOW's agenda, and many of the movement's goals—passage of the Equal Rights Amendment, for example—faltered as a result of anemic support. Representative Pat Schroeder in Time *admitted, "[Younger women] think of feminists as women who burn bras and don't shave their legs. They think of us as the Amazons of the Sixties."*

Recently, however, the women's movement has moved back into the fray, emerging as one of the powerful political and cultural forces of this election year. Fueled by George Bush's move to outlaw abortion and aided by recent headlines—from Anita Hill and Justice Clarence Thomas to Mike Tyson and William Kennedy Smith—the movement has a renewed vitality and relevance.

Skeptics need only look back to April, when more people marched in a pro-choice rally in Washington, D.C., than had ever marched for any other issue in American history.

Noticeably absent at the rally was the women's movement's founder, Betty Friedan, who had not been invited.

The slight was a clue that the current leaders of the women's movement are struggling among themselves and, moreover, struggling for a new identity. Friedan represents the movement's history, but she also speaks for a moderate branch of feminism. She has been attacked for this, most directly in a recent book about the movement, Susan Faludi's "Backlash." In a chapter entitled, "Betty Friedan: Revisionism as a Marketing Tool," Faludi charges that Friedan betrayed the women's movement. According to Faludi, Friedan believed that the women's movement was failing because "its leaders had ignored the maternal call." In fact, Faludi charged that Friedan was "stomping on the movement she did so much to create and lead."

Such criticism is nothing new to Friedan. She's been facing accusations and denunciations from all sides since "The Feminine Mystique" was published almost 30 years ago.

Back then, Friedan was a wife, mother and

"When women are not people, when they are full of impotent rage, sex is not going to be fun—for their partners or for them. The erotic experiences of many women were twisted by their self-images, and men played along."

"I thought it was absolutely outrageous that 'Silence of the Lambs' won four Oscars. It was about the evisceration, the skinning alive of women. That is what I find offensive. Not the PLAYBOY *centerfold."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"Robert Bly's retreats teach men to be male impersonators. They are trying to embrace some mystique that is more obsolete than ever. Putting men back in loincloths and giving them drums is regressive, not progressive."

homemaker, thrilled with modern appliances and recipes she clipped from McCall's. *She had grown up in Peoria, Illinois, and moved to New York when she was 18. She attended college at Smith and prepared for a life as a psychologist or journalist. After graduation she worked as a magazine writer until she was pregnant with the second of her three children. She then followed the traditional path of most women at that time, giving up her career and adopting the type of life personified by TV moms. She began to understand a quiet frustration felt by huge numbers of women, a despair she named "the feminine mystique."*

The movement launched by the book consumed her life. At first she was considered a radical, but as time passed, her views mellowed. She began to worry that feminism was forcing some women to exclude family life as a politically correct option. Fearing that women who were discouraged from marrying and having children would abandon the movement, Friedan wrote her second book, "The Second Stage."

In that book, another best seller, Friedan blamed radical elements of the feminist movement for problems that arose in American families as women attempted to be superwomen, juggling husbands, children, homes and jobs. Many women celebrated that Friedan had once again articulated their plight, though other women, particularly some strident feminists, denounced her. She had, they said, sold out.

Friedan weathered those attacks just as she weathers the current ones, and she remains an outspoken and important leader despite her differences with such notables as Faludi and Gloria Steinem. At 71, Friedan holds academic posts at New York University and the University of Southern California, and continues to write and to speak across the country.

Given the recent resurgence of women's issues, Friedan seemed the perfect subject for the 30th anniversary of the "Playboy Interview." Contributing Editor **David Sheff,** *who recently talked about death and dying with Derek Humphry for* PLAYBOY*'s August 1992 interview, flew to Los Angeles to face off with Friedan. Here's his report:*

"It took nearly two years of courting Friedan to get her to make time for this interview. We met on several occasions, each time in Los Angeles, where she teaches courses at USC in feminist thought and supervises a think tank on women's issues. To each furnished apartment she rented in L.A. she brought the same personal items to create a home away from her primary home in New York: family photos, prints, towels emblazoned with scarlet parrots and loads of books (from Carl Jung to 'Backlash').

"We met at one of the apartments. She gave my hand a quick shake and then moved to the bar, expertly concocting the strongest, spiciest bloody mary I have ever had.

"At a nearby café we talked about political candidates and the men's movement. She was good humored and easy to talk with until she transformed, inexplicably, and became cantankerous. She is, by nature, candid and argumentative, and her years as a controversial figure have made her fearless. It's a potent combination.

"I met with her twice more before she allowed the tape-recorded sessions to begin. We had several lunches, and I attended the USC course she taught and took notes during a think-tank session on women's issues at which Friedan presided. She spoke briefly and then said that the forum would start after everyone introduced themselves. As the women in the room said their names and what they did for a living, it became clear that this was a group of some of the most powerful women in Los Angeles—business leaders, judges, teachers, politicians and activists. When my turn came, I announced my name and indicated that I was a representative of PLAYBOY *magazine.*

"There was a collective, audible gasp, some nervous laughs and many looks of horror. The tension was slightly defused when Friedan announced, 'Well, it's not like I'm posing!'"

PLAYBOY: A lot of those women didn't like having someone from PLAYBOY in their midst. Do you feel as if you're consorting with the enemy?

FRIEDAN: First, I don't believe in talking only to the already converted. It is important to talk to men. Anyway, the magazine has changed since the days of the Playboy Bunny at the Clubs. I probably wouldn't have been speaking with you in those days.

"Sexuality for women tends to be more about personal bonding. Sexuality divorced from that is not pleasing."

PLAYBOY: But the Bunny was basically a waitress at the Playboy Clubs. What was so objectionable about her?

FRIEDAN: The Playboy Bunny dehumanized the image of female sexuality. It was part of the feminine mystique.

PLAYBOY: We always viewed it with fondness, as a fun image of sexuality.

FRIEDAN: But the image came at us from everywhere—from PLAYBOY, from the ads and programs on television. It was the image of a woman solely in terms of her sexual relation to a man, in this case as a man's sex object and server of his physical needs. In other cases it was as a man's wife, a mother and housewife. That is why it was objectionable. The Bunny may have been cute and fluffy, but it denied the personhood of women. That was the feminine mystique, when women were second-class people, less than human, more akin to children or bunnies. It denied the whole previous century, when women had fought for rights, including the right to vote.

PLAYBOY: *The Playboy Philosophy* simply tried to present sexuality as a part of life to be celebrated, not denied.

FRIEDAN: But what came with that was a denial of the rest of a woman. When women are supposed to serve men, sexually and otherwise, they have no other identity. There is no place for career women or for women who have lives that are not about pleasing men. Since the culture views women that way, women necessarily view themselves that way. The Playboy Bunny image of women's sexuality was an extreme Rorschach for a culture that completely denied the personhood of women.

PLAYBOY: *The Playboy Philosophy* had more to do with the sexual liberation of men and women than with anything else. It was a reaction to puritanism.

FRIEDAN: But sexual liberation is a misnomer if it denies the personhood of women. The first wave of so-called sexual liberation in America, where women were passive sex objects, was not real liberation. For real sexual liberation to be enjoyed by men and women, neither can be reduced to a passive role. When a woman is a sex object, it limits a man's enjoyment, too. Maybe some people still haven't caught on, but the best sex requires a deeper, more profound knowledge of oneself and the other person. In the Bible, sexual love was *to know*. It suggests something deeper. That is why the women's movement had to happen for sexual liberation to be real.

PLAYBOY: Do you object to the celebration of sexuality in our pictorials?

FRIEDAN: A celebration of women's bodies is all right with me so long as there is no denial of the personhood of women. I suppose sometimes women are sex objects—and men are too, by the way. It's the definition of women just as sex objects that bothers me. Women can celebrate themselves as sex objects, they can celebrate their own sexuality and can enjoy the sexuality of men as far as I'm concerned. Let's have men centerfolds.

PLAYBOY: *Cosmopolitan* tried it.

FRIEDAN: Burt Reynolds? It's a good joke, but I think the truth is that women are less interested in dehumanized sexuality. Sexuality for women tends to be more about personal bonding. Sexuality divorced from that is not pleasing. Men, too, seem to be more aware that dehumanized sex is not as satisfying as a total relationship. But PLAYBOY's centerfold is fine. It's holding on to your own anachronism and it is not pornographic, though many of my sisters would disagree. It's harmless. I was amused to see that a recent graduate of Smith, my college, posed for a pictorial and defended herself by saying that she could celebrate her sexuality if she wanted to. I agree, even though PLAYBOY strikes me as an odd mixture of sex—sometimes

juvenile—and forward intellectual thought. Alex Haley, who conducted interviews for your magazine, was my good friend. Christie Hefner is my friend and has been marvelously supportive of many causes—not only of free speech but of the rights of women. PLAYBOY articles and interviews are always quite brilliant and yet they are next to all this attention to women as sex objects.

PLAYBOY: Back up. Did you say juvenile?

FRIEDAN: I don't think there is anything wrong with celebrating women's bodies, but if that's all you're interested in, you're missing an awful lot. That's all I mean. I definitely don't think feminism needs to be equated with puritanism and the denial of sexuality. At the same time, I don't approve of anything that reduces women to sex objects, and I really disapprove of anything that degrades women or depicts them as the object of violence. The fact is, there are things far worse than the centerfolds.

PLAYBOY: Last year there was a demonstration in Berkeley by a group of women who were offended that a man was reading PLAYBOY in a restaurant. Would you have attended?

FRIEDAN: It seems like a waste of time. I am for the liberation of human sexuality, not the repression of it. Most of all, I am for freedom of speech.

PLAYBOY: Beyond PLAYBOY, how do you see the connection between the women's movement and sexual liberation?

FRIEDAN: As women moved against sex discrimination in employment, education and public accommodations, as there were marches and class-action suits that focused on employment, it affected the rest of women's lives. As women began to use their own names, to have their own careers, to move into fields that had exclusively been men's before, they earned self-respect. Without self-respect, what kind of sexuality can anyone have? As women gained self-respect, their sexuality was vastly enriched. There was more and better sex all around. When women were enjoying sex more, men were, too.

There were fascinating statistics that began to emerge by the end of the Seventies. There really was a lot more sex, and both men and women were enjoying it more. I've traced each decade of the women's movement according to the early Kinsey studies about sexuality. There was greater sexual enjoyment as the women's movement progressed.

PLAYBOY: Do you credit that to increased self-respect?

FRIEDAN: When women are not people, when they are full of impotent rage directed against themselves, sex is not going to be lots of fun—for their partners or for them. The erotic experiences of many women were twisted by their self-images. And, of course, men played along with it, mostly because they didn't know differently. Masochism and self-denigration were considered normal sexuality for women. Before that, frigidity.

Jack Kennedy talked about political passion. Women experienced political passion for the first time because of the women's movement. They had the ability as human beings to shape their own lives and futures. Experiencing political passion was a prerequisite to experiencing physical passion. Women had been the objects of passion, but they weren't expected to experience it themselves.

PLAYBOY: Some have claimed that the women's movement bred discord and increased the tensions between men and women, and that there was actually less sex, not more.

FRIEDAN: There was less unfulfilling sex, maybe. And you're right: There was a time when it seemed that the women's movement was about women in a battle against men. But that's not what the movement was about. It used to be called the war between the sexes. That had a lot to do with the rage felt by women who had been put down for their entire lives. When the rage finally came out, no wonder it was excessive. The rage was taken out on individual men who were also products of obsolete, polarized, unequal sex roles.

PLAYBOY: Is the war between the sexes over?

FRIEDAN: It needs to be. As women began to find their strength, they directed their rage in fruitful ways to change their lives. They moved away from passive, impotent rage. I think women could then love men for what they are. I think that men were relieved when things changed, too.

PLAYBOY: Not all of them. Some men rue the day you wrote *The Feminine Mystique*.

FRIEDAN: But many more were relieved because the liberation of women meant the liberation of men. It was an enormous burden to be a man. There was a masculine mystique, too.

PLAYBOY: What was it?

FRIEDAN: Men had to be supermen: stoic, responsible meal tickets. Dominance is a burden. Most men who are honest will admit that. When things began to change, men were released from the enormous pressure.

PLAYBOY: What's behind the current men's movement?

FRIEDAN: I think it's partly a reaction against feminism, partly envy of feminism and partly a real need of men to evolve and break through the burden of the masculine mystique, the burden of machismo. It is a burden that comes when the definition of masculinity is dominance in a society where dominance is not a survival technique anymore. It requires men to suppress their feelings and their sensitivities to life.

PLAYBOY: And yet you disapprove of the men's movement?

FRIEDAN: First of all, there didn't need to be a men's movement the way there needed to be a women's movement.

PLAYBOY: Some men obviously disagree.

FRIEDAN: Well, there is no men's movement—except all of history, of course.

PLAYBOY: But the men who flock to men's groups clearly have needs.

FRIEDAN: Listen, the women's movement was about the personhood of women, not the impersonation of some idea of what women are supposed to be.

PLAYBOY: And you think that is what the men's movement is about?

FRIEDAN: Robert Bly's retreats are trying to teach men to be male impersonators. They are trying to embrace some mystique that is more obsolete than ever. The idea of putting men back in loincloths and giving them drums to beat and encouraging them to yell like cavemen is regressive, not progressive. The good part is that they can also cry and have feelings. But a lot of it seems phony.

PLAYBOY: You said that the men's movement is partly a reaction against feminism. How?

FRIEDAN: The explicit or implicit message is that the feminist movement has made wimps of guys.

PLAYBOY: Some men do equate feminism with emasculation.

FRIEDAN: They don't understand feminism, then. The practical result of feminism is freeing both women and men from the burdens of their roles.

PLAYBOY: Warren Farrell says the women's movement "is not a movement for equality but a movement for women's maximization of opportunities."

FRIEDAN: And as an excuse, they tell men to go out there and reassert their masculinity. It's aggressive toward women. But the feminist movement has not made wimps of men. I think many pressures affect men that make a definition of masculinity based on violence—sorry, that was a Freudian slip—based on dominance almost impossible. If men and women don't face these things together, nothing will change. Men and women need to find ways to be intimate and to support one another and join together against the real enemy.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be waving a white flag. But many women seem angrier than ever toward men.

FRIEDAN: I've never bought the "down with men" idea—the male patriarch, the male chauvinist pig. There's a little truth in it, but it ignores the larger truth. The first stage of the women's movement was getting access to the world that had been, until then, completely dominated by men—the world of employment and government. We had to take control of our destiny. It was not a sex war against men but a question of breaking through polarized, unequal sex roles. But so much has changed. The people who criticize the women's movement discount it, but women have made enormous strides.

PLAYBOY: Yet there seems to be more

hostility between the sexes now than there has been for a long time.

FRIEDAN: And we have to be very careful not to fall into the trap of fighting among ourselves. The real danger now is that the whole society is being attacked. The rage and frustration that is increasing as a result of the economic crisis is being manipulated into a scapegoat phenomenon.

PLAYBOY: Scapegoating whom?

FRIEDAN: Men blame women. Women blame men. Look around. There is an increase in racism against blacks and Latinos. The blacks and Koreans in L.A. The riots in Los Angeles were a result. I've been warning all year that the rage and frustration from the economic decline of this country was being manipulated into racism and polarization of one group against another. Well, it exploded in L.A. The denial of the American dream to the outright poor and homeless, as well as to the middle class and blue-collar workers—whose jobs and security are being squashed—built the rage. The trigger was the Rodney King verdict. To my dismay, Bush, Quayle and the others try to blame it on the decline of the family, on single parents and welfare mothers, while they continue the policies that make the top one percent get richer and everyone else more insecure. It is not going to end with the riots in Los Angeles until the real problems are addressed. In the meantime, they encourage racism, anti-Semitism, gay bashing and Japanese bashing. There is an increase in violence against women and against all minorities. There seems to be an increase in the number of crimes against anyone weaker in society—minorities, women and even children. It's causing a backlash against all the progress we've made.

PLAYBOY: That's a buzzword of the women's movement now since Susan Faludi named it in her best seller. Explain the backlash.

FRIEDAN: It's the reaction to all the progress we made. Women were being portrayed as strong and independent. But just as we were making progress in the culture and that progress was being reflected in the media, there was a backlash—you can see it on TV and in advertising. They are barometers of where the culture as a whole is going. Women's roles in movies are appalling.

PLAYBOY: What are some offenders?

FRIEDAN: *Pretty Woman*, *The Silence of the Lambs*—two of the most successful movies of the past year or two.

PLAYBOY: Is your objection to *Pretty Woman* that a prostitute was portrayed as the ideal woman?

FRIEDAN: The movie's message was that, in effect, the way for a woman to get ahead is to find a rich man who will buy her pretty clothes. We were succeeding in doing away with the Cinderella story, that all a woman needed to be complete was a Prince Charming. Women were doing it on their own. This woman was "saved" from prostitution by a man.

Another big thing in TV and movies is portraying women only when they are in jeopardy. I thought it was absolutely outrageous that *Silence of the Lambs* won four Oscars.

PLAYBOY: Yet Jody Foster and the director, Jonathan Demme, insist that it's a feminist movie.

FRIEDAN: I'm not saying that the movie shouldn't have been shown. I'm not denying the movie was an artistic triumph, but it was about the evisceration, the skinning alive of women. That is what I find offensive. Not the PLAYBOY centerfold.

PLAYBOY: But *The Silence of the Lambs* had a female hero who fought back against violence toward women and triumphed.

FRIEDAN: But even she was seen to be manipulated by this evil monster. Instead of showing women in jeopardy, the new trend is to show women in jeopardy who then survive the jeopardy.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that an improvement?

FRIEDAN: I tell you, women are tired of seeing themselves as passive sex objects in jeopardy, whether or not they end up prevailing. Yes, it was a well-done film, but aesthetic criticism can't be value-free. If I had been voting for the Academy Awards, I would not have voted for it.

PLAYBOY: At least you must have been happy with *Thelma & Louise*.

FRIEDAN: I loved it. It was a breakthrough movie. I was amused that some of my men friends were describing the movie as female fascism because of the violence. They said, "So you want women to be as violent as men?" Come on. Those women defended themselves—against rape!—and otherwise shot up an oil truck and made sure to shoot air holes in the trunk of the police car so the offensive state trooper was able to breathe. You do not see air holes in the trunk in *GoodFellas* or in *The Godfather*.

PLAYBOY: Were you disturbed by the fatalistic ending—Geena Davis and Susan Sarandon doing a *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* into the Grand Canyon?

FRIEDAN: Maybe that's another Rorschach. It is very hard to see how women who take back their lives can get away with it. They have to be punished. I wanted them to be able to go back and live a different kind of life. It was one example, though, of women who were strong, complex characters. There used to be more, but they are disappearing.

PLAYBOY: On television, whom do you count among them?

FRIEDAN: *Cagney & Lacey*, which is off the air. The only ones left are in *Designing Women*, *Murphy Brown* and *Roseanne*.

PLAYBOY: Do you view the women in those shows as positive role models?

FRIEDAN: They are strong women with personalities and lives of their own. They are not dependent on men.

PLAYBOY: But they're also pretty wacky. For all her fiery independence, Murphy Brown is neurotic. She almost went over the edge when she became pregnant.

FRIEDAN: It's true. They won't let her enjoy it, will they? But at least she's a strong, complex woman and she's getting great ratings.

PLAYBOY: Dan Quayle doesn't like her. He singled her out as a symbol of what's wrong with American families.

FRIEDAN: As a woman at a conference said the day Quayle made that stupid speech, he used a fictional woman to insult a lot of real women. Some single women are in that position against their wishes. Some have chosen it. The fact is, they are doing the best they can. For him to blame them for America's ills is to scapegoat women who have made alternative choices. It's typical to sound off about women, to blame the victims. America is in decline, however, because of people like Quayle and his boss, who have refused to address the fundamental problems of this country. Murphy Brown is affirming to women. And no matter what Dan Quayle says, America loves her.

PLAYBOY: Where does Madonna fit in—backlash or in the forefront of the women's movement?

FRIEDAN: I think women identify with Madonna as much for her guts, her strength, her politics and her business acumen as for her role as a sex object. Whoever said feminism shouldn't be sexy?

PLAYBOY: What has caused the backlash?

FRIEDAN: First of all, it is exacerbated more by the economic crisis than anything. All the progress women made—in spite of the best efforts of the culture and media—seemed unstoppable until the economic crisis came along. The economic crisis begins, and who is blamed? Men blame women. If they weren't working, there would be enough jobs.

The media have played their part by suggesting en masse that women should go home again. They have popularized the idea that Ronald Reagan espoused ten years ago when there was a small turn for the worse in the economy. He said, essentially, that there would be no unemployment if women went home again.

PLAYBOY: You're not suggesting that the economic crisis was perpetrated to put women back in their place, are you?

FRIEDAN: No, but that is the result. The people responsible would rather have us blaming one another than blaming them. That's the point. And the people responsible are also the ones most threatened by the empowerment of women. Women have been the largest group in society that, until recently, was passive and easily manipulated. Women are not a ten percent minority, they are a fifty-three percent majority. When

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women discover their power and assert it to control their own lives, they're not easily manipulated anymore.

PLAYBOY: But the economic crisis hurts everyone.

FRIEDAN: Here's an example of the way the backlash works. What is the current hysteria over abortion really about? Why are we still fighting the issue? The right to abortion is basic and symbolic of all the rights that women have won. It is a symbol of autonomy and independence.

The authoritarian elements that were threatened by the success of the women's movement get us to focus on abortion instead of on them, to divert the rage from those who are really profiting. The rage that men or women have a right to feel when they have lost their economic security is diverted to abortion.

PLAYBOY: But the abortion issue doesn't go away because some people believe abortion to be wrong. Or do you see it as some larger conspiracy?

FRIEDAN: I don't believe in conspiratorial theories of history. I don't even think the feminine mystique was a conspiracy. There is just a convergence of many things. But that doesn't mean that the focus on abortion is anything other than a red herring. The autonomy and independence of women is genuinely threatening, not to all men but to those who want to exert authoritarian power. *Roe vs. Wade* was nineteen years ago. To force the women's movement, year after year after year, to mobilize to defend the right of women to control their own bodies—a right that we thought we had won nineteen years ago—is appalling. We have to fight it, we must, because the right of controlling our reproductive processes is basic to the personhood of women. But defending that right takes away the passion that we also need to put behind other issues: child care, equal opportunity, affirmative action.

This nation is decades behind European nations in birth control. Why don't we have RU 486 here?

PLAYBOY: Is it because men want to keep women barefoot and pregnant?

FRIEDAN: The men who are running things do. Many people do not want things to change, so they divert us. We focus on abortion and sexual harassment and welfare mothers. The welfare mother has been made the Willie Horton of the 1992 election.

PLAYBOY: The Republicans in particular have been citing welfare moms as an example of the system's failure.

FRIEDAN: The welfare mother is not who people think she is. She is not black, she's white. She's not a teenager and she doesn't keep having babies and she doesn't stay on welfare her whole life. She actually has one and a half children and then she gets off welfare. But the stereotype, the Willie Horton welfare mother, is black, fourteen or fifteen years old and she keeps on having babies. They want us to think she is responsible for America's economic crisis, not the politicians and the people who are profiting. The fact is, you could give every existing welfare mother a hundred thousand dollars a year or take her off welfare altogether and it wouldn't solve the economic crisis. Still, otherwise intelligent men, instead of discussing the culture of greed and those excessive corporate salaries and bonuses, talk about the welfare mother.

The fact is, attacking abortion, the welfare mother, people of other races, gays, is a diversion of energy that should be going toward confronting basic political and economic problems of this society. Instead, it comes down to clashes between the races and violence against women.

PLAYBOY: How, specifically, to violence against women?

FRIEDAN: All the groups that have been moving toward equality are pitted against one another. Men and women are feeling the pressures of the recession. Remember, many, many women now carry the burden of supporting or helping to support the family. Still, men have been defined as having those roles, and the frustration of men today must be enormous—losing their jobs, barely getting by. The rage is funneled against the groups that have been moving toward equality. Men take it out on women and the minorities who are supposedly taking their jobs because of affirmative action. Or they take it out on the Japanese for destroying the American economy.

PLAYBOY: What should people do?

FRIEDAN: They need to be alert to the danger of becoming polarized. Instead of fighting among ourselves, we must move with a new political urgency to save our democracy and the freedoms that are under attack. That is what is really going on. If we don't, we are playing into their hands and inviting fascism.

PLAYBOY: Do you see fascism coming?

FRIEDAN: Remember history. What preceded fascism in Nazi Germany? Economic chaos and the loss of a sense of national power. That caused people to scapegoat one another. Eventually, citizenship was taken away from the Jews. Then feminist organizations were outlawed and the rights of women—not only to abortion but also the right to work in professions or to hold political office—were taken away. Women were reduced to children, kitchen, church. Freedom of speech in Germany was suppressed altogether. Racism was taught in the schools in the name of science. And then there was war and the Holocaust.

There are many parallels. Art—called degenerate art if it was abstract or openly erotic or sexual—was suppressed by the Nazis. It all sounds pretty familiar, doesn't it? Look at what happened inside the National Endowment for the Arts. The art that Congress wants the NEA to suppress may not be to my taste and it may shock, but there are dangers to freedom of speech if we rely on sexual puritanism or anyone's sexual revulsion or shock.

PLAYBOY: Some feminists support recently proposed legislation that will hold pornographers responsible if crimes are committed by people who were thought to be under the influence of pornography. Would you suppress pornography?

FRIEDAN: The New York chapter of the National Organization for Women came out against that legislation and I'm very proud of them. Women cannot let the pornography issue be misused. Once you suppress freedom of speech for any reason, it will come back to haunt you. The *Webster* decision that forbids doctors from counseling about abortion is a suppression of freedom of speech. The same people would eventually have us banning books—*Our Bodies, Ourselves* is threatening to them. *The Feminine Mystique* was banned.

PLAYBOY: How important were the Clarence Thomas hearings for the women's movement?

FRIEDAN: It's the most significant thing that has happened in years. I think that Anita Hill is an absolute symbol of a paradigm shift in the women's movement, from being the victim to being empowered.

PLAYBOY: Even if it didn't succeed in blocking Thomas' nomination?

FRIEDAN: Even if it didn't. Thomas should have been blocked even without the sexual harassment issue because it was unconscionable that a Supreme Court nominee would not declare himself on the fundamental right of women to control their own reproductive processes. Regardless, consciousness-raising took place in the whole nation when women saw Anita Hill stand up and when we saw, day after day, the outrageousness of an all-male Senate Judiciary Committee and a nearly all-male Senate that just didn't get it. Women got it, and it's not going to go away.

PLAYBOY: But Thomas was confirmed and the majority of Americans, the majority of women, according to polls, disbelieved Anita Hill.

FRIEDAN: I'd like to see those polls in a little more depth. It's not surprising that women as well as men believed Thomas. We have had centuries of male authority that has influenced us all. Also, the hearings were conducted in a way that was set up against her. The Republican Senators savagely tried to destroy her character, and the Democratic Senators sat there like wimps and let them do it. A lot of women will not forget that. Wait until the elections. I have never seen women as angry. Women who vote! Furthermore, Anita Hill was not destroyed. She will go down in history as a heroine. As a result of Anita Hill's actions, women

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across the country are now emboldened to blow the whistle on sexual harassment.

PLAYBOY: Has the issue been blown out of proportion, so that relationships in and out of the workplace are strained?

FRIEDAN: I don't think so. The reason the issue became so big is that many women were being subjected to behavior that was inexcusable. If some people are nervous about it, then fine. It will mean they will be more conscientious.

PLAYBOY: But many men and women bemoan the fact that even flirting is suspect. Do you really object to a little healthy flirting?

FRIEDAN: We are talking about harassment, not flirting.

PLAYBOY: Are you worried that the attention to sexual harassment is a diversion from economic and political issues?

FRIEDAN: I think it is a great step forward that women don't have to dwell in the victim state, but that issue is, once again, men versus women. The sexual war is the focus, and we don't focus on jobs, repression or the inner cities.

Our larger agenda right now, it seems to me, is to join with men in demanding a new politics and culture to replace the culture of greed of the dozen years of Reagan and Bush.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean you're supporting Clinton for President?

FRIEDAN: I think it's essential to defeat Bush. I am not excited about any candidate that has come along, but Bush must be defeated. Still, whether any emerging leader is even sufficiently understanding of these issues—since they are all men—I don't know. Whether Clinton or the other Democrats are going to be as stupid as Dukakis was and give up what is probably their most potent source of support, I don't know.

PLAYBOY: How did Michael Dukakis alienate women?

FRIEDAN: As the 1988 presidential campaign began, there was a big gender gap. Women favored the Democrats. But Dukakis believed the conventional Democrats' wisdom, which was to clothe themselves as Republicans and refuse to be viewed as prisoners to any special-interest groups, including women. The women I worked with came up with commercials that would appeal to women. Cher would have done them. However, the Committee to Elect Dukakis wouldn't let us.

PLAYBOY: Because he thought it was a liability to be associated with women?

FRIEDAN: Exactly, and he was crazy. By the end of the campaign, there was no gender gap. And the people who ran the Dukakis campaign didn't even understand that they had thrown it away. I hope that Clinton doesn't do it again, because what used to be dismissed as women's issues are now the main issues of the campaign.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about Ross Perot?

FRIEDAN: America is yearning for a man on a white horse. The idea that he doesn't have to subject himself to the democratic process gives me a feeling of déjà vu. Other times it led to Mussolini and Hitler. Perot also seems to have some of this Bush–Quayle obsession with conventional family values. He has said he won't have gays in his cabinet. He has said that we don't have enough money to address issues such as parental leave and child care. He appears to want to cut social programs, but cutting social programs is what got us to the riots in Los Angeles.

PLAYBOY: Even as you talk about the new direction the women's movement must take, there is speculation that it has faltered. Has it?

FRIEDAN: So many articles say the women's movement is dead. But because the right to abortion is threatened, more people marched on Washington last spring than ever marched for any issue. It is very much alive.

PLAYBOY: Surveys have shown that women, especially younger women, don't identify with the movement. They may favor reproductive choice, but they don't relate to feminism.

FRIEDAN: They may not relate to the word feminism, but the great majority of women, young and old, completely subscribe to the entire agenda of the women's movement, from equal pay to equal access to advanced jobs and professions to child care to choice regarding abortion.

PLAYBOY: Then why won't they call themselves feminists?

FRIEDAN: The trouble with the media, and even some of the women's organizations, is that they have too narrow a vision of the women's movement. They look at it the way it was fifteen years ago and don't recognize how far it has come. Young women say they're not feminists, but they don't have to be. They take for granted feminist rights. Yet women, when they see their rights are in danger, will march and act. Look at what happened in Washington. Women have power that is greater than anyone acknowledges. In Illinois, a relatively unknown black woman with very little money was able to defeat a Senator who was considered undefeatable, who had been in the Senate for twenty-two years. In Pennsylvania, a woman candidate beat the state's lieutenant governor and is now running against Arlen Specter. In California, two women won their party's nomination for the Senate. There are women who are going to be elected like that all over this country this fall. I don't think any of the presidential candidates understands that.

PLAYBOY: But the majority of women don't consider themselves to be feminists. Representative Pat Schroeder suggested that it was because of the archaic image of feminists as bra burners, radical lesbians, men-haters and women who choose not to shave under their arms.

FRIEDAN: There may be something to that. The media have done everything they can to discredit the movement. They glom on to the extremist voices in the movement with which many women want to dissociate. More so, the message in the Reagan–Bush era, served up by the media, was that feminism itself was a dirty word. The propaganda campaign was effective. It said that you would not get ahead in your career if you were considered a feminist. It said that you could not be a responsible parent if you were a feminist. "Feminism," like "liberalism," was portrayed as being regressive and unpopular—as were civil rights, affirmative action, welfare and social programs. Some of the campaign against us has had to have an effect.

PLAYBOY: Some people thought that successful women were no longer feminine—that they were taking on the character traits of fiercely competitive men. Do you agree?

FRIEDAN: The depiction of career women as monsters, à la the woman in *Fatal Attraction*, is another cause of the backlash. No wonder women have questions about going for it.

PLAYBOY: In politics, some of the most successful women—Margaret Thatcher and Jeane Kirkpatrick, to name two—seem as macho as any of their male counterparts.

FRIEDAN: Well, I'm not sure that's true. When you are the first woman in any field, it's very hard not to follow the male model. There is no other model. It's only when women approach critical mass that you begin to see them show characteristics of leadership that really use the qualities associated with women.

PLAYBOY: What qualities?

FRIEDAN: Maybe it's because women are the people who give birth to children, but something has enabled them to be more sensitive to the cues of life. They nurture. The more they can use that in the public sphere, the better.

PLAYBOY: George Gilder has charged that the women's movement is out of touch—it's elitist and most women don't want it. Is there any truth to that?

FRIEDAN: I'm really losing patience with the attempts to polarize women. The power and the glory of the women's movement is that it crossed all those lines. It has affected every woman. When they say that the women's movement doesn't represent the average woman, they are intentionally dividing us.

PLAYBOY: Do you admit that the women's movement itself, because of all the infighting, is partly responsible for alienating women?

FRIEDAN: That's part of the tendency to blame the victim. The organizations on the cutting edge of the women's movement are still doing a valiant job of protecting the rights we thought we'd won in the first place. They still fight for

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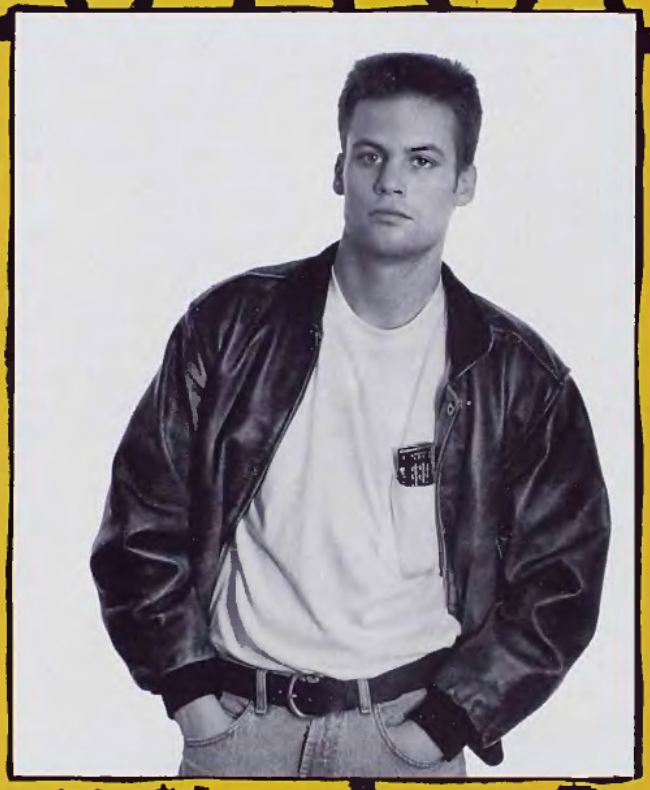

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rights, from affirmative action to equal employment opportunities to the right of choice in the matter of abortion.

PLAYBOY: But there's still fighting within the women's movement, isn't there?

FRIEDAN: Yes, and the first thing we have to do is redirect our focus. If women are alienated from the women's movement because it is antagonistic toward men, I understand that. One of the reasons I am doing this interview is that I think the movement has to become one of women and men. Maybe the women's movement has to be superseded by a larger political movement.

PLAYBOY: What you're saying is heresy in some radical corners of the women's movement.

FRIEDAN: It depends on what you call radical. I think that a radical vision of society has to go beyond women's rights—not to sacrifice them but to go beyond them.

PLAYBOY: Have the extreme wings of the women's movement alienated many women?

FRIEDAN: I'm tired of all the infighting and blaming. The media play it up, too. I agree, though, that the women's movement must be for all women.

PLAYBOY: The president of NOW, Patricia Ireland, has admitted she had a lesbian relationship in addition to her marriage to a man. This has turned off some women. Are you concerned about that?

FRIEDAN: I don't think a woman must be defined in terms of her sexuality. At the same time, I never objected to sexual preference, and I think that it's a positive, life-affirming thing that women are able to find and define their sexuality in diverse ways.

PLAYBOY: Still, many women simply can't relate.

FRIEDAN: Yes, and focusing on any single issue that divides us prevents us from getting anywhere. I have been pitted against the lesbians in NOW, and the lesbians have been pitted against me. When we allow that, we are playing into the hands of those who would diffuse our focus and our power. My biggest concern is polarizing women against one another. My definition of feminism includes Patricia Ireland and Gloria Steinem and women staying at home. I am against polarization of women against women, whether it comes from Dan Quayle or Susan Faludi or Camille Paglia. I'm also not for any rigid, narrow definition of feminism. A women's movement has to include divergent lifestyles and it has to continually evolve to meet the needs of women. Women's rights are going to go down the drain if we alienate one another and fight one another.

PLAYBOY: Might women drift away from feminism because it criticizes their choice to stay home with their children?

FRIEDAN: I think that's correct. I worry about the factions in the women's movement that say there is only one way. Of course women who want families and careers are alienated from a movement that says you have to choose.

PLAYBOY: You described your stand in *The Second Stage*, for which you were written off as a sellout by the more radical factions of the movement. Susan Faludi said you were as bad as the men who said that the women's movement was failing because "its leaders had ignored the maternal call."

FRIEDAN: Women are the people who give birth to children, and that is a necessary value in society. For the great majority of women, no feminism that was opposed to family would work. I never believed that feminism was opposed to family. Feminism implied an evolution of the family. Feminism was not opposed to marriage and motherhood. It wanted women to be able to define themselves as people and not just as servants to the family. You want a feminism that includes women who have children and want children because that's the majority of women. I think Susan Faludi's book is important because there is a backlash. But she makes me part of it because of this stand.

PLAYBOY: Have you discussed it with Faludi?

FRIEDAN: Yes. And she's told me that she's taking that criticism of me out of the British edition. [*Editor's note:* Faludi denies she is making any changes regarding Friedan.]

PLAYBOY: Faludi also says that your optimistic prediction—that "men will not fear the love and strength of women, nor need another's weakness to prove their own masculinity"—never came to pass. If she's right, then her view is understandable.

FRIEDAN: It was changing. There was a sharing of the responsibilities between parents so that each person could fulfill himself or herself as a person.

PLAYBOY: Yet the new, younger leaders of the women's movement don't seem to buy it.

FRIEDAN: Faludi is right that the backlash has undermined much of the progress we made. But the answer is not to ignore that most women want families. The women's movement started with many women who already had children and didn't want to be defined solely in those terms. On the other hand, having children was of great value to our lives. It remains one of mine now that I see my children and grandchildren growing.

PLAYBOY: But many women didn't see motherhood as a choice for a liberated woman.

FRIEDAN: That's why I wrote *The Second Stage*. I saw my daughter's generation growing up with ambitions for careers, yet also wanting to marry and have children. They had real problems putting it all together. They saw it as a personal problem—that it was their fault—because they had an image of feminism that didn't include a family. We had to deal with that. Feminism had to focus on restructuring the society so it would support women who wanted to have careers and families. We had to work for parental leave and job sharing and other flexible work arrangements. It meant there were equal responsibilities for men in the home.

PLAYBOY: What about the women who tried working and who realized it wasn't all that it was cracked up to be? They wanted to return home.

FRIEDAN: That's a myth of backlash, too.

PLAYBOY: A recent Roper poll says that fifty-three percent of women say they would rather stay home than work.

FRIEDAN: What those polls show is that the great majority of women want a different work arrangement when their children are little. It does not show the majority of women would abjure opportunities for careers. The polls show that women do not necessarily want to spend their lives in the rat race the way men do. They want to have a new mix—children and work. They are leaving corporations and starting their own businesses, not to go home again but to work in situations that are more flexible. They're saying that women don't want to choose the mommy track versus the fast track. The best companies are discovering that the women they want on the fast track also can be given flexible work arrangements. It will allow them to keep women who are assets to the companies.

PLAYBOY: Do you admit that some women want to stay home to raise a family?

FRIEDAN: Some might, but those women want other things that the women's movement brings them. Some women want to have their kids and then go back to school, and then go to work where they can add a whole new dimension to their lives. Other women want to do the opposite. The main thing is that women want choices.

PLAYBOY: It's been said that children suffered because of the women's movement. Women gained the opportunity to work and kids were abandoned.

FRIEDAN: That's enormously regressive thinking, though you certainly see that attitude portrayed in the media.

PLAYBOY: But research indicates that kids are suffering. It might not be good for kids to have both parents working twelve hours a day.

FRIEDAN: Both parents should not be working twelve hours a day. That's where job sharing comes in. Flexible hours and parental leaves, for both parents. President Bush vetoed a minimal parental-leave bill. That alone is reason enough to throw him out of office.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree that kids, in the meantime, are the victims?

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FRIEDAN: The argument is that women should go home because kids are being abandoned by work-obsessed parents. First of all, the reason both parents work twelve hours a day is an economic issue, not a women's rights issue. Both parents have to work. They need the money. Children suffer because of the economy. Both parents have to work and there is no support, no child care, no flexible hours. Children are being victimized, but not because women went back to work. Research indicates that when women went back to work, by necessity or choice, there was no bad effect on the children—depending, of course, on family circumstances and other factors.

PLAYBOY: But some of the research is disturbing. A study showed that drug use is proportional to the amount of time kids spend without parental supervision. It says that latchkey kids are prime candidates for drug problems.

FRIEDAN: You have to look at all the variables. Studies I can show you prove that it is positive for children when their mother, like their father, has a fulfilling career. The children will then have role models of strong women. It gives girls more confidence.

PLAYBOY: But——

FRIEDAN: [*Angrily*] Let me finish. The children tend to be more independent, and they do not suffer any more proneness to drugs or delinquency.

PLAYBOY: Our studies seem to contradict each other.

FRIEDAN: I'm sorry. It is part of the backlash that would have women who have chosen to lead fulfilling lives blamed for drug abuse. The message is the same: Stay home. The fact is, kids do better in families where the men and women balance work, time spent with each other and with the children. They do better in those circumstances than in traditional households. To imply that you can solve these problems—drugs, unemployment—by women going home is backlash.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with Susan Faludi that the idea of the biological clock is part of the backlash, too—another way to make women go home, or at least feel guilty about pursuing their careers?

FRIEDAN: I don't. Again, women want the choice. Many of them want to be mothers. If they are on a career path that doesn't allow them any flexibility, so that they have to choose which track they're on, they get angry because they are in a no-win situation. I think Susan Faludi can be ardent about it because she is young and she hasn't had to make the decision for herself yet.

PLAYBOY: Some would see that as a comment of the backlash: A feminist can insist on career over motherhood while she's young, but as soon as her biological clock starts ticking louder, she'll think differently.

FRIEDAN: Feminism cannot dictate the decision to all women. Women have to be supported in all the different ways they decide to become fulfilled. That's what I've believed since the beginning.

PLAYBOY: Was there a formative event that made you a feminist?

FRIEDAN: There wasn't any one thing. There were many things. It was almost accidental. But mysteriously, miraculously, all the disparate parts of my life and the frustrations came together in *The Feminine Mystique*. It was a reaction to the life I was living.

PLAYBOY: What was it like?

FRIEDAN: I had been working as a reporter after college. My mother had been very unhappy. She was unfulfilled. To marry my father, she gave up a job at a newspaper and was never satisfied after that. It was as if she had given up, and I lived with that discontent, not understanding it. She dreamed of me having a better life. She never had been able to go to college and she dreamed of me going.

I did go and I pursued a career. I gave up my ambitions and then my job in order to become a suburban housewife. Soon, my life was PTA meetings and dinners and housecleaning and having coffee with my neighbors. Housewives were supposedly living this dream life, but, of course, there was something wrong.

PLAYBOY: How did you come to understand it?

FRIEDAN: I was aware that something was wrong. I described it as the problem that had no name. I began writing about it, about my experience and the experiences of the women I knew who were suffering. It took five years to write.

PLAYBOY: Did the response surprise you?

FRIEDAN: At first the response was terrible. No one would publish it. When I finally found a publisher, they printed only three thousand copies. But as soon as it was out, women read it. It spoke to them and it had an incredible effect. More and more were published. Women wrote me about their relief to realize that they were not alone in feeling this anguish. Not all women. Many were very threatened. But it changed a lot of lives.

PLAYBOY: Including your own.

FRIEDAN: Yes.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

FRIEDAN: I spoke about the book and heard from women everywhere. I continued writing and talking about the feminine mystique. Women began to fight back. It enabled me to go on and help to start the National Organization for Women, the National Women's Political Caucus and the National Abortion Rights Action League, the Women's Forum and many other things.

PLAYBOY: And you've said that that activity was behind your divorce in the late Sixties?

FRIEDAN: It was a difficult time, and certainly the women's movement gave me the strength to do something about it. I have some regrets. I was married for twenty-two years and there were some happy times. In some ways I look at it as a failure that it ended. Ending it was difficult, but it was more difficult living with things the way they were. I understand it more in hindsight, of course, like everything else.

PLAYBOY: How would you characterize your relationship with your peers in the women's movement? What kind of a relationship do you have with Gloria Steinem?

FRIEDAN: I knew Gloria before she was involved in the women's movement. In fact, I remember trying to get her to join with us when we were going to go into the Plaza Hotel and insist on being served in the men's bar. She wouldn't have anything to do with it then.

PLAYBOY: You've clashed with her on many issues.

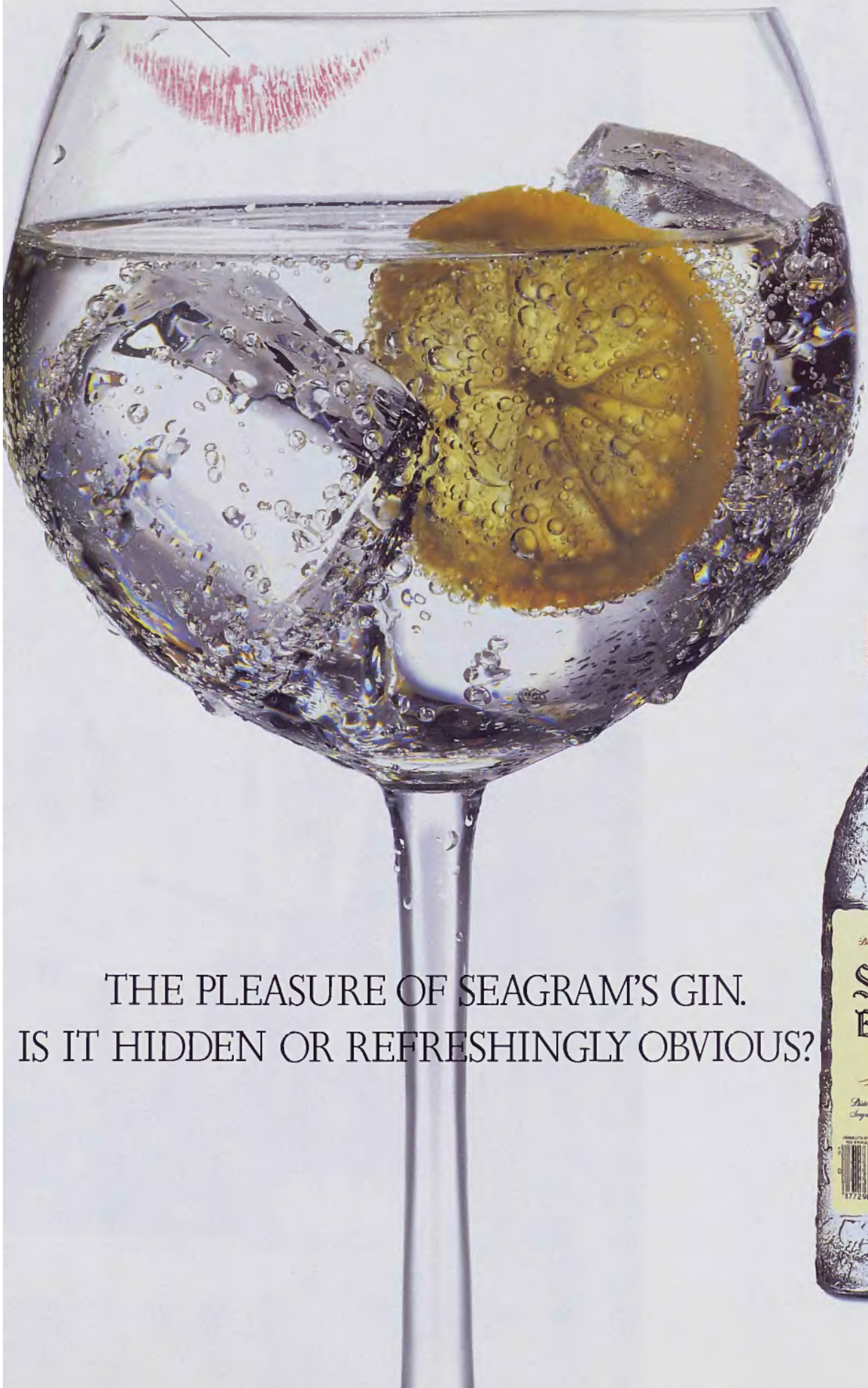
FRIEDAN: We tangled a lot. I was really opposed to the radical chic, anti-man politics she espoused: "A woman needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle." There were other things. I didn't like it when she went to the League of Women Voters to support the ERA and, in her speech, said that all wives are prostitutes. I thought it was politically unwise, and I fought it within NOW and within the women's movement generally. I fought attempts to push the women's movement out of the mainstream, and that put me in opposition to Gloria. But now, in my wise maturity, I see that all of it contributed. Gloria is a survivor and a fighter. She contributed a lot. She is a good role model for women who choose not to marry or have children. She showed that it is possible to have a good life. I don't think that most women want to go that path, but it's important to have a model for those who do. She also has made a real contribution to the women's movement with *Ms.*

PLAYBOY: Steinem, in her recent book, *The Revolution from Within*, discusses what she calls "the real enemy within." She feels that women have to look internally to deal with issues about self-esteem. How do you feel about it?

FRIEDAN: I have not read her book, though I have read the reviews. I'm glad that it's a best seller and that she's making lots of money on it and that she's not going to be a bag lady. Furthermore, the fact that it is a best seller is marvelous proof that the backlash isn't working that well. Women are reading Steinem and Faludi, and therefore they are still concerned. But I worry about *The Revolution from Within* if it feeds the idea that the problems women face are just personal and internal, that psychoanalysis or some

(concluded on page 149)

Hint: The answer is on everyone's lips.



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REAL MEN DON'T BOND

they don't whine, brag or cheat. in short, they hated the eighties, and they still don't eat quiche

TEN YEARS AGO, it was easy to think that you were a Real Man.

You raided corporations with junk bonds, you stripped 'em down, broke 'em up, spun 'em off and dumped the first wife for a 26-year-old blonde with an M.B.A.

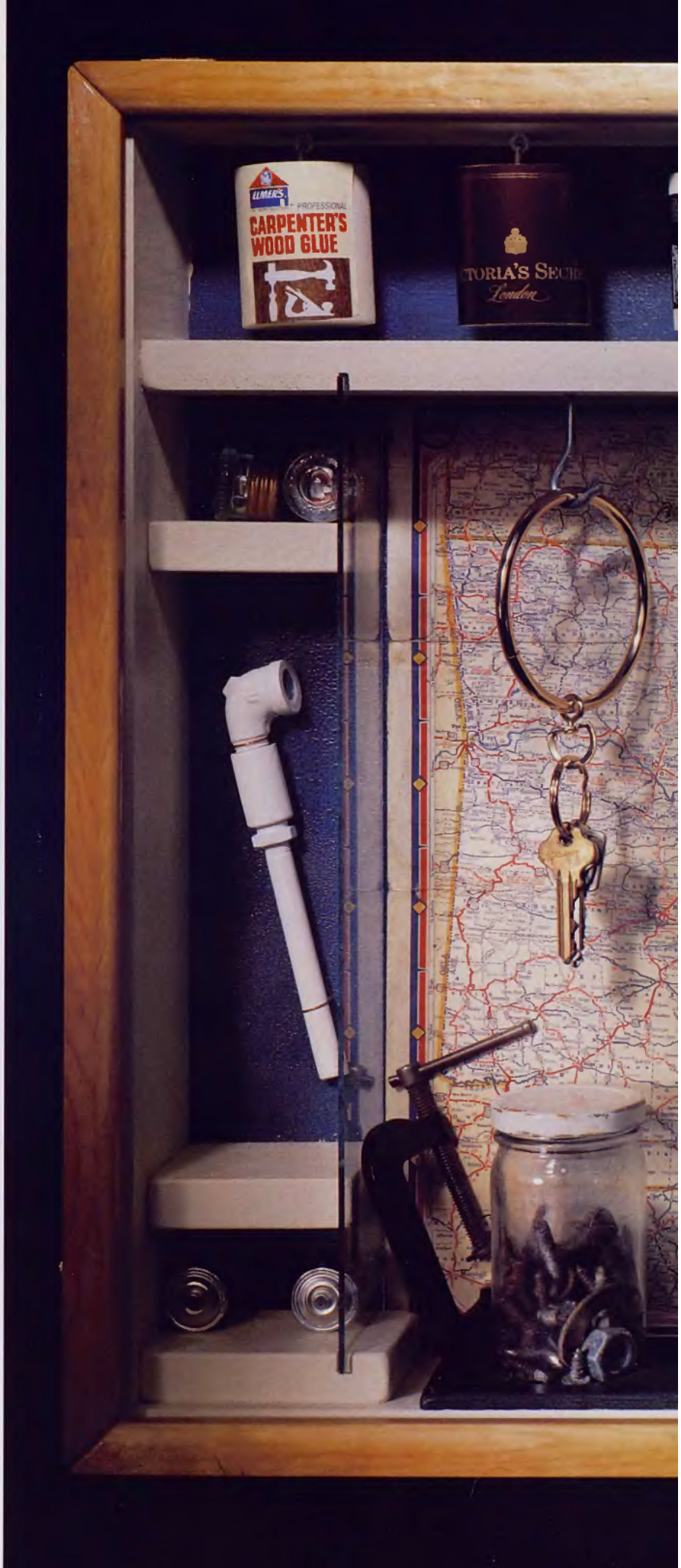
You ate power breakfasts with powerful people and penciled in power lunches with power brokers.

You carried a platinum American Express card but put the charges on Optima.

You identified closely with a certain novel about life under the bright lights of the big city that was narrated by, yes, you.

You didn't marry, you merged. If you were single, you pursued and slept with

article by
BRUCE FEIRSTEIN



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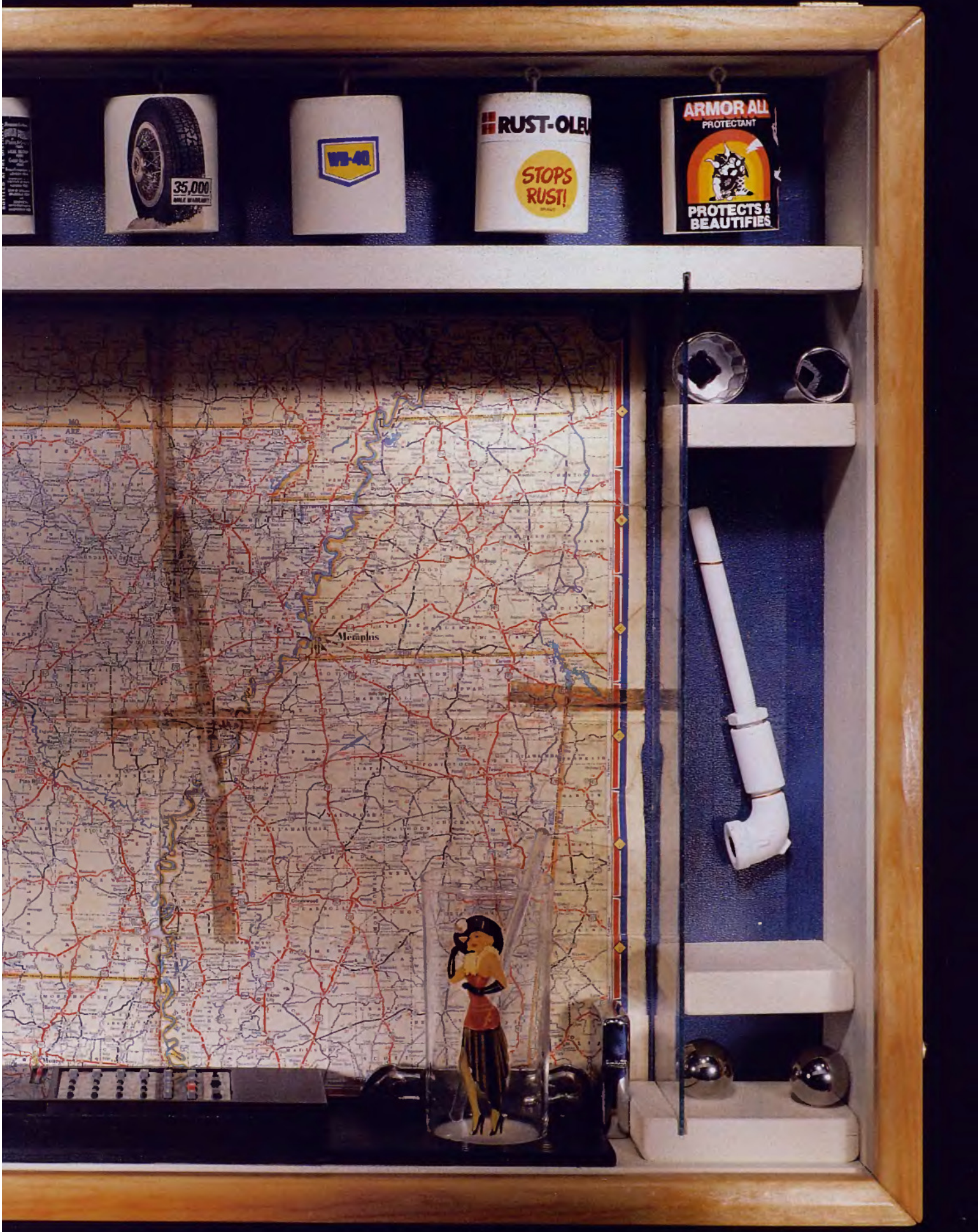

35,000
WD-40
RUST-OLEU
STOPS RUST!
ARMOR ALL
PROTECTANT
PROTECTS & BEAUTIFIES
Memphis

REAL MEN

Arnold Schwarzenegger
Joe Don Baker
Stephen Hawking
James Earl Jones
Nick Nolte
Harrison Ford
Brian Dennehy
Ruben Blades
Bob Woodward
Danny Glover
Armand Assante
Gene Hackman
Scott Glenn
Raul Julia
Joe Mantegna
Barbara Bush
Hume Cronyn
Jack Palance
Mel Gibson
Vaclav Havel
Damon Wayans
Edward James Olmos
Ray Charles
Larry Kramer
Wesley Snipes
Kathleen Turner
Denzel Washington
Robert Mitchum
Don Ameche
Dennis Farina
Howard Rollins
Colin Powell
Richard Pryor
Tom Seaver
Bonnie Raitt
Harry Morgan
Morgan Freeman
Nolan Ryan
Claude Akins

GUYS WHO THINK THEY'RE REAL MEN BUT DEFINITELY AREN'T

Norman Mailer
Andrew Dice Clay
Oliver Stone
Daryl Gates
Axl Rose
Marilyn Quayle

everything in sight.

You wore power suits, power ties, power shoes, power socks and did your insider trading at a bank in the Cayman Islands.

You thought you were a Real Man.

You were wrong.

Yes, the world is a different place today. The problem isn't just wimps or quiche-eaters. The problem is that we have become a nation of whiners. A nation of professional victims. Guys in suits on Rollerblades. Special-interest groups that won't let you change a light bulb without filing an environmental-impact statement first.

So what is it, then, that defines the Real Man today?

What separates him from the people who produce *A Current Affair* and future Supreme Court nominees who hang around the watercooler discussing Long Dong Silver?

Real Men don't have phone sex.

Real Men don't need spin control.

A Real Man has always had a moral compass that points to true north. He understands that it's not how many corporations you gut or how much ink you get. In the end, a man is judged by his deeds.

"Let's get this straight, Thatcher. Here at Marley, Low & Warren, we have no intention of getting in touch with our inner child."

Donald Trump—by any criterion—is not a Real Man.

Jimmy Carter turned out to be a Real Man, while Jerry "What time do we tee off?" Ford did not.

John Sununu tried hard to be a Real Man. Too hard.

Real Men are not members of the Hair Club for Men.

They don't join the Players Club with Telly Savalas.

Real Men don't talk about their lifestyles. They don't get chronic-fatigue syndrome. They don't believe in the healing power of crystals.

For Real Men, the working definition of dysfunctional is New York City.

And co-dependent is two guys carrying an I-beam.

Real Men don't brag about the number of women they've slept with, the number of people they've laid off or the number of times they've played golf with Dan Quayle.

Real Men are not hooked on phonics. They don't watch infomercials and they don't badger their friends, neighbors and co-workers to become Nu Soft distributors.

Real men are not running through the forest chanting to get in touch with their masculinity.

Real Men have their houses insulated to R-19 and their TV sets tuned to CNN.

Real Men don't own the Abdomenizer, Thigh Master or $400 fruit juicers. (Real Men crush oranges with a sledgehammer.)

Real Men compost. They work on the line. They don't have a fall-color palette. For Real Men, the primary colors are battleship gray, camouflage and anything that comes in a can marked Rust-oleum.

WHINERS, INK JUNKIES AND THINGS REAL MEN FIND TOO EMBARRASSING TO TALK ABOUT IN POLITE COMPANY

Donald Trump
Gary Hart
Jesse Helms
Marion Barry
Jeff Koons
Kitty Kelley
Jerry Falwell
Julia Phillips
Michael Jackson
Steinbrenner
Geraldo
Connie Chung
Maury Povich
and
Hands Across America
1984–1989
NFL Football in August
Wilt Chamberlain's sex life
Tommy Lasorda's weight problem
Simi Valley jurors
Arizona's refusal to celebrate Martin Luther King's birthday
House of Representatives

Real Men don't spend $28 on designer T-shirts and they don't buy $200 sneakers. Real Men know the answer to the question "Is it the shoes, is it the shoes?" Yes, it's the shoes they're pushing that kids are killing one another for.

"Your primal mother is talking to you."

Real Men don't buy Calvin Klein jeans and they wish someone would let dear Calvin in on the fact that Real Men wear their jeans—they don't wipe their genitals with them.

Real Men, you see, have a sense of propriety. And perspective.

Real Men in the media (yes, it's hard to believe, but there are some) don't act as prosecutor, judge and jury. They don't ask questions about a candidate's sex life. They don't pay the alleged "other woman" to spill the beans.

Real Men have no use for any presidential candidate who masquerades as a choirboy. But at the same time, they're none too thrilled by reporters who ask questions like "Did you have a threesome?" and "Did he use a condom?" under the guise of "the public's right to know."

(Real Men—and Real Reporters—understand the difference between dirty linen and, say, nuclear Armageddon. Besides, do we really want to elect somebody who wasn't even the least bit curious about marijuana in the Sixties? Real men, obviously, inhale.)

Real Men don't waste years of their lives playing make-believe baseball in Rotisserie leagues.

They don't watch *American Gladiators*.

They don't spend more for a car than their parents spent on the house they grew up in.

Real Men—at 40—don't blame their current problems on the fact that their fathers didn't take them to Dodgers games when they were 12.

Real Men—at 40—aren't single.

Real Men don't care who killed Laura Palmer.

Real Men don't earn their living off the misfortunes of the Kennedys or Marilyn Monroe. They were not amused by Clarence Thomas posing with the Bible in *People* magazine. They are not fascinated by the latest epic events in the press-release lives of Cher, Don Johnson or Michael Jackson.

And Real Men are bewildered that some parents need to schedule quality time with their children.

Finally, Real Men have absolutely no sympathy for John Gutfreund, Clark Clifford, Charles Keating, Dennis Levine, Ivan Boesky or Mike Milken.

Especially Milken. He admitted he was guilty. Real Men don't plea-bargain and then hire Alan Dershowitz to whine about it.

What else?

Real Men are not afraid of Islamic jihads. Real Men are not writing screenplays. And as we all know, the only time Real Men chant is at third-down-and-short yardage.

60 SECONDS TO A MORE MANLY VOCABULARY

Real Men speak in clear, concise sentences. As in "Pull it over," "Drop the

"The final message seems to be—'Hey, no problem. Nothing's written in stone.'"

REAL WOMEN

Real Women are not congenitally late.

Real Women will initiate things in the bedroom at least 50 percent of the time.

Real Women don't secretly record your phone calls.

And then sell them to the *Star*. And then take cash to talk about it on *A Current Affair*.

But on the other hand, a Real Woman would have booted Gary Hart's ass out of the house, pronto.

Real Women are smart enough to make friends with your family and friends—if only out of self-protection. (They know these are the first people you'll turn to for advice in the event of a major fight, and they want them on their sides.)

Real Women will go to your insanely boring six-hour business dinners—and charm the tie/pearls off your boss—but only if you're willing to do the same at their insanely boring six-hour business dinners.

Real Women are still pissed off that the accolades "tough" and "no-nonsense" translate to "bitch" when applied to females.

A Real Woman would laugh at the absurd idea of "needing to get in touch with her femininity."

And as we all know, in their previous lives, all Real Women were once Real Men.

FOUR THINGS FOUND IN EVERY REAL MAN'S HOUSE

1. caulk
2. snow tires
3. a coffee can filled with loose screws
4. Victoria's Secret catalog

You'll also find a fire extinguisher, paint thinner, Jack Daniel's, WD-40 and Armor All. Especially Armor All. Real Men use it on everything: wives, kids, even lawn furniture.

CARTOONS BY LEE LORENZ

gun" and "Watch it—my friend has a video camera and is recording everything." With this in mind:

Real Men never begin a question with the phrase "Did there come a time. . . ?"

Real Men do not say "Thank you for sharing."

Real Men understand that anyone who boasts (usually after an insult) "I'm telling the truth," never is.

And Real Men don't "vet" anything, unless it walks on four legs.

Among Real Men:

"Boomers" are nuclear submarines.

"Outing" is an activity that involves sleeping bags and a Coleman lantern.

"Networking" is the act of switching from CBS to NBC.

And "empowerment" is something you do with an orange extension cord.

Real Men don't use the terms "adult child," "inner child," "infotainment" or "shopaholic."

Real Men have learned that anything referred to as "the cutting edge," usually isn't.

And "dude" does not appear in the Real Man's linguistic pantheon, unless it's followed immediately by "ranch."

Real Men do not "dissemble," "obfuscate" or "deconstruct." (And for those academics among us who earn their salaries "deconstructing literature"—ignoring what someone actually wrote and postulating what they meant to write—let's deconstruct the word deconstruct: "To rip down, destroy or demolish." Which may explain why Real Men teach biology.)

Real Men never say "Let's cut to the chase."

Or "How special."

Or "What's the bottom line?"

Nor do they say "It's hip," "It's hot," "It's trendy," "It's happening" or any combination of the above. (Real Men are on the next jet out when somebody says, "Let's cut to the bottom line here. Is it hip, hot, trendy and happening?")

And perhaps most important, Real Men do not litter their conversations with the word thing, as in:

"That wimp thing."

"That domestic thing."

And especially, "How the hell am I going to win this election thing?"

THE REAL MAN AND TELEVISION

For men, what is the single most important invention of the 20th Century?

Minoxidil? Exit ramps? A pair of Merc 420-horsepower outboards?

No. Remote control.

Because with the advent of remote control, the last great sport of the 20th Century was invented:

Video surfing: the fine and practiced art of spending hours in front of the television set, skipping from channel to channel, watching 63 shows at once, never having to witness a single commercial or miss out on the all-important 56th-minute climax when Jack Lord gets his man.

GUYS WHO TRY TOO HARD

Steven Seagal
Ann Richards

GUYS WHO TRY HARD BUT JUST CAN'T SEEM TO GET THE HANG OF IT

Sam Donaldson

GUYS WHO JUST DON'T HAVE A CLUE

Mickey Rourke
Senate Judiciary Committee

GUYS WHO ARE PROBABLY REAL MEN—WE'RE STILL NOT SURE

Dick Cheney
Camille Paglia

Yes, thanks to the miracle of video surfing, Real Men were able to avoid large chunks of *thirtysomething* at will. (And let's be truthful here: Real Men did not "share an aching communal sense of loss" when *thirtysomething* got axed. First, because Real Men require capital letters. And second, because Real Men felt that what Michael—Mr. Angst—really needed was somebody to give him a good smack in the mouth and to say "Snap out of it, pal.")

With video surfing, you don't have to miss a second of the riveting action on *The Bassmasters*.

Or a moment of Vince McMahon and any of his World Wrestling Federation's "Steel-Cage Tag-Team Death Matches." And while it's true that Real Men see these bouts as a grand metaphor in opposition to the stifling rituals of postindustrial society, vis-à-vis men and their relationship to corporate culture in a society that has chosen to ignore its rich and nurturing heritage of mythopoetic traditions—go ahead, read it again—the real reason we love wrestling is the locker-room interviews. Example: "Well, Vince, I just want my fans to know that if I should lose to Dr. Death at the Hartford Civic Arena on January fifth—tickets fifteen, twenty and twenty-five dollars, available through Ticketron, with plenty of good seats still available—I promise that at our long-awaited rematch on January eighteenth at the Philadelphia Spectrum—tickets fifteen, twenty and twenty-five dollars, available at the box office or through TicketMaster—I will kill him."

With video surfing, Real Men can catch all the Real Men on television: Barry Corbin, Richard Dysart, Tim Matheson, Ken Wahl, Corbin Bernsen, Larry King and *Rat Patrol*—and not only all at the same time but with the added benefit of driving unwanted in-laws, process servers, spouses and even hyperactive children right out of the room.

You can spend months without hearing a single celebrity say "Sure, I'm rich, I'm famous, I date beautiful women. But nobody knows the real me." Or being subjected to interviews that begin "Since I got out of the Betty Ford Clinic. . . ." And never once do you have to hear the words "I took this role because it was a stretch."

But wait—as they say on the late-night commercials—there's more:

You can surf from Norm Abrams on the *New Yankee Workshop* (he's what every Real Man aspires to be around the house—even if we can't figure out what the hell a "dado" is), cut over to Justin Wilson on *Louisiana Cookin'* (Real Man? In his own words, "I gar-ron-tee it"), then do a risky triple axel around the dial to *Wild Kingdom*'s Jim Fowler and finally shoot right through the cultural pipeline to catch Bob Vila, star of the seminal version of *This Old House*. Real Men miss Bob. They dream of visiting him at home while he's cooking breakfast and tapping him on the shoulder: "Hey, Bob, what're you doing there?"

"Makin' eggs."

"Hmmm. Looks interesting. Mind if I try?"

A FEW NOTES ON MUSIC

As every Real Man knows, you can't spackle, paint, sandblast, top out a skyscraper, pour cement, drive, operate heavy machinery, have sex or put in a decent set of shocks without the proper musical accompaniment.

Real Men will listen to anything by the Boss, the Chairman, the Count, the Queen of Soul, Queen Latifah, Prince, Duke Ellington, the Hardest-Working Man in Show Business, the Man in the Black Hat, Roy Orbison and all of the Kings: Nat, Ben E. and Elvis.

And although no one's exactly sure why so many corporate and aristocratic titles have been assumed by musicians, it may have something to do with the Real Man's basic rules of nomenclature: Never play poker with a guy named Doc, never pick a fight with somebody named Tiny and never, ever, hire a band fronted by a guy named Moose.

Real Men own CD players—but they miss the album covers and still buy all their music on cassette.

Real Men would like to hear more new music but can't seem to find radio stations that play any. Real Men refuse to believe anybody actually calls up and

(concluded on page 138)

"Since my husband went into politics, all he cares about are votes."

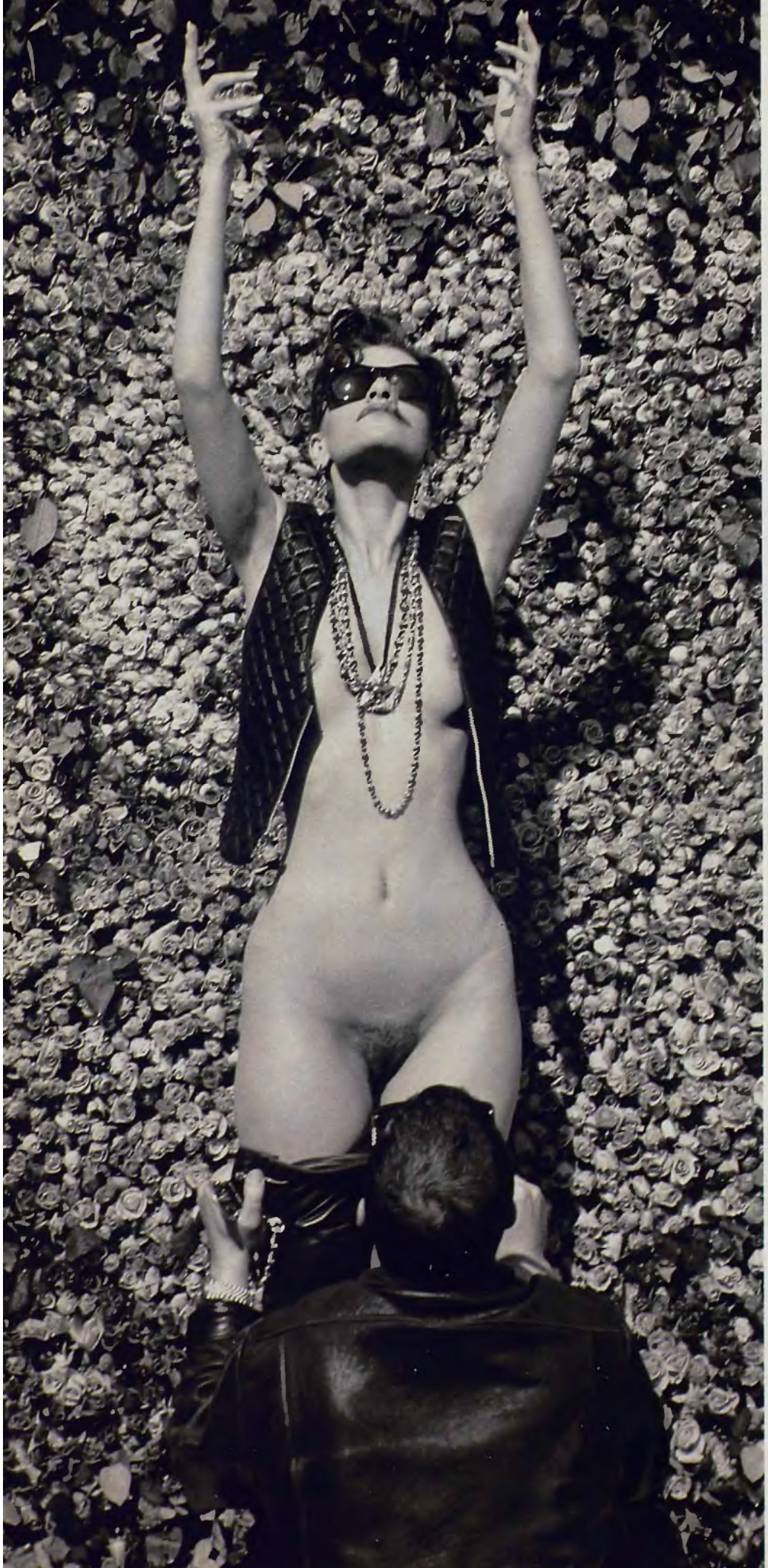
SANDI

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MICHEL COMTE

she's smart.
she's funny.
she's outrageous.
sandra
bernhard
is

NOT JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE

MAKE-UP BY KAREN KAWAHARA/ESTILO SALONS
HAIR BY CZ MAL FOR CLOUTIER
STYLING BY STEPHEN EARABINO FOR VISAGES STYLE L.A.
PRODUCTION STYLING BY FRANCO MARCELLA



She could be the most outrageous performer of the Nineties: an exhibitionist, but not in the calculated way of her ex–gal pal Madonna; deliberately ambiguous in her sexual preferences; a woman of unconventional attitudes, unconventional appetites and unconventional beauty. In other words, a perfect subject—not, you'll note, object—for PLAYBOY. *Still, talk-show host Arsenio Hall seemed surprised when Sandra Bernhard revealed on his show that she'd posed for the magazine. The time was right, she said: "My nipples are at their prime!" To create this pictorial, Sandra and photographer Michel Comte free-associated their way to the memorable images you see on these pages. Since nobody does Sandra better than Sandra, we'll let her explain.*

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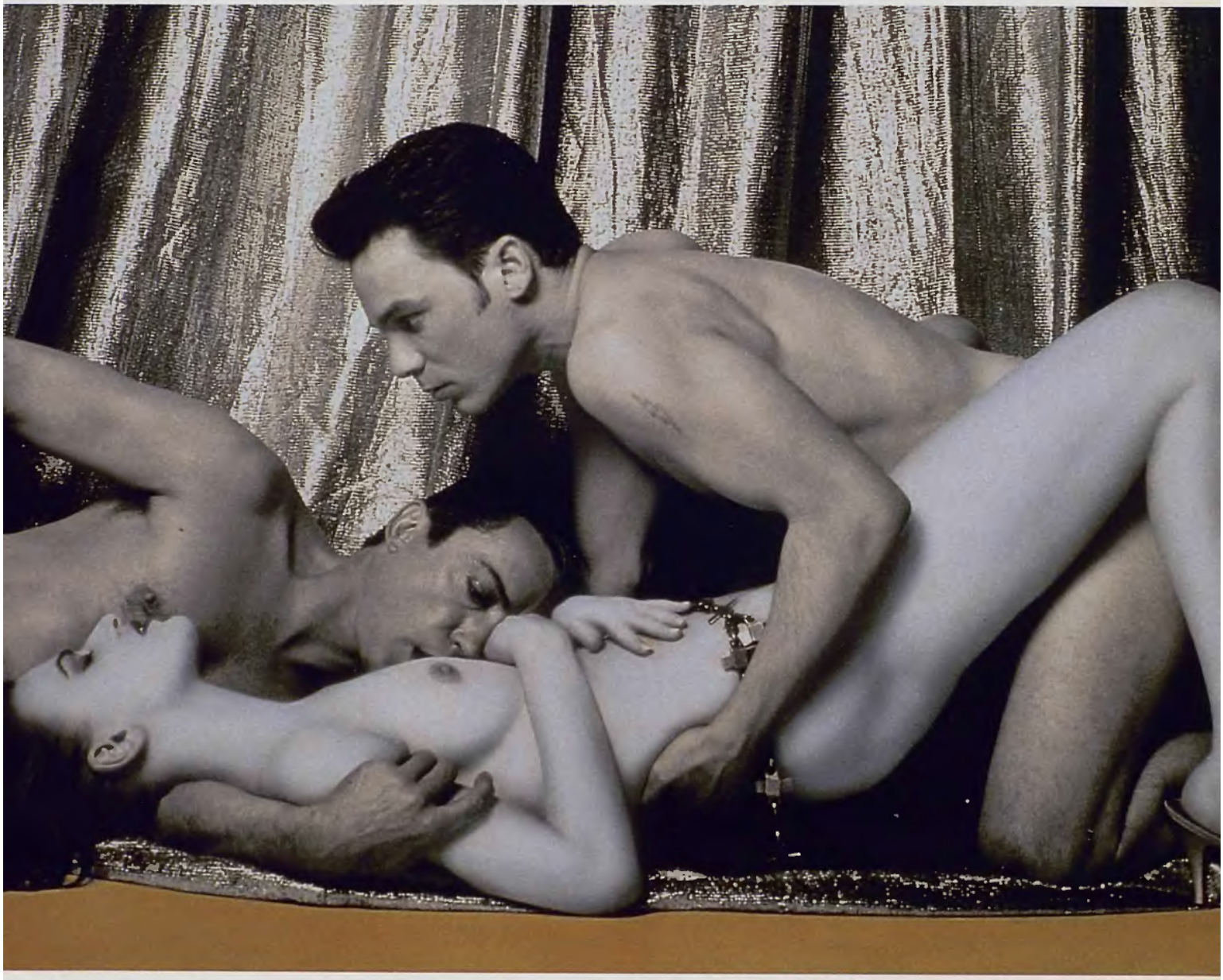
text by SANDRA BERNHARD

HELLO, I am Sandra. Since you know me well, you can, if you wish, call me Sandi. Be careful! I could become, all at once, fresh, kicky, bright and oh, so pretty. If you refer to me as Sandi, for that is my sexy side, it reflects all those moments I enjoy inserting my diaphragm. If you close your eyes, you could just as well imagine me to be vintage Ali MacGraw, circa 1968. I'm also Candice Bergen, Julie Christie and Mary Tyler Moore in their primes. A WASP goddess bitch, cold as a ten-carat diamond just out of the vault. But a martini or two, a first-class ticket to anywhere on Sabena, a spin in your Vette and I'm bound to melt into your hands. I am in many ways the perfect woman, ready to serve you, service your every need and love you until you beg me to stop. I'm Sandi—the dream girl I grew up to be.

There are always glimpses, nuances, hints of Sandi, but I can't seem to hold her still for long. And that's where you come in, darling, in your narrow-lapeled Botany 500 suit, Countess Mara tie and Oleg Cassini shoes. You can't seem to hold me, either, and at times you're not even willing to try.

I can remember as if it were yesterday sitting in my brothers' bedroom, thumbing through those illustrious PLAYBOY pages, staring at the pendulous breasts, the neatly trimmed crotches, the innuendos, the dashing men who wore women like chic accessories draped around their shoulders. There were "stews,"



"I've always said that I love sleeping an a bed of glaves, as long as there are hands in them. That was before I tried a bed of twelve thousand roses." Of actors Udo Kier and Steve Antin, Sandi says: "I don't knaw what these guys were daing between my legs."

Misses Illinois, Alabama and Delaware, nurses, secretaries, coeds, debutantes, strippers and actresses—women seemingly devoid of any point of view, dying for romance and a swinging guy to drive them mad. I grew up on this stuff, longed to be it. All that the American dream was made of, I loved. I loved the women, the men, the tiny, eternally giggling girl balancing on the martini glass, the saggy-titted old broad in the cartoons: I wanted to be a part of it. Every inch of the jazzy, smoky, James Bond, Vegas-lounge, international sexcapade that was PLAYBOY in those days.

Enter the Nineties. It's my time to shine, to remind everybody about those great moments before Pan Am went belly-up, when civil rights had a dream, women always had hairdos, men wore suits, transcontinental service was gourmet, movies were films, Warren Beatty was sexy, funny was smart, a steak sounded delicious, Presidents were dashing. I want to resurrect those moments. Here I am, big, bold, naked and all turned on for you.

This sex-goddess stuff comes as second nature to me now. I love it! I feel great. When I feel confident, I look

"Do you think it was fun getting painted gold? . . . The make-up artist promised it would wash right off. It took five people to get me clean. . . . See this gorgeous brood? No, not me, we already know that I'm beautiful. . . . The other one."

like a million bucks. And damn it, I'm gonna hang out my wares while they're firm, fresh and fun to look at. Hell, when I get into my red Mazda Miata, throw that top down and blow kisses down Sherman Way, you'd best believe I get my pick of anybody I want. Why should I struggle out of my own skintight leather pants when there's always some cute guy who's dying to help me? I'm not asking for a commitment. It's just a fun, casual way to get to know each other.

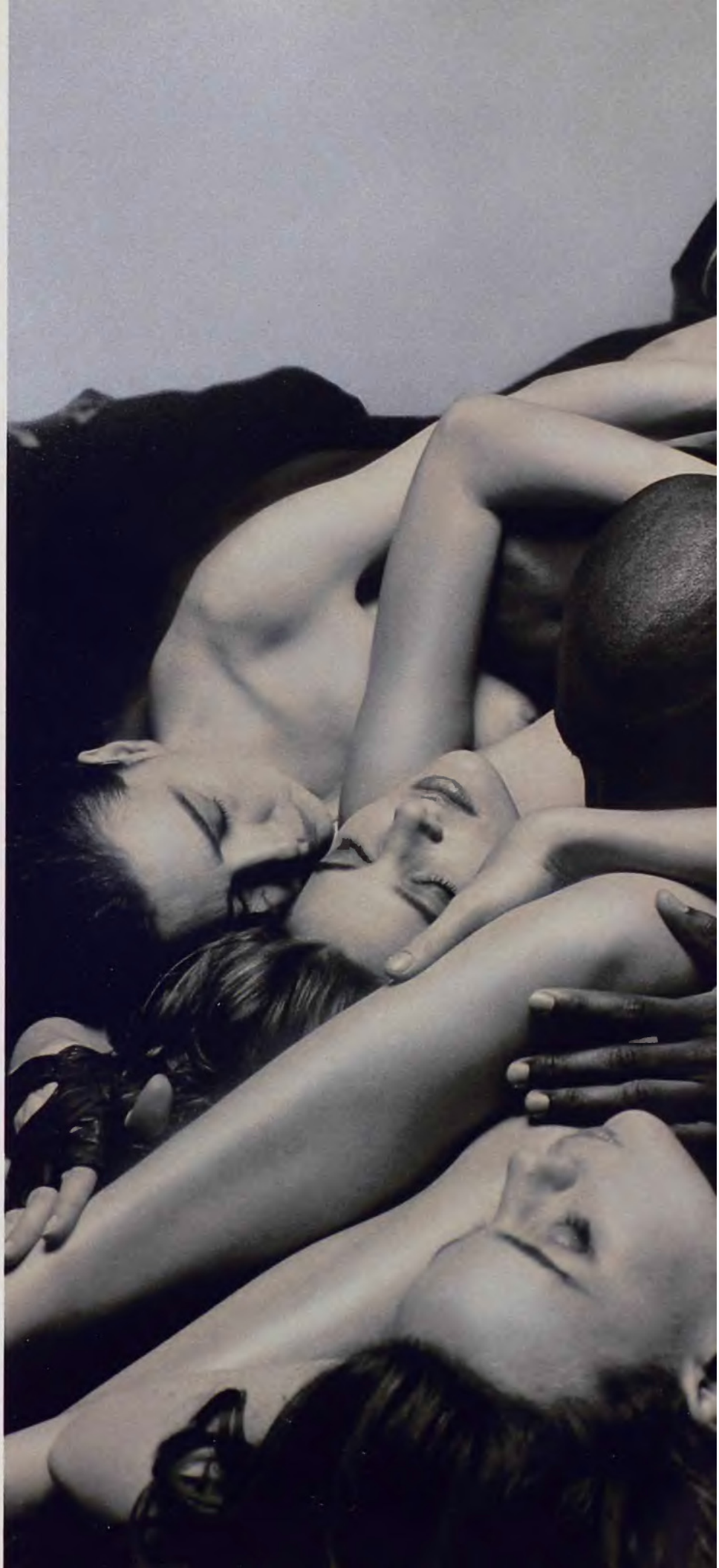
I've done way too much work for the money they've paid me here. I mean, do you think it was fun getting painted gold? I did it for you because I know how much it takes to excite. You know I'll always go the distance. The makeup artist promised me it would wash right off. It took five people hosing me down to get me clean. But I'm not complaining; I never shower alone anymore.

I've always said I love sleeping on a bed of gloves, as long as there are hands in them. That was before I tried a bed of 12,000 roses. Why change sheets when you can just throw the whole thing out? Matter of fact, I'm thinking of throwing out this story along with it. Where were we, darling? Oh, right, right, right. The roses.

Do you see this gorgeous broad? No, not me, we already know I'm beautiful—that's a given. The other one. She begged, pleaded, openly wept to pose with me. At first I snubbed her, then I slapped her and finally she had her way with me. I'm refusing all her calls. It's just a picture, honey. Relax!

I don't know what the hell the guys in these photos were doing between my legs, and frankly, I don't think they did, either. Is this too obscure for you? Sorry, it's my life, and you want the truth, don't you? Besides, I figured you were smart enough to see it for yourself. I've always been a straight shooter. That's why you come to me with your endless problems and why you trust me. Implicitly. (Love you. Kisses.)

All the great girls started out as Bunnies. Debbie Harry, Gloria Steinem, I don't know—all of them. So isn't it fitting that I should end up as one? To me, PLAYBOY is all about personal freedoms, and I don't mean Pantyliners. Now that I'm a Bunny myself, I feel that the circle is complete. Sophisticated Sandi has arrived!



only a fool fights blind and battered, but only a madman fights an inhuman killer

fiction by
LUCIUS SHEPARD

BEAST OF THE HEARTLAND

MEARS HAS A DREAM the night after he fought the Alligator Man. The dream begins with words: "In the beginning was a dark little god with glowing red eyes. . . ." And then, there it stands, hovering in the blackness of Mears's hotel room, a twisted mandrake root of a god, evil and African, with ember eyes and limbs like twists of leaf tobacco. Even after it vanishes, waking Mears, he can feel those eyes burning inside his head, merged into a single red pain that seems as if it will go on throbbing forever. He wonders if he should tell Leon about the pain—maybe he could give Mears something to ease it—but he figures this might be a bad idea. Leon might cut and run, not wanting to be held responsible should Mears keel over, and there Mears would be: without a trainer, without anyone to coach him for the eye exams, without an accomplice in his blindness. It's not a priority, he decides.

To distract himself, he lies back and thinks about the fight. He'd been doing pretty well until the ninth. Staying right on the Cuban's chest, mauling him in the corners, working the body. The Cuban didn't like it to the body. He was a honey-colored kid a couple of shades lighter than Mears and he punched like a kid, punches that stung but that didn't take your heart like the punches of a man. Fast, though. Jesus, he was fast! As the fight passed into the middle rounds, as Mears tired, the Cuban began to slip away, to circle out of the haze of ring light and vanish into the darkness at the corners of Mears's eyes, so that Mears saw the punches coming only at the last

ILLUSTRATION BY ETIENNE DELESSERT

second, the wet-looking red blobs of the gloves looping in over his guard. Then, in the ninth, a left he never saw drove him into the turnbuckle, a flurry of shots under the ribs popped his mouthpiece halfway out and another left to the temple made him clinch, pinning the Cuban's gloves against his sides.

In the clinch, that's when he caught sight of the Alligator Man. The Cuban pulled back his head, trying to wrench his right glove free, and the blurred oval of his face sharpened, resolved into features: blazing yellow eyes and pebbly skin, and slit nostrils at the end of a long snout. Although used to such visions, hallucinations, whatever this was, Mears reacted in terror. He jolted the Alligator Man with an uppercut, he spun him, landed a clubbing right high on the head, another right, and as if those punches were magic, as if their force and number were removing a curse, breaking a spell, the Alligator Man's face melted away, becoming a blurred brown oval once again. Mears's terror also grew blurred, his attack less furious, and the Cuban came back at him, throwing shots from every angle. Mears tried to slide off along the ropes but his legs were gone, so he ducked his head and put his gloves up to block the shots. But they got through, anyway.

Somebody's arms went around him, hemming him in against the ropes, and he smelled flowery cologne and heard a smooth baritone saying, "Take it easy, man! It's over." Mears wanted to tell the ref he could have stood up through ten, the Cuban couldn't punch for shit. But he was too weak to say anything and he just rested his head on the ref's shoulder, strings of drool hanging off his mouthpiece, cooling on his chin. And for the first time in a long while, he heard the crowd screaming for the Cuban, the women's voices bright and crazy, piercing up from the male roar. Then Leon was there, Leon's astringent smell of Avitene and Vaseline and Gelfoam, and somebody shoved Mears down onto a stool and Leon pressed the ice-cold bar of the Enswell against the lump over his eye, and the Cuban elbowed his way through the commission officials and nobodies in the corner and said, "Man, you one tough motherfucker. You almos' kill me with them right hands." And Mears had the urge to tell him, "You think I'm tough, wait'll you see what's coming," but instead, moved by the sudden, heady love that possesses you after you have pounded on a man for nine rounds and he has not fallen, Mears told him that one day soon he would be champion of the world.

Mears wonders if the bestial faces that materialize in the midst of his fights are related to the pain in his head. In his heart he believes they are something else. It could be that he has been granted the magical power to see beneath the surface of things. Or they may be something his mind has created to compensate for his blindness, a kind of spiritual adrenaline that inspires him to fiercer effort, often to victory. Since his retinas became detached, he has slipped from the status of fringe contender to trial horse for young fighters on the way up, and his style has changed from one of grace to that of a brawler, of someone who must keep in constant physical contact with his opponent. Nevertheless, he has won 12 of 17 fights with his handicap, and he owes much of his success to this symptom or gift or delusion.

He knows most people would consider him a fool for continuing to fight, and he accepts this. But he does not consider himself a greater fool than most people; his is only a more dramatic kind of foolishness than the foolishness of loving a bad woman or stealing a car or speculating on gold futures or smoking cigarettes or taking steroids or eating wrong or involving yourself with the trillion other things that lead to damage and death.

As he lies in that darkened room, in the pall of his own darkness, he imagines attending a benefit held to raise his medical expenses after his secret has been disclosed. All the legends are there. Ali, Frazier and Foreman are there, men who walk with the pride of a nation. Duran is there, Duran of the demonic fury, who TKO'd him in 1979, back when Mears was a welterweight. The Hit Man is there, Thomas Hearns, sinister and rangy, with a cobra-like jab that had once cut him so badly the flesh hung down into his eyes. Sugar Ray Leonard is there, talking about his own detached retina and how he could have gone the same way as Mears. And Hagler, who knocked Mears out in his only title shot, Hagler the tigerish southpaw, he is there, too. Mears ascends to the podium to offer thanks, and a reporter catches his arm and asks him, "What the hell went wrong, Bobby? What happened to you?" He thinks of all the things he could say in response. Bad managers, crooked promoters. Alimony. I forgot to duck. The classic answers. But there is one answer they've never heard, one that he's nourished for almost two years.

"I traveled into the heartland," he tells the reporter, "and when I got done fighting the animals there, I came out blind."

The reporter looks puzzled, but Ali and Foreman, Frazier and Hagler, Duran and Hearns, they nod sagely, they understand. They realize Mears's answer is partly a pride thing, partly intuitive, a summation of punches absorbed, hands lifted in victory, months of painful healing, hours of punishment in the gym. But mainly it is the recasting into a vow of a decision made years before. They would not argue that their sport is brutally stupid, run by uncaring bastards to whom it is a business of dollars and blood, and that tragedies occur, that fighters are swindled and outright robbed. Yet there is something about it they have needed, something they have chosen, and so in the end, unlike the asbestos worker who bitterly decries the management that has lied to him and led him down a fatal path, the fighter feels no core bitterness, not even at himself for being a fool, for making such a choice in the folly of youth, because he has forsworn the illusion of wisdom.

Mears is not without regrets. Sometimes, indeed, he regrets almost everything. He regrets his blindness, his taste in women, his rotten luck at having been a middleweight during the age of Marvin Hagler. But he has never regretted boxing. He loves what he does, loves the gym rats, the old dozers with their half-remembered tales of Beau Jack and Henry Armstrong, the crafty trainers, the quiet cut men with their satchels full of swabs and chemicals. He loves how he has been in the ring, honorable and determined and brave. And now, nodding off in a cheap hotel room, he feels love from the legends of the game returned in applause that has the sound of rushing water, a pure stream of affirmation that bears him away into the company of heroes and a restless sleep.

•

Three mornings later, as Mears waits for Leon in the gym, he listens happily to the slapping of jump ropes, the grunt and thud of someone working the heavy bag, the jabber and pop of speed bags, fighters shouting encouragement, the sandpapery whisk of shoes on canvas, the meaty thump of 14-ounce sparring gloves. Pale winter light chutes through the high windows like a Bethlehem star to Mears's eyes. The smell is a harsh perfume of antiseptic, resin and sweat. Now and then somebody passes by, says, "Yo, Bobby, what's happenin'?" or "Look good the other night, man!" and he will hold out his hand to be slapped without glancing up, pretending that his diffidence is an expression of cool, not a pose designed to disguise his impaired vision. His body still aches from the Cuban's fast hands, but in a few weeks, a few days if necessary, he'll be ready to fight again.

(continued on page 130)

"Isn't it wonderful, in our stressful lives, that we can take the time, now and then, to smell the roses?"

FALL AND WINTER FASHION GUIDE

an eight-page top-to-toe look at the latest trends in tailored wear

fashion by
HOLLIS WAYNE

Left: Dark days are ahead—and we are not talking about the presidential election. Suits this fall and winter will be stylishly somber, as evidenced by this wool-crepe six-button chalk-stripe double-breasted style, $1300, worn with a cotton shirt, $150, silk tie, $85, and suede shoes, $185, all by Donna Karan.

JOHN GOTTI may be headed for the big house, but his wiseguy style prevails on the streets. The same dark colors worn by the dapper don dominate what men will wear this fall. Gray and slate blue are the top picks in tailored suits. Add pinstripes or chalk stripes and you'll send a serious "I mean business" message—and look just as sharp as the Runyonesque strutters in Broadway's hit revival *Guys and Dolls*. But looking sharp is just part of fall's fashion picture. Versatility is important news, too. Since quality suits and sports coats don't come cheap, designers hit on some innovative ways to get more mileage from their collections. Clothing and accessories that cross the line between tailored and casual are being combined for work and play. A chalk-striped double-breasted suit, for example, can take on three different looks: *business*, when worn with a light-colored, striped dress shirt and a rep tie; *relaxed*, when combined with a dark shirt and solid tie; and *cool*, when teamed with a knitted polo shirt or pullover. The key is to pick the right clothes to broaden your wardrobe. Our eight-page guide to fashion includes some of this fall and winter's finest—everything from minichecked double-breasted suits and cashmere sports coats to handmade watches and tortoise-frame sunglasses. Remember that what you wear is important, but how you wear it is critical. Here's a roundup of what counts. *Suits:* We all admire the style of a Giorgio Armani suit, but this season it's the American offerings that deserve the highest accolades. Designers such as Donna Karan, Michael Kors and Calvin Klein are steering men even further away from the power looks of the Eighties with new lines of tailored clothing that incorporate features from the men's and women's sportswear collections that made them famous. Klein describes the American influence as "modern, easy, fluid and comfortable"—qualities that are evident in even the dressiest tailored suits. Six-button double-breasted models, for example, are typically the most formal look. Colors are primarily dark this season, though the earth tones of last year are still on the scene. Cuts are looser, with sloping shoulders

Above: Two versotile striped suits include a wool-crepe one-button chalk-stripe model (left), $1300, worn with a wool-crepe shirt with button-through pockets, $250, silver collar tocks, $90, ond a silk knit tie, $85, oll by Donna Karan. The wool four-button chalk-stripe double-breosted suit (right), $1360, also looks great with a wool long-sleeved polo sweater, $200, both by Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni; and tortoise sunglasses, by Cutler & Gross, $120.

Right: These are the silver collor tacks, close up, from Donna Karan worn by our model, below left, in the groy dress shirt. The tacks are attached to the shirt collar and shirt front after the tie is tied.

Above: The elegonce of o wool six-button pinstripe double-breosted suit, $950, and a cotton striped dress shirt, $120, both by Hugo Boss; shown with a washed silk rep tie, by XMI, $56; linen pocket squore, by Ashear Brothers, $15; brown suede oxfords, by Allen-Edmonds, $230; and tortoiseshell sunglosses with o gold nose bor, by Cutler & Gross, $135.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NEIL KIRK/ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANGELLA DASKALAKIS

and comfortable, drapy fabrics such as wool crepe. As a rule of thumb, avoid wearing a double-breasted suit of any style with a buttondown shirt—it's too casual. However, there are a few laid-back liberties that you can take: pairing a double-breasted suit with a polo shirt or sweater, as previously noted, or with a shirt and no tie. Try the same with the latest single-breasted suits, which show up in one-, two- and three-button styles. Three-button styles are the most important and share similar colors with their double-breasted counterparts. *Sports coats:* Perhaps the most versatile item in any wardrobe, the sports coat can be dressed up or down to create an infinite number of looks. There is a wide array of styles, but the hottest look is the single-breasted model with three buttons. Colors are strong but not loud (electric blue, camel and black are our favorites) and plaids are subtle. As with suits, look for soft construction and fits that are relaxed and comfortable. In terms of fabric, a cashmere sports coat looks rich and will endure for years if the style is classic. Otherwise, check out lightweight wool or wool blends and minihoundstooth checks, which have a handsome textured appearance. Looking for new ways to wear a sports coat? Monochromatic combinations (shirt, jacket, trousers—all in the same color) create a striking impression. So does a sports jacket worn with a turtleneck, jeans and a silver-buckled belt, such as the one by designer Elizabeth Rand illustrated on page 88. You can also pair a sports coat with a T-shirt, vest and trousers for an outfit that evokes the wilder frontier. The possibilities are virtually unlimited. Be

Below: As an alternative to the gangster-style dark-suit-and-shirt look, try combining a gray melange wool-crepe single-breasted suit, by Alexander Julian, $1150; with a white cotton dress shirt, by Bill Robinson, $49; and a silk tie, by Audrey Buckner, $70. Other accessories include a white linen pocket square, by Ashear Brothers, about $15; aviator-shaped tortoiseshell sunglasses, by Joseph Abboud, $150; and a water-resistant chronograph, by Pulsar, $300.

Above: Yes, there's still lots of interest in vests, such as the five-button one shown as part of this three-piece Donegal wool suit with notched lapels and double-pleated pants, by Hugo Boss, $800; combined with a cottan twill buttandown shirt, by Vestimenta, $145; and a silk tie, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, about $60.

Below: Our guy is well suited for fall and winter in the city wearing a gray-and-black wool minicheck six-button, one-to-button double-breasted featuring peaked lapels, besom packets and double-pleated trousers, $920, a cotton shirt with light and dark blue stripes and a soft-point collar, $118, a box-plaid woven silk tie, $75, and tortoise sunglasses, $185, all by Joseph Abboud.

Below: As an alternative to the traditianal two-button jacket, Calvin Klein has created a wool three-button single-breasted sweater jacket, $950, that teams nicely with a khaki wool plaid sport shirt, $195, olive wool double-pleated trousers with an-seam pockets, $225, and a silk knit tie, $85, all by Calvin Klein; and tortoise oval-shaped sunglasses, by Cutler & Gross, $135.

creative. There are more options this season than ever before. *Dress shirts:* If you like variety, fall is a great time to stock up on shirts. There are both light- and dark-colored solids as well as striped models with either light or dark grounds. Go light, and you've got a look that's professional; dark, and you'll be on top of the gangster trend. Either way, fits are roomy and collars remain soft, with long points like last season. One important dress-shirt detail that has crossed over from sportswear is button-through pockets. They're more casual than the plain-front alternative yet still dressy enough for the office. Shirts with collar tabs are also a smart choice (one from Assets by Andrew Fezza is pictured at right) as are shirts with banded collars for more relaxed occasions. If that's not enough newness, get ready for the return of the spread collar. Spread refers to the distance between the two sides of the collar where it is fastened at the neck and to the spacing between the tips. Generally, spread collars have shorter points and accommodate larger tie knots. We've spotted the look on the runways in Italy and the U.S. during the fall fashion previews, so you can expect to see it on the streets soon. *Dress shoes:* Sorry, guys. The blue-suede models that were hot last fall have gone the way of the fat-Elvis stamp. They were exciting while they lasted; now they're mere footnotes to fashion history. Instead, designers have opted for back-to-basics black and brown. The best choices for double-breasted suits are cap-toe suede or pebble-grain leather lace-up oxfords. One less obvious combination that we like is a gray suit with brown shoes. But regardless of how you mix and match, avoid wearing loafers with a double-breasted suit, unless you're also dressing down with a polo shirt. Loafers and monk-strap shoes, particularly comfortable models with lug or rubber soles, are the right complement to a sports coat. A final tip: Don't skimp on footwear. Shoes are one of the first things people notice in any outfit. If you're wearing an expensive suit with unpolished shoes, you've wasted your money and created a negative image. What's the cost of a good pair of shoes? At least $150. At that price, you can expect quality construction and features such as leather outers, soles and linings, and cushion insoles. It all adds

Above: Urban foshion renewal here includes a wool two-button single-breasted plaid sports jacket, $445, o leather vest, $295, and o striped cotton buttondown sport shirt, $100, all from Grays by Gary Wasserman; plus wool-crepe trousers, $185, and a silk rep tie, $65, both by Nick Hilton; suede shoes, by Walk-Over, $150; socks, by Polo, about $20; and a watch, by Jaz, $185.

Below: A wool minicheck sports jocket with notched lapels, $315, and wool trousers, $135, both by Andrew Fezzo; a soft-tob-collar dress shirt, $60, and o silk mosaic-print tie, $54, both from Assets by Andrew Fezza; plus pebble-groin oxford shoes, by Edward Green, $490; ond round tortoise sunglasses, by Cutler & Gross, $135.

Right: Clunky power watches that scream "I'm important" are off the wrist, replaced by elegant chronographs and unusual conversational timepieces that have smaller dials and leather bands. This example is a hand-crafted sterling-silver watch with a lizard strap, by Lisa Jenks, $725.

up to comfort and longevity—shoes that feel fantastic and last for years with proper care. *Accessories:* Starting from the top, it's hats off, literally, this fall. Baseball caps are the only style that's important, but wearing one with a suit would be a definite fashion foul. A baseball cap might fly with a sports coat, jeans and a T-shirt if you're out to create fun. There's a bit more latitude with ties. Neats or small repetitive patterns are the hottest style for fall, along with solid-colored silk knits and rep stripes in unusual colorings. The traditional navy-and-burgundy rep ties are still around, but new alternatives in colors, such as olive and pink, give the look a contemporary spin. Also check out the vertically striped tie, a style that proved an instant hit when it was introduced last spring. There is also an array of conversational ties. We recommend going the quieter route; the ties will spark discussion without overpowering your outfit. When it comes to jewelry, one of the most interesting items we've seen for fall is a set of collar tacks, which look especially handsome with the dark-ground, wiseguy-style shirts. (See the caption on page 83 for advice on how to wear them.) If you wear shirts with French cuffs, choose cuff links that are simple and tasteful. And don't mix metals—that is, don't wear gold cuff links with a silver watch. Speaking of watches, they are changing with the times. Less a statement of status than of good taste, the newest models feature elegant leather straps, smaller dials and practical functions. Finally, sunglasses are an accessory that you shouldn't leave home without. Frames are smaller, lightweight and look best in vintage metal or tortoiseshell. Most importantly, lenses should offer 100 percent ultraviolet protection.

Above: This classic combination includes a camel-colored cashmere one-button single-breasted sports coat with notched lapels, $450, and a special-order charcoal merino wool long-sleeved turtleneck, $120, both by Bill Robinson; plus vintage denim jeans, from Antique Boutique, $39; and a leather belt with a sterling-silver buckle, by Elizabeth Rand, $450.

Above: A tweed single-breasted sports coat, by V2 for Gianni Versace, $650, worn two ways. On the left, it's combined with a cotton dress shirt, $100, a silk tie, $70, and wool trousers, $200, all by V2 for Gianni Versace. On the right, the same sports coat is teamed with a bishop-collar shirt, by Wilke-Rodriguez, $65; a T-shirt, by Calvin Klein Underwear, $9; cotton trousers, by V2 for Gianni Versace, $200; and a nubuck belt, by Galdpfeil, $120.

Where & How to Buy on page 159.

Below: Another way to go tieless and still maintain o tailored look is to combine a black cashmere one-button single-breasted sports coat with notched lapels and besom pockets, $B82, with a wool-blend, black-and-white minihoundstooth-checked five-button vest, $162, gray wool double-pleated trousers with on-seam pockets, $212, and cotton T-shirt, $50, by Michael Kors Men.

K 5
D 2
K 5
D 2

LA COSA NOSTRA

TAKES THE BIG HIT

THE MAFIA'S OFFICIAL BIRD–THE STOOL PIGEON–IS SINGING A TREACHEROUS SONG

By the time Mafia capo Peter Chiodo looked up from under the hood of his Cadillac, he had already been shot once in the ass. Weighing in at 547 pounds, Chiodo was an easy target. On a clear afternoon in May 1991, after he had stopped at Pellicano's gas station on Staten Island to check his engine, a car screeched into the station and two men jumped out, guns ablaze.

Despite being hit, Chiodo pulled a weapon from inside his jacket and managed to return fire. An auto mechanic standing nearby dove under the Cadillac for cover as the gunmen chased Chiodo around the gas station shooting indiscriminately, riddling the blubbery mafioso with 12 bullets. Chiodo finally fell flat on his back. As blood oozed from his wounds, somebody stole his gun. Then a neighborhood onlooker ran up and exclaimed, "Geez! What a shoot-out!"

The shooting of Peter Chiodo may not have been the sloppiest Mob hit in history, but it ranks right up there. Even with Chiodo's girth and lack of mobility, the hit men failed to get the job done. Four months later Chiodo was wheeled into a New York courthouse. Understandably perturbed by the attempted hit, he turned stool pigeon, testifying about a huge racketeering scheme that allowed four of New York's five Mafia families to seize control of the New York Housing Authority's profitable window-replacement business. He also described his

own lucrative career as the Mob's man in control of the International Brotherhood of Painters and Allied Trades, a job that frequently involved intimidation and murder.

Chiodo's rise and fall eloquently symbolizes the pathetic state of Cosa Nostra, circa 1992. He was a powerful capo grown fat on his own success; he was the intended victim in yet another inept Mob hit resulting in yet another high-level informant; and he was a murderous criminal who was allegedly reformed through his act of contrition and became a card-carrying member of the federal witness protection program. Today, for the first time in history, there may be more "made men" in the criminal justice system than there are on the street.

"Yeah, you could say the Mob is all fucked up," says Joe Pistone, a former FBI agent who went undercover as a mafioso for six years. "There was a time when a guy was supposed to get whacked, he got whacked. Now they even have trouble getting that right."

Henry Hill, the wiseguy whose years in the Mob were immortalized in the movie *GoodFellas*, says: "It's a horseshit life, the Mob. Always was. I guess more and more guys are starting to see the way they get treated."

•

The Mob is currently being chased out of many of its traditional territories. In New England, the powerful Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act has been used to gut the Patriarca family, once a sprawling criminal organization with members in Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Connecticut. In Pennsylvania, the Bufalino family and the murderous Scarfo Mob have been decimated. Nicodemo Scarfo, whose organization controlled the rackets in Atlantic City, is in federal prison with a life sentence. These high-level convictions follow

The New Mob
Third in a Series

ARTICLE BY **T. J. ENGLISH**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

earlier law-enforcement successes in former Mafia strongholds such as New Orleans, Chicago and Cleveland.

In New York, recent prosecutions have overwhelmed the city's infamous five families. Beginning in 1986 with the Commission case, which resulted in three of the most powerful Mafia leaders in America being put away, the legal onslaught has been staggering. In the past four years, leaders from all five families have been busted on RICO charges, culminating in the highly touted conviction of Gambino family boss John Gotti, the alleged *capo di tutti capi*.

In contrast to their American brothers, mafiosi in Italy still know how to handle a prosecutor. Last May they took out a top Italian Mob buster (Giovanni Falcone) by detonating a bomb as his motorcade drove past. In America, the man might have been peppered with movie offers.

Beginning with the testimony of Joseph Valachi in the early Sixties, the Justice Department—aided considerably by the Mafia's own lack of quality control—systematically eroded the once-vaunted oath of *omertà*, which historically ensured that those who talked died. Today, with the prospect of long sentences and the existence of the witness protection program as a viable career alternative, stool pigeons such as Chiodo and Salvatore "Sammy the Bull" Gravano (the man who brought down John Gotti) willingly come forward.

"The rules have changed," says Ronald Goldstock, director of the New York State Organized Crime Task Force. "It used to be that a low-level Mob member might come forward, and he would be seen as a traitor to the organization. Now we've seen mobsters at the highest levels—Bonanno, Fratianno—talk. They not only testify but wear wires, write books and have agents. Their attitude is, 'This is not the same organization it once was. There is no honor left.' Now everyone feels free to break the code."

•

Along Mulberry Street, in the heart of New York's Little Italy, the changes have been apparent for some time. A few of the old restaurants remain, including Grotta Azzurra and Umberto's Clam House, where Crazy Joe Gallo got whacked while having a late-night snack. Neon signs still advertise cappuccino, espresso and Italian pastries, sold mostly to tourists in the neighborhood. Scenes from all three *Godfather* movies were filmed in Little Italy, and the Italian residents who remain seem determined to keep up appearances. Italian flags flutter from lampposts and the sounds of Sinatra emanate from corner smoke shops.

In reality, the neighborhood is a dwindling ethnic enclave overrun by more recent immigrants, mostly from Southeast Asia. Mott Street is still lined with seafood and produce stands, as it has been for generations, but the merchants are Chinese and Vietnamese rather than Italian and Jewish.

John Gotti hung out regularly in Little Italy right up until his most recent arrest and resulting conviction. To admirers, Gotti's insistence on maintaining links to the old neighborhood reflected well on his sense of tradition. It was here, in a hallway in the back of the Ravenite Social Club, that Gotti was recorded wishfully telling an underling: "This is gonna be a Cosa Nostra till I die. Be it an hour from now, or be it tonight, or a hundred years from now when I'm in jail. It's gonna be the way I say it's gonna be—a Cosa Nostra."

At one time such confidence would have been justified. Long before Gotti sipped his first cup of cappuccino on Mulberry Street, the concept of a criminal underworld had taken root. At the turn of the century, the Black Hand ruled the tenements and small businesses of Little Italy in New York and elsewhere. Tireless extortionists, members of the Black Hand sought to establish themselves as men of virtue, as mediators in a bustling, fresh-faced immigrant community.

As the newcomers assimilated, things changed. Leaving the antiquated ideas of the Sicilian Mafia behind, the new generation of mobsters embraced free-market capitalism. During Prohibition they were handed a product that everyone wanted and a marketplace without competitors. Naturally, their businesses thrived and they were able to expand and diversify.

Over the decades, the Mafia derived much of its strength from links with the so-called legitimate establishment. In dozens of cities across the U.S., the Mob became deeply enmeshed in the fabric of American society through political connections and influence with organized labor. Although the Mafia never really had the national hierarchy some journalists and historians suggest, virtually every major industrial city had an organized crime structure loosely based on Charles "Lucky" Luciano's model, whether it was called the Commission, the Syndicate, the Outfit or Cosa Nostra.

The reason behind the success of the Mob was clear. *Omertà* was caught up with the Italian image of honor and manliness. It is not manly to snitch. The very foundation of the Mob was based on the idea that if a member spoke to the police, the press or even to other associates about his criminal dealings, he would sleep with the fishes.

"It's extraordinary, when you think about it," says Ralph Salerno, a former New York City supervisor of detectives and a consultant to congressional committees on organized crime. "Luciano forms the Commission around 1931, and for thirty years nobody talks. Some five thousand people across the country, all facing prison time, some faced with capital punishment, some being offered the opportunity to cooperate, and not one of them spoke. That's the power of *omertà*."

The legend grew, causing the Mob to be seen by many as an omnipotent international force. In the Fifties and Sixties the Mafia was credited with, among other things, building Las Vegas, underwriting Batista's Cuba, delivering Kennedy's victory in the 1960 presidential election and then helping to assassinate the man they supposedly elected. Never mind that most mobsters dropped out of school around the eighth grade, rarely left their own neighborhoods and showed a proclivity for getting arrested and re-arrested. In the public mind it was a highly sophisticated organization that controlled both church and state.

In truth the Mob's authority has usually been aimed at the lower rungs of society. The victims, invariably, are working-class stiffs caught among corrupt unions, politicians and Mafia thugs eager to endear themselves to the powers that be. As the late godfather Paul Castellano once put it when describing to an associate the plight of the working man: "How many of them are so fucking stupid that they would knowingly try to fuck us? All right, now and then there's a guy who has delusions. A lunatic. . . . He thinks he's got a whole union or a big politician protecting him. . . . But usually it's just sad-ass guys who make mistakes. . . . Do we let these sorry bastards ride? Hey, they knew the rules."

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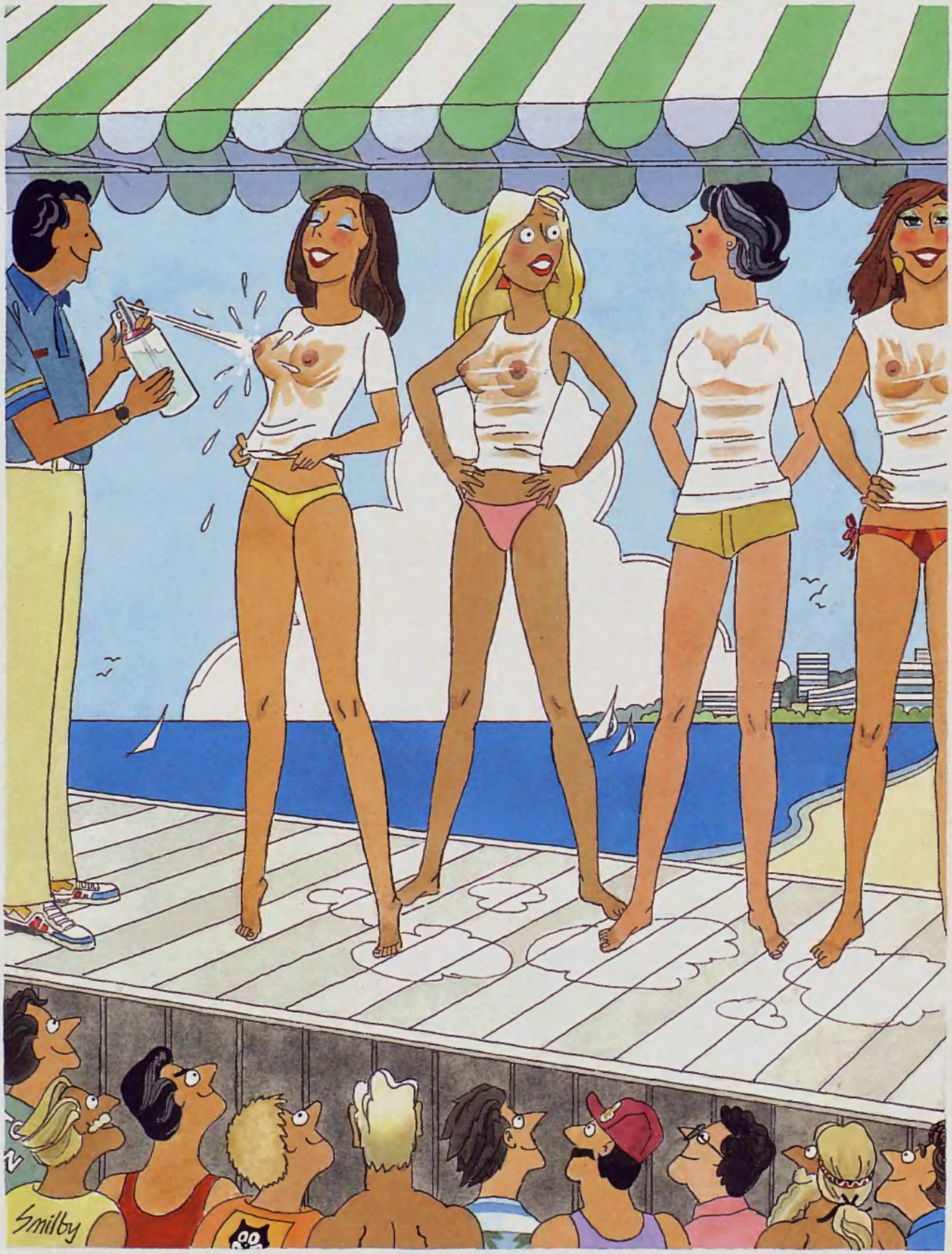
"I'll tell you about the Mob," says a veteran wholesaler at New York's Fulton Fish Market, long known as a classic Mob racket. "Down here, they operate just like the government, only more so."

Situated in lower Manhattan in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge, the Fulton Fish Market is a throwback to an earlier era. In the pre-dawn hours the market is alive with commercial activity. Burly laborers "work the pallet," loading and unloading refrigerator trucks. Forklifts rumble across cobblestone streets, fishmongers haggle over prices and the salty aroma of fresh

(continued on page 114)



"Tell me, is this your first wet-T-shirt competition?"

SEOUL MATE

MORENA CORWIN, in Chicago to finish her Playmate shoot, was wearing faded blue jeans and a black leather motorcycle jacket over a skintight black ribbed sweater when we met her for coffee. As we strolled along Chicago's Magnificent Mile, a window display at the upscale Henri Bendel's department store caught her eye. "Can we stop in for just a quick look?" Morena asked. Yes, we promised—but later, after some conversation. Over cappuccino at the Third Coast, an artsy café, we learned that she'd been born in Seoul to a Korean mother and an American serviceman father. When she was just a year old, her family moved to tiny Fowlerville, Michigan. As the only Asian in grammar school there, she felt ostracized for looking so different. Her parents divorced and, when Morena was 12, her mother decamped with

korean-born miss september is a world-class shopper

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

her four children to Orlando, Florida. Morena had to grow up quickly. "It was a pretty hard life when we first got to Florida," Morena recalled. "Mom worked, so I'd come home from school and make dinner for my younger brother and sister and then read *Pippi Longstocking* out loud to put them to sleep." Orlando did have its advantages. "Being around other Asians—and members of other cultures in general—made me feel less like an outsider. I even started to think, Hey, maybe I'm not so goofy-looking." Coffee finished, Morena steered us straight back to Bendel's—and its lingerie department. Prompted by a display of silk lace teddies, we inquired what Miss September slept in. "Well, I certainly wouldn't wear *that* to bed," she answered, laughing. "Not if I wanted to get any sleep." Morena then offered up the information that, as undergarments go, she prefers garters and stockings to pantyhose. "It's something that an old boyfriend suggested," she said, "and now I think they just feel better." She met the boyfriend while working as a hostess in a restaurant in Jacksonville, Florida—her current home town. "But he was too bossy," she reported. "He's ancient history." We moved on to haute couture. As Morena turned this way and that, studying her reflection in the mirror, we asked what she thought was most attractive

A fan of things Asian, September Playmate Morena Carwin tours Chicago's Chinatown. "I want to earn enough in my new acting and modeling career," says Morena, "to take my mother to visit Korea—our homeland."

about herself. "Being Asian with full lips, definitely," Morena said. "I'm really proud of my heritage now. My great-great-grandfather was an emperor in Korea—there's even a statue of him in the province of Kangangwon-do. That's where my mother grew up." We moved on to Oak Street's boutiques. At Ultimo, as she flipped through racks of pricey clothes, Morena insisted that she's not interested in a wealthy celebrity as her boyfriend. "I wouldn't want somebody like Jack Nicholson, who went through girls like dominoes." Meeting Jack Nicholson may not be so farfetched. We learned over dinner—we'd worked up an appetite after five hours of shopping, zero purchases—that Morena had just finished her first acting job: a small part in *Weekend at Bernie's II*. We asked where she saw herself in, say, three years. "Living in California, driving a convertible and making movies." And, we'd hasten to bet, shopping on Rodeo Drive.

When it comes to men, Morena has three criteria: that they're tall; no guys in polo shirts with collars that stick up; and the smile must be a bit loopy.

MISS SEPTEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Morena Corwin

BUST: 34C WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8½" WEIGHT: 120lbs.

BIRTH DATE: Oct. 24 69 BIRTHPLACE: Seoul, Korea

AMBITIONS: To Act & Model. Stay focused on what I want, invest wisely, Be true to my virtues, To Always be Happy, Healthy & in Love ♡

TURN-ONS: Relaxing & Laughing on a Mountain of Pillows, Eating Sweets, Being sang to while having my back rubbed. OXXO

TURN-OFFS: People who are all talk, Men who can't be trusted! No Ambitions, Prejudice, Disrespect (**) YUCK

THINGS I WANT TO DO IN MY LIFE: Race Car driving, Walk on the Moon, White-Water Rafting & To play pro football.

FAVORITE READING MATERIAL: Sept. Playboy 1992 (11)
The Bible & The Cat in the Hat

MY DAILY SCHEDULE TWO YEARS FROM NOW: Waking up, having a cup of coffee, looking over my weekly schedule, reviewing my script. Meeting my agent for lunch & discussing my upcoming projects.

"Not an Easy Lei" (Doing the Hula with my sister Lola.)

TROUBLE ALWAYS COMES IN THREES. MY MOM — MY SISTER & — ME!

BUMMER Another day at the Beach!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

I hope the next time we see each other, Mary, it will be at the hospital," the obstetrician said to his pregnant patient.

"What would happen if I went into labor and I started to deliver the baby before I could get to the hospital?" Mary nervously asked.

"No problem. Childbirth is a completely natural event," he assured her. "Just lie in the same position as when you conceived and let nature take its course."

"You mean one foot in the glove compartment and the other out the window?"

A blind man walked into a whorehouse, mistaking it for the church next door. Sensing a presence, he approached the madam and quietly said, "Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned."

"Well, honey," she said, "you tell me your sin and I'll tell you if it's original."

Why are there no blondes in cattle ranching? Because they can't keep their calves together.

The golfer had been playing badly, so he went to a psychiatrist who suggested he relax by playing a round without a ball. "Do everything you normally would, but use an imaginary ball," the shrink said.

The golfer tried it the next day. He stepped onto the first tee and imagined he hit a 260-yard drive. Then, walking the course, he imagined a fine approach shot to the green and a short putt for a birdie.

As he approached the 18th tee, he met another golfer who had seen the same psychiatrist and was also playing without a ball. They decided to play the last hole together and bet $100 on the outcome.

The first golfer swung at his imaginary ball and announced that it had gone 280 yards right down the middle of the fairway. The second golfer matched his drive.

The first fellow then took out his five iron, took a swing and shouted, "Look at that shot! It went right over the pin and backspin brought it right back into the hole. I win!"

"No, you don't," the second golfer said. "You hit my ball."

The biggest, orneriest hombre in the West stomped into a saloon bellowing, "I'm big, I'm mean and I've got a cock the size of Texas!"

A wimpy guy standing at the bar timidly asked him his name. "Turner Brown," the giant grunted.

The wimp suddenly fainted dead away. When he revived, the big galoot hovered over him. "What ails you, boy? All's I said was my name is Turner Brown."

"Oh, *Turner Brown*! I thought you said, 'Turn around.'"

We recently heard of a worker who'd used up all his sick days, so he called in dead.

How're things going with you and Marge?" a friend asked Ken.

"Well, as usual, we couldn't agree," he replied. "She wanted a mink coat and I wanted a Porsche."

"What happened?"

"Actually, we compromised," Ken said with a goofy grin. "We bought the mink coat, but we keep it in the garage."

How many opossums does it take to have sex? Three: two to do it and one to watch for cars.

An American tourist went to Saint Peter's Square to witness the Pope's weekly blessing. She was able to find an unobstructed view but was soon surrounded by dozens of cooing pigeons. "Fuck off!" she yelled at the annoying birds.

The woman was mortified to see that a nun had overheard her outburst and was approaching her. "Signora, it is not necessary to do that," the sister told the red-faced visitor. "Just wave your arms about and they will fuck off by themselves."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Now, don't go telling people I'm 'good' . . . everybody will expect me to be 'good' every time."

The Wild Bunch

riding the range with the new breed of mountain bikes

modern living by **Matthew Childs**

YOU ARE at the top of a mountain. It's just after dawn and the sky is a pale orange. The road ahead looks like a lake frozen in mid-squall, its surface dappled with rocks. There are no tracks to make your passage easier. You lock your feet into the pedals and head down. The terrain blurs and your eyes water. This is mountain biking, and you are the new breed of mountain man. Eighteen years ago, a group of road-racing cyclists created the sport of mountain biking by riding what they called "clunkers"—40-plus-pound bikes with a single gear—down fire trails in California's Marin County. The new sport required lots of bravado but relatively little effort—until it came time for the cyclists to ride their bikes back up. Necessity, as usual, mothered invention, and the tinkerers who take their play seriously got in on the action. Between 1974 and 1981, mountain biking's gestation period, designs improved and gears were added, though only about 3000 bikes were sold. Then it dawned on some unknown cyclist that the fat-tired, tough-spirited mountain bike had another venue: the potholes, broken glass and high curbs of the urban wilderness. It was far more suited to city riding than the fast yet fragile ten-speed road bike. With that vision in mind, two companies, Specialized and Univega, began to mass-produce mountain bikes. In the next six years, every bicycle manufacturer came out with its own version—many had entire lines—and most were ridden on city streets. The industry mushroomed; millions of mountain bikes were sold each year. And with popularity came demand for more sophistication. Despite the sturdy construction of the newer bikes, they did not always provide the most comfortable ride—especially for city pedalers used to urban comforts. So, in 1989, a number of companies began manufacturing bikes with shock-absorbing suspension systems, some patterned after motocross motorcycle designs. Overnight, weekday bicycle commuters became weekend mountain *(text concluded on page 136)*

The wild bunch of mountain men pictured here are stockbrokers, artists, engineers and executives. On weekends, they participate in mountain-men rendezvous and celebrate 19th Century customs. Rear, left to right: Robert "Squeaky" Smeltzer, David Weidner, Michael Klein, A. V. Pacific and Joseph "Buck" Butkovich. Front, left to right: Max Lowery, Ted "Black Wolf" Muller and Douglas Larner.

STYLING BY DALLAS PRINCE; GROOMING BY ALEXIS VOGEL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARC HAUSER

Bikes don't get much more radical-looking than the Monolith Suspension, an aluminum-frame, double-suspended mountain bike featuring a completely redesigned frame with integrated shock absorbers. Weighing in at just over 24 pounds, the bike offers excellent energy transfer from pedal to tire and is guaranteed to turn a few heads on the trails, $5500.

Part of Univega's professional line, the Team Shock-Blok is a bit stiff for beginning riders, but features such as Trispoke composite wheels, front and rear suspension and high-performance Suntour Micro Drive components make it a perfect choice for serious mountain men, about $2500.

The designers at Specialized were given an unlimited budget to create the ultimate mountain bike. The result: S-Warks Ultimate, a model critics have called "as perfect a bike as the human hand has yet constructed." With space-age composite-frame tubes and titanium lugs, it offers a responsiveness that's perfect for advanced riders—as well as for novices who don't mind dedicating a major portion of their time and budget to the sport, about $6500.

Cannondale has developed the Cadillac of mountain bikes with its Delta V2000. The dual suspension and multibraced aluminum tubing of the frame softens all but the most extreme bumps. If you're planning on doing a lot of trail and off-road riding, the solid heft of this bike and its complete Shimano Deore XT component group will lend confidence to your explorations, $2020.

The ne plus ultra of light bikes, the Dean Titanium weighs in at 21.4 pounds, making uphill climbs as close to enjoyable as possible—at least under your own pedal power. But make no mistake: Light in this case does not mean wimpy. When used as a construction material, titanium works as a built-in shock absorber, so you have the benefits of a suspension system without the added pounds, about $3500.

Gary Fisher was one of the original riders who developed the sport of mountain biking, so it should come as no surprise that the Fisher Alembic is at the forefront (generations ahead, some would argue) of mountain-bike design. The Alembic's sculpted carbon-fiber frame, motocross-style rear suspension, front suspension and the not-to-be-found-elsewhere disk brakes are among the latest features for riders who want to cover new ground, about $5000.

A good choice for beginning mountain bikers who want to progress quickly, the dual-suspended Trek 9500 with Shimano's XTR components combines good value and staying power. Its DDS3 suspension fork in front (designed with Showa, the Japanese suspension manufacturer that supplies Harley-Davidson) and no-nonsense shock absorber in the rear offer dependability, ridability and comfort with no maintenance problems, about $2600.

Where & How to Buy on page 159.

Refusing to fall for the latest fads, Bridgestone's designers build bikes that rely on rider technique, not technology. The MB-2 offers the dependability and longevity of steel tubing and has been lauded by cyclists nationwide as the classic mountain bike for purists who want quality at a comparatively low price. The MB-2 sets the standard against which innovation is judged, about $1060.

COSA NOSTRA (continued from page 92)

"Forty years ago a kid considered the crime family a career. Today he's likely to think about St. John's."

seafood permeates the air. Despite the fact that the market has shrunk by half in the past 30 years, it is still the nation's largest. Each year more than 125,000,000 pounds of seafood, worth hundreds of millions of dollars, are bought and sold within the market's quaint five-block radius.

In 1987 the federal government declared the area a Mafia-run enterprise and vowed to return it to legitimate owners. Using civil RICO legislation, a judge appointed an administrator to oversee market operations. When public hearings were held last May to reveal the administrator's findings, witnesses wore black hoods and testified from behind a screen, hoping to avoid Mob retribution.

The threat of violence has been an effective regulating factor in the market since the Twenties. In those days, Joseph "Socks" Lanza, a capo in the Genovese family, controlled all rackets through his role as business agent for Local 359 of the United Seafood Workers. The market became a world unto itself. Extortion, labor payoffs, gambling and obstruction of justice became enduring traditions.

In 1984 a market worker who was hijacking fish trucks was shot twice in the head and left to die on a market street. A few years later a local restaurateur parked his car in an unassigned location during market hours. He and a companion were pulled from the car and beaten with loading hooks and a hand truck. In the summer of 1990, when a worker who was banned from the market by one employer showed up to work for another, he was beaten with a lead pipe and wound up in the hospital. The incident occurred in a street crowded with workers and wholesalers. But when the cops asked around, there were no witnesses.

The mode of operation at the Fulton Fish Market is the same as that employed in other major Mob rackets, especially those in the garment trade, the International Longshoreman's Association and the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. The Mob ensures there will be little or no competition. Inflated licensing fees and union pension funds are used to line the pockets of Mafia members. The climate of violence is so pervasive that even the city abdicated its responsibilities to a brutal form of underworld justice.

No one is claiming today that the Mob has been eradicated from the Fulton Fish Market, but the government has finally established a presence. The city's Department of Investigation ran a sting operation on a group of illegal gun merchants in the market. Many fair-trade violations were cited, the violators were named in court documents and sanctions are being imposed. The city of New York was shamed into hiring managers and inspectors for the market.

Similar actions were taken against the ILA, the garment industry and the Teamsters. In the past three years state and civil RICO suits have been filed and government administrators assigned. In the case of the Teamsters, a 1989 civil racketeering suit resulted in a revolutionary change in leadership, with the union's national elections being opened to the rank and file for the first time in history.

"The big criminal convictions make the headlines," says Frederick Martens, executive director of the Pennsylvania Crime Commission. "But civil RICO has done more than all the criminal convictions put together to hit organized crime where it hurts most—at its economic base."

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With recent government successes in criminal and civil litigation, there's little doubt the Mafia has been wounded. But it would be wrong to give all the credit to American law enforcement. The decline of the Mafia has come about as much through evolutionary changes in society as through the actions of cops and prosecutors. The unionized industrial economy of postwar America has given way to a high-tech economy. Businesses such as the Fulton Fish Market are becoming a thing of the past. Urban political machines—once wide open to Mob corruption—have lost power to interest groups and political action committees.

Throughout society, Italian Americans have assimilated. Forty years ago a wayward working-class kid of Italian heritage might have considered the Gambino or Bonanno crime family as a career choice; today he's more likely to think about St. John's or Georgetown. Even those few who still opt for the criminal life do not feel bound by the rigid traditions of the past.

"These new guys just don't have it," says former FBI agent Pistone, whose testimony in various trials contributed to more than 200 indictments and 100 convictions. "When I was working undercover in the late Seventies, circulating among the Mob, you had the last of a generation that still respected the old values. Maybe their parents or relatives were born in Italy. They hardly ever left the neighborhood.

"Then came the yuppie generation. They don't speak Italian or care about the old country. Their whole attitude is, 'What can the Mob do for me?' They don't have any loyalty to anybody but themselves. Because people think like that, the Mob has no future."

Of course, even if the old order continues to wane, it will not happen quietly. The decline of the five families in New York has already brought about a high degree of anarchy. Last December, while Gotti was in jail awaiting trial, the Colombo family waged war among themselves during a bloody seven-day period. There were at least five shootings in Brooklyn restaurants and on the street, resulting in numerous injuries to innocent bystanders. "Right now [the Mob] has more of an incentive than ever to start whacking people," says the media star of Mob informants, Henry Hill, who is himself a tempting target.

One former mobster who is well aware of the organization's continued willingness to use violence is Peter Chiodo. His testimony against his former *paesani* in the Lucchese family brought mixed results. During his long convalescence from gunshot wounds and the stress of taking the witness stand, Chiodo shed more than 100 pounds. But Mafia hit men tried to murder his sister.

The shooting of Patricia Capozzalo, a mother of three and a PTA president at a local elementary school, was considered a major departure for the honored society. It violated an unwritten Mafia rule prohibiting the shooting of women and children and innocent family members. To some, it was further evidence of Cosa Nostra's fading code of honor, as well as its increasingly poor aim. Once again the hit men bungled the job. Capozzalo survived.

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On the streets of big cities all across America, the new world order has been asserting itself for years. Colombians control the importation of cocaine, doling it out to Jamaican and Dominican retailers. The Chinese oversee the heroin trade, in which Hispanic and black American gangs serve as distributors. Of today's gangsters, Jamaican posses and Vietnamese hoodlums are considered to be the most violent. The old *paesano* Mafia exists mostly in the movies.

(concluded on page 148)

THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW 30TH ANNIVERSARY

FROM JUST ABOUT EVERYBODY WHO WAS ANYBODY, THREE DECADES OF QUOTABLE QUOTES

IT WAS 1962, and Hugh Hefner was thinking of a new feature for his eight-year-old PLAYBOY magazine. Sifting through unpublished material, editors obliged with a partial manuscript in which a fledgling journalist named Alex Haley had interviewed jazz trumpeter Miles Davis. The musician spoke less of blue notes than of discord between blacks and whites, and Hef found his words compelling. Haley was dispatched to question Davis further, and when the completed interview appeared in September 1962, it launched what would become an institution: the *Playboy Interview*. In the ensuing three decades, we have published "candid conversations" with more than 300 notable personalities—box office stars and batting champs, heads of state and assassins, scholars and scoundrels. Eminent journalists who have conducted them include Nat Hentoff, Kenneth Tynan, Tom Wicker, Alvin Toffler and Mike Wallace. In honor of this 30th anniversary, we've culled quotes from our archives—odd zingers, revelations and, on occasion, pretty lousy predictions.

I AM WHAT I AM . . .

"I'm a nymphomaniac of the heart."
—GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ, *February 1983*

"I am a spy of life."
—LECH WALESA, *February 1982*

"I am a mass of contradictions."
—BARBRA STREISAND, *October 1977*

"I am a mass of contradictions."
—RICHARD BURTON, *September 1963*

"I'm not homosexual."
—EDWARD KOCH, *April 1982*

"I'm not a Japan basher."
—LEE IACOCCA, *January 1991*

"I'm a megalomaniac."
—ROMAN POLANSKI, *December 1971*

"I'm a genetic mutant."
—DAN AYKROYD, *May 1977*

"I'm naturally throbbing."
—WOODY ALLEN, *May 1967*

PARALLEL LIVES

"I discovered masturbation to orgasm when I was about 13, and I was sure nobody else had ever done it."
—ERICA JONG, *September 1975*

"I had a patent on masturbation when I was 12. I thought I invented it."
—ROMAN POLANSKI, *December 1971*

"I drink for the honorable purpose of getting bagged."
—JACKIE GLEASON, *December 1962*

"I'm for anything that gets you through the night, be it prayer, tranquilizers or a bottle of Jack Daniel's."
—FRANK SINATRA, *February 1963*

"When I was in junior high school, the teachers voted me the student most likely to end up in the electric chair."
—SYLVESTER STALLONE, *September 1978*

"Most of the class clowns in my high school are doing time now."
—DAVID LETTERMAN, *October 1984*

"Leona Helmsley is a truly evil human being."
—DONALD TRUMP, *March 1990*

"Donald Trump is a snake."
—LEONA HELMSLEY, *November 1990*

GOOD CALL

"The Soviet Union is going to have a human-rights explosion. You'll have hundreds of thousands of dissidents."
—ANDREW YOUNG, *July 1977*

"I don't believe in leaving anything to be inherited."
—ROBERT MAXWELL, *October 1991*

"If we burn ourselves out with drugs or alcohol, we won't have long to go in this business."
—JOHN BELUSHI, *May 1977*

"Who could follow Carson? Well, believe me, somebody can—and will."
—JOHNNY CARSON, *December 1967*

BAD CALL

"I don't need bodyguards."
—JIMMY HOFFA, *December 1975*

"The human race may well become extinct before the end of the century."
—BERTRAND RUSSELL, *March 1963*

"I'm not apt to be getting married in the near future and my lifestyle isn't apt to dramatically change as a result of any new relationship."
—HUGH HEFNER, *January 1974*

"I'll always stay connected with Apple."
—STEVEN JOBS, *February 1985*

"We are eliminating poverty in this country faster than any society ever."
—WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR., *May 1970*

"I really do plan to get out of show business within five years or so."
—BILL COSBY, *May 1969*

"No national political party is going to nominate another right-wing candidate for a long time."
—ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR., *May 1966*

"I believe that all of us ought to retire relatively young."
—FIDEL CASTRO, *January 1967*

"After all these investigations, that's exactly what they're going to find out: This is a great department."
—DARYL GATES, *August 1991*

"Racism, pollution and the rest of it are themselves very close to extinction."
—R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER, *February 1972*

LUST AND BEYOND

"When I was 16 years old, I fucked Warren Beatty. Just like that. I did it because my girlfriends were so crazy about him, and so was my mother."
—CHER, *December 1988*

"The great American formula for sex is: a kiss on the lips, a hand on the breasts and a dive for the pelvis."
—DR. WILLIAM MASTERS, *November 1979*

"My reaction to porn films is as follows: After the first ten minutes, I want to go home and screw. After the first 20 minutes, I never want to screw again as long as I live."
—ERICA JONG, *September 1975*

"I've never been to an orgy, honestly. If I was invited to one, I'd be the guy they sent out for cold cuts."
—WOODY ALLEN, *May 1967*

"Giving head to your woman is dangerous because it gives the Devil introduction into the vagina."
—NORMAN MAILER, *January 1968*

"There's an unfortunate obsession in this country with mammary glands. No matter how fantastic a girl's breasts are, if that's all she's got, they just hang there like two worthless tits."
—RAQUEL WELCH, *January 1970*

"A man has a sense of detachment from his penis. He walks around with a stranger in his pants."
—GAY TALESE, *May 1980*

"I have nothing against homosexuals. You should fuck whoever the fuck you feel like fucking."
—EDDIE MURPHY, *February 1990*

"The censors say they're protecting the family unit in America, when the reality is, if you suck a tit, you're an X, but if you cut it off with a sword, you're a PG."
—JACK NICHOLSON, *April 1972*

"I've looked on a lot of women with lust. I've committed adultery in my heart many times."
—JIMMY CARTER, *November 1976*

"A young man called and said, 'Dr. Ruth, my girlfriend and I love each other very much. We want to get married.' I said, 'Good. What's your problem?' He said, 'My girlfriend likes to toss fried onion rings on my erect penis.'"
—DR. RUTH WESTHEIMER, *January 1986*

"I'm sort of hot-blooded. That doesn't mean necessarily I'm promiscuous. It means I really enjoy sex."
—JOHN TRAVOLTA, *December 1978*

BLACK AND WHITE

"I'm not colorless—I'm black. It's not something I consciously think about. It just is. It's like having a dick. You don't think about having a dick. You just have one."
—WHOOPI GOLDBERG, *June 1987*

"I've never met a black nigger—so black he looks purple—that can talk and think. All the really black niggers are Uncle Toms or revolutionists, or they want to loaf, loot and rape."
—GEORGE UNCOLN ROCKWELL, *April 1966*

"I've never seen black men with fine white women. They be ugly. Mugly, dogs. And you always see white men with good-looking black women."
—SPIKE LEE, *July 1991*

"I don't feel guilty that five or ten generations ago these people were slaves. Now, I'm not condoning slavery. It's just a fact of life."
—JOHN WAYNE, *May 1971*

"Christ wasn't white. Christ was black."
—MALCOLM X, *May 1963*

"My fondest hope is that *Roots* may start black, white, brown, red, yellow people digging back for their own roots. Man, that would make me feel 90 feet tall."
—ALEX HALEY, *January 1977*

"Whites in this country have reacted to the demands of blacks only after disorder. Until Watts blew up, Los Angeles was not prepared to do much about it."
—WILLIAM SLOANE COFFIN, *August 1968*

"Our white brothers must be made to understand that nonviolence is a weapon fabricated of love. It is a sword that heals."
—MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., *January 1965*

HOLIER THAN THOU

"When lip service to some mysterious deity permits bestiality on Wednesday and absolution on Sunday—cash me out."
—FRANK SINATRA, *February 1963*

"I love gentiles. In fact, one of my favorite activities is Protestant spotting."
—MEL BROOKS, *October 1966*

"At the moment of climax, there is a oneness with you and your husband and God. When you come together, it's like when the church is brought up to meet Christ in the air."
—ANITA BRYANT, *May 1978*

"God is good when He gives us a grilled steak."
—ANTHONY BURGESS, *September 1974*

"Remember, Jesus was on Eighth Avenue with the prostitutes. He wasn't uptown or in Washington, D.C."
—MARTIN SCORSESE, *April 1991*

"I found Christ. I had a revelation while I was watching *Monday Night Football*."
—TERRY BRADSHAW, *March 1980*

KNOW THYSELF

"Look, man, all I am is a trumpet player."
—MILES DAVIS, *September 1962*

"Ain't never been another fighter like me. Ain't never been no *nothing* like me."
—CASSIUS CLAY, *October 1964*

"I'm sure if somebody were pointing a gun at me and I were standing there with a six-pack, I'd say, 'Care for one?'"
—CLINT EASTWOOD, *February 1974*

"Are there any writers on the literary scene whom I consider truly great? Yes: Truman Capote."
—TRUMAN CAPOTE, *March 1968*

"How long can you be cute?"
—GOLDIE HAWN, *January 1985*

"If I were courageous, I would have killed Qaddafi when I interviewed him."
—ORIANA FALLACI, *November 1981*

"I'm a very oral person. I like licking a lot. I also like barking."
—ERICA JONG, *September 1975*

"I must admit, it would be nice if I had a few more exciting personal qualities than I do."
—GEORGE MCGOVERN, *August 1971*

"Not one man has ever told me I'm beautiful—in my entire life. I think that's what's made me the aggressive wreck I am today."
—JOAN RIVERS, *November 1986*

WHO KNEW?

"I'd like to be a song and dance man."
—WALTER CRONKITE, *June 1973*

"I've always wanted to be Brigitte Bardot."
—BOB DYLAN, *March 1966*

AFFAIRS OF STATE

"Sometimes even powerlessness has a power of its own. Who is it who took India? Some guy in his underwear."
—JERRY BROWN, *April 1976*

"Big nations are like chickens. They like to make big noises, but very often it is no more than squabbling."
—DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER, *December 1963*

"The popular view of Eisenhower among educated Eastern people was that he was a boob."
—PAT MOYNIHAN, *March 1977*

"Ford is a fucking bimbo. Even in that famous picture of him making his own breakfast, he was marmalading the wrong side of his English muffin."
—ABBIE HOFFMAN, *May 1976*

"This country has been strip-mined by rich and powerful interests. If you don't like what they're doing, don't just sit there. Vote them out."
—RALPH NADER, *June 1992*

"Bush is into the Contra business up to his eyeballs."
—GORE VIDAL, *December 1987*

EXIT LINES

"Death comes along like a gas bill one can't pay."
—ANTHONY BURGESS, *September 1974*

"If I die tonight and you wake up tomorrow, don't send flowers. Don't come around with your tears. Picket. Go to PTA meetings. Fight for higher wages. Make the most of it."
—JESSE JACKSON, *November 1969*

"I had a dream that Connie Chung is doing a newscast about my death and they show a clip from *Soap*."
—BILLY CRYSTAL, *March 1988*

"I shall never cease to be sensual—even on my deathbed. If the doctor is young and handsome, I shall draw him into my arms."
—TENNESSEE WILLIAMS, *April 1973*

WORDS OF WISDOM

"The most repulsive thing you could ever imagine is the inside of a camel's mouth. That and watching a girl eat octopus or squid."
—MARLON BRANDO, *January 1979*

"I know that if you leave dishes in the sink, they get sticky and hard to wash the next day."
—ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER, *January 1988*

"When in doubt, go for the dick joke."
—ROBIN WILLIAMS, *January 1992*

as kickoff approaches, our pigskin predictor names the year's big winners

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST

sports by Danny Sheridan

LAST JANUARY'S Super Bowl seemed to have only one dramatic moment: the excruciating pause while the instant-replay refs decided whether Art Monk's right toes were in or out of bounds on an apparent touchdown reception from Mark Rypien. On the field, officials ruled it a good catch, but the video betrayed Monk's misstep. As the Redskins wrote a brilliant ending to their dominant year, piling up points and throttling the Bills, it began to look as if that call would be the only significant play of the game: Monk's diving catch was thought to have saved the instant replay.

But upon further review, it didn't manage even that. During their off-season meetings, NFL team owners abolished the use of instant replay. Monk's noncatch aside, the owners were probably right to do so. Too often last year, officials seemed to cede their authority to the geniuses in the replay booths, and there's no question that it extended games, which are already long enough. How many hours does anyone want to watch Green Bay versus Phoenix?

More importantly, the focus belongs on the field, where football's brutal, graceful appeal is played out in the huge, roaring arenas of the NFL. Anything that shuts up the crowd is bound to be a negative, and few things silenced a stadium like that tape-delay officiating.

So this year, the show goes on—without the reruns. That goes for the next Super Bowl as well: Neither Washington nor Buffalo will be back. This time it'll be Philadelphia and Houston, with the Eagles coming out on top.

There's no way I'd pick the AFC to win a Super Bowl. Here's why. Before Pete Rozelle retired as NFL commissioner three years ago, he proclaimed that the league had achieved parity. Pete obviously has a great sense of humor. In the last five years of his reign, NFC teams won every Super Bowl (and have since added three more victories to the string). Most of the games have been either laughers or snoozers, depending on the quality of the ads. During the NFC's eight-year run to daylight (and Disneyland), they beat their AFC opponents by an aggregate score of 297–125. That's parity?

Apparently, there isn't a great deal of parity along the sidelines, either. Nine teams—the Bengals, Packers, Colts, Rams, Vikings, Steelers, Chargers, Seahawks and Buccaneers—replaced coaches after last season. The new head honchos are in their glory right now, during open season on optimism. Once the schedule gets going, however, only two look to succeed: Chuck Knox in L.A. and Sam Wyche in Tampa Bay. Of course, for these franchises, success is relative.

Now that the owners have temporarily stopped replacing coaches, they are ready to move on to their next big headache: the players' bid for free agency. We all know how that has worked in baseball, where the owners annually cry "Stop us before we spend again."

Compounding the coming money problems is the league's deal with the networks. The TV people overbid on the privilege of broadcasting games, and now they're asking for $220,000,000 in givebacks over the remaining two years of the current NFL contract. The league agreed to

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BENNY

11

THIS SEASON'S WINNERS

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Eastern Division.....Philadelphia Eagles
Central Division.....Chicago Bears
Western Division.....San Francisco 49ers
Wild Cards
Dallas Cowboys / Washington Redskins / New Orleans Saints
NFC Champion.....Philadelphia Eagles

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Eastern Division.....Buffalo Bills
Central Division.....Houston Oilers
Western Division.....Denver Broncos
Wild Cards
Cleveland Browns / Kansas City Chiefs / Los Angeles Raiders
AFC Champion.....Houston Oilers

Super Bowl Champion
PHILADELPHIA EAGLES

PLAYBOY'S 1992 PRE-SEASON ALL-PRO TEAM

OFFENSE

JIM KELLY, Buffalo.....QUARTERBACK
BARRY SANDERS, Detroit.....RUNNING BACK
THURMAN THOMAS, Buffalo.....RUNNING BACK
JERRY RICE, San Francisco.....WIDE RECEIVER
MICHAEL IRVIN, Dallas.....WIDE RECEIVER
ERIC GREEN, Pittsburgh.....TIGHT END
JIM LACHEY, Washington.....TACKLE
ANTHONY MUNOZ, Cincinnati.....TACKLE
RANDALL MCDANIEL, Minnesota.....GUARD
STEVE WISNIEWSKI, Los Angeles Raiders.....GUARD
BRUCE MATTHEWS, Houston.....CENTER

DEFENSE

REGGIE WHITE, Philadelphia.....END
WILLIAM FULLER, Houston.....END
MICHAEL DEAN PERRY, Cleveland.....TACKLE
RAY CHILDRESS, Houston.....TACKLE
VINCENT BROWN, New England.....INSIDE LINEBACKER
CORNELIUS BENNETT, Buffalo.....OUTSIDE LINEBACKER
PAT SWILLING, New Orleans.....OUTSIDE LINEBACKER
DARRELL GREEN, Washington.....CORNERBACK
ROD WOODSON, Pittsburgh.....CORNERBACK
STEVE ATWATER, Denver.....SAFETY
BUBBA MCDOWELL, Houston.....SAFETY

SPECIALTIES

RICH CAMARILLO, Phoenix.....PUNTER
MORTEN ANDERSEN, New Orleans.....PLACE KICKER
REYNA THOMPSON, New York Giants.....SPECIAL TEAMS
MEL GRAY, Detroit.....KICK AND PUNT RETURNER
JOE GIBBS, Washington.....HEAD COACH

offer a paltry $28,000,000 ($1,000,000 per club), which didn't go over well with TV executives. Expect hard bargaining when the two sides negotiate a new multiyear contract that will begin with the 1995 season.

If the TV deal and free agency put a double squeeze on the owners, we all know who is going to pay: the fans. Welcome to the world of five-dollar hot dogs, ten-dollar beers, forty-dollar grandstand seats. The owners are gearing up to present NFL games on pay-per-view TV in two years, so your couch may not come cheap, either.

But enough about issues that have more to do with finances than with football. It's time to take a look around the league to see which teams will be in the hunt for Super Bowl XXVII.

EASTERN DIVISION
NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Philadelphia Eagles	13–3
Dallas Cowboys	11–5
Washington Redskins	11–5
New York Giants	8–8
Phoenix Cardinals	4–12

Philadelphia's Rich Kotite deserved serious consideration for Coach of the Year in 1991. Maybe he'll get it this year when he guides his **Eagles** into the Super Bowl. Kotite's debut as helmsman easily could have turned into a nightmare after quarterback Randall Cunningham blew out his knee. But the Eagles still managed to win ten games and just missed the play-offs.

Cunningham figures to upgrade Philadelphia's offense dramatically, which will be gravy for the Eagles: The team's strength is its overpowering defense. Philadelphia was number one in the NFL against both the run and the pass. Despite the loss of All-Pro defensive tackle Jerome Brown, who died in an auto accident in June, Philly still has four All-Pro defenders: linemen Reggie White (15 sacks), Clyde Simmons (13 sacks), linebacker Seth Joyner and cornerback Eric Allen. The puny offense the Eagles had without Cunningham was mostly supplied by all-purpose back Keith Byars and wide receiver Fred Barnett. The Eagles simply need to move the ball more. With Cunningham and Herschel Walker around, they should be able to move it all the way to Pasadena, home of Super Bowl XXVII.

Three years ago in Dallas, **Cowboys** fans loathed the J&J boys—new team owner Jerry Jones and new head coach Jimmy Johnson—because of the way coach Tom Landry was shunted aside. They went 1–15 in that first season.

But things have gone pretty well since then. They pulled off perhaps the biggest sting ever perpetrated in modern pro *(continued on page 142)*

"When I leave this enchanted forest, I'll forget all about what, little man?"

FLY GIRLS

forget the window seat. the best view is from the aisle

SHE DRAPES a blanket over you. You begin to nod off. You hear, through that special fog of travel fatigue, "Place it over your nose and mouth and breathe normally." You start to dream, with that voice seductively leading you off, because you know you are in good hands. The flight attendant, after all, has inspired more male fantasies than any other post-industrial worker. Part of this is because of her position: She is in front of 250 people, all facing in the same direction. This does not often happen in nature. Flight attendants are well dressed, highly competent, often extremely attractive women who also seem to be in really good moods. They are never, never, never afraid of flying. This is a winning combination. This is a sexy combination. When a flight attendant walks into a roomful of men who are prone to fall in love, you hear a lot of hearts hit the floor. Flight attendants also live lives that are much more interesting than the rest of ours. They can drink café au lait in Paris in the morning, walk their way across the Atlantic at 35,000 feet and still catch a Bulls home game that evening. They also have the flight-hardened social skills to make all that competence seem, well, less daunting. Trouble is, when you find a flight attendant who captures your heart, chances are you'll never see her again. It was with that in mind that we thought to give you these second looks. An entire new generation of flight attendants has earned wings since the last time we featured them in a PLAYBOY pictorial (*Perfect Attendants*, May 1980). Figuring it was time to catch up, we dispatched Associate Photographer Steve Conway and Contributing Photographers David Chan and David Mecey to see if our nation's skies were as friendly as ever. Good news, as you'll see here: They are.

Attention passengers, your flight is now boarding. Greeting us on the tarmac (opposite, from left) are heavenly hostesses Kathi Tucker, Vicki Anderson and Reneé Turner. We'll have stopovers with Vicki and Reneé later. As for Kathi (also pictured above in a decidedly more down-to-earth fashion), she has logged quite a few miles since her birth in Ketchikan, Alaska. One of ten semifinalists in the 1983 Miss USA contest, she spent four years as a professional football cheerleader. Kathi has also impersonated Barbie dolls during toy-department promotions for Seattle-area stores; at home she devotes quality time to her "two beautiful children."

Here's Vicki Anderson ogoin (strutting her stuff at left, on the move above). This frequent flyer from Missouri opparently has o thing for turbulence: In addition to broving the oisles of commerciol jets, she enjoys bungee jumping ond skydiving os port of her regular thrill-seeking routine. How will she continue to finonce these expensive hobbies? "I'll moke a million or marry o million." Texan Holly Mortin (below ond right) gove some of our troops o lift when she flew them to Saudi Arabio during Operotion Desert Storm. However, she may eventuolly trode in airplanes for oirwaves os she pursues her dream of becoming o veejoy for MTV. Stoy tuned.

You're more likely to spot Lisa Gilbert (left) Rollerbloding or water-skiing at the beoch than cruising the skies at 30,000 feet. That's becouse the Florido notive can't get enough of worm ond exotic climes. Also hooked on toning up ond trips to the gym, she's on the lookout for "athletic men with brood shoulders who ore romantic and sensitive." Elizabeth Olson (in ond out of uniform, above and right) shores Lisa's passion for the physical. She's a self-confessed rocquetball enthusiost and football (Miomi Hurricanes ond Dallas Cowboys) fanatic. A beouty-pageant finalist ond a groduote of the University of Miomi, Elizabeth is combining her business savvy, design sense and love of the gridiron to sell her custom-crafted footboll-player earrings, then hopes to use the cash to put a down payment on o Ferrari. That's Reneé Turner again (on coll, below right, and off-duty, below). A former beoutician from Texos who now lives in Pennsylvanio, Reneé likes leoving the cabin for less pressurized activities: cooking, comping and jogging.

Another Texon, Tino Heidrich (below), moy look os if she has plenty of time to burn, but don't keep her waiting or lose your woy in troffic: She con't stond people who ore chronicolly late or "ignoront drivers." When she doesn't hove her heod in the clouds, her feet are firmly plonted in her gorden. Ruth Ice (opposite) hos abandoned her in-flight career for one in which she con tell pilots just where to go (right). She's o customer service and operotions rep ot an Indiana oirport. Among friends, she'll cop a doy of jet-skiing and volleyboll with one of her famous theme parties.

BEAST (continued from page 80)

"'Man's so damn desperate for somebody with a decent chin, he'll throw in a weekend with his wife.'"

He hears Leon rasping at someone, smells his cigar, then spots a dark interruption in the light. Not having to see Leon, he thinks, is one of the few virtues of being legally blind. He is unsightly, a chocolate-colored blob of a man with jowls and yellow teeth and a belly that hangs over his belt. The waist of Mears's boxing trunks would not fit over one of Leon's thighs. He is especially unsightly when he lies, which is often—weakness comes into his face, his popped eyes dart, the pink tip of the tongue slimes the gristly upper lip. He looks much better as a blur in an onion-colored shirt and dark trousers.

"Got a fight for us, my man." Leon drops onto a folding chair beside him, and the chair yields a metallic creak. "Mexican name Nazario. We gon' kick his fuckin' ass!"

This is the same thing Leon said about the Cuban, the same thing he said about every opponent. But this time he may actually be sincere. "Guy's made for us," he continues. "Comes straight ahead. Good hook, but a nothin' right. No fancy bullshit." He claps Bobby on the leg. "We need a W bad, man. We whup this guy in style, I can get us a main event on ESPN next month in Wichita."

Mears is dubious. "Fighting who?"

"Vederotta," says Leon, hurrying past the name to say the Nazario fight is in two weeks. "We can be ready by then, can't we, sure, we be ready, we gon' kill that motherfucker."

"That guy calls himself the Heat? Guy everybody's been duckin'?"

"Wasn't for everybody duckin' him, I couldn't get us the fight. He's tough, I ain't gon' tell you no lie. He busts people up. But check it out, man. Our end's twenty grand. Like that, Bobby? Tuh-wenty thousand dollars."

"You shittin' me?"

"They fuckin' desperate. They can't get nobody to fight the son of a bitch. They need a tune-up for a title shot." Leon sucks on his cigar, trying to puff it alight. "It's your ass out there, man. I'll do what you tell me. But we get past Nazario, we show good against Vederotta—I mean give him a few strong rounds, don't just fold in one—guy swears he'll book us three more fights on ESPN cards. Maybe not the main event, but TV bouts. That'd make our year, man. Your end could work out to forty, forty-five."

"You get that in writin' 'bout the three more fights?"

"Pretty sure. Man's so damn desperate for somebody with a decent chin, he'll throw in a weekend with his wife."

"I don't want his damn wife, I want it in writin' 'bout the fights."

"You ain't seen his wife! That bitch got a wiggle take the kinks outta a couch spring." Delighted by his wit, Leon laughs; the laugh turns into a wet, racking cough.

"I'm gon' need you on this one," says Mears after the coughing has subsided. "None of this bullshit 'bout you runnin' round all over after dope and pussy while I'm bustin' my balls in the gym, and then showin' up when the bell rings. I'm gon' need you really working. You hear that, Leon?"

Leon's breath comes hard. "I hear you."

"Square business, man. You gotta write me a book on that Vederotta dude."

"I'll do my thing," says Leon, wheezing. "You just take care of old Senor Nazario."

The deal concluded, Mears feels exposed, as if a vast, luminous eye—God's, perhaps—is shining on him, revealing all his frailties. He sits up straight, holds his head very still, rubs his palms along the tops of his thighs, certain that everyone is watching. Leon's breathing is hoarse and labored, like last breaths. The light is beginning to tighten up around that sound, to congeal into something cold and gray, like a piece of dirty ice in which they are all embedded.

Mears thinks of Vederotta, the things he's heard. The one-round knockouts, the vicious beatings. He knows he's just booked himself a world of hurt. As if in resonance with that thought, his vision ripples and there is a twinge inside his head, a little flash of red. He grips the seat of the chair, prepares for worse. But worse does not come, and after a minute or so, he begins to relax, thinking about the money, slipping back into the peace of morning in the gym, with the starred light shining from on high and the enthusiastic shouts of the young fighters and the slap of leather making a rhythm like a river slapping against a bank and the fat man who is not his friend beginning to breathe easier now beside him.

•

When Mears phones his ex-wife, Amandla, the next night, he sits on the edge of the bed and closes his eyes so he can see her clearly. She's wearing her blue robe, slim-hipped and light-skinned, almost like a Latin girl, but her features are fine and eloquently African and her hair is kept short in the way of a girl from Brazzaville or Conakry. He remembers how good she looks in big-hoop gold earrings. He remembers so much sweetness, so much consolation and love. She simply had not been able to bear his pain, coming home with butterfly patches over his stitched eyes, pissing blood at midnight, having to heave himself up from a chair like an old man. It was a weakness in her, he thinks, yet he knows it was an equivalent weakness in him, that fighting is his crack, his heroin—he would not give it up for her.

She picks up on the fourth ring, and he says, "How you been, baby?"

She hesitates a moment before saying, "Aw, Bobby, what you want?" But she says it softly, plaintively, so he'll know that though it's not a good thing to call, she's glad to hear his voice, anyway.

"Nothin', baby," he says. "I don't want nothin'. I just called to tell you I'll be sendin' money soon. Few weeks, maybe."

"You don't have to. I'm makin' it all right."

"Don't tell me you can't use a little extra. You got responsibilities."

A faded laugh. "I hear that."

There is silence for a few beats, then Mears says, "How's your mama holdin' up?"

"Not so good. Half the time I don't think she knows who I am. She goes to wanderin' off sometimes, and I got to——" She breaks off, lets air hiss out between her teeth. "I'm sorry, Bobby. This ain't your trouble."

That stings him, but he does not respond directly to it. "Well, maybe I send you a little somethin', you can ease back from it."

"I don't want to short you."

"You ain't gon' be shortin' me, baby." He tells her about Nazario, the $20,000, but not about Vederotta.

"Twenty thousand!" she says. "They givin' you twenty thousand for fightin' a man you say's easy? That don't make any sense."

"Ain't like I'm just off the farm. I still got a name."

"Yeah, but you——"

"Don't worry about it," he says angrily, knowing that she's about to remind him he's on the downside. "I got it under control."

Another silence. He imagines that he can hear her irritation in the static on the line.

"But I do worry," she says. "God (continued on page 150)

"If that's my mail-order bride, I'm suing the post office."

DENNIS MILLER

After a six-year sit as the sardonic saboteur of current events and of all things political on "Saturday Night Live's" Weekend Update, Dennis Miller has settled into a hotter seat on the front lines of the late-night talk-show wars. And so far, "The Dennis Miller Show," which airs on 134 stations, has claimed a healthy slice of the insomniac set. If Arsenio is "fun, folks and treacle," Miller offers a late-night hour of cultural wisecracking and lethal wit.

Miller, who grew up in Pittsburgh as a self-described nerd in a city famous for burly steelworkers and football players, remembers the incident that forever leveled the playing field with his cooler, tougher peers. "I was sitting next to this star football player in tenth grade. I made some funny comment, and he just became a puddle of laughter. It was great. I was hooked on the power of the humor thing."

When writer Wayne Kalyn met up with Miller in his Sunset Boulevard office, which looked like a page ripped out of an IKEA catalog, Miller was suffering from PMS—pre-monolog syndrome: checking his watch, fiddling with his car keys, glancing at the laminated baseball card of Roberto Clemente that sits on his desk. "Once the questions started, he was charming, self-effacing and, yes, happy." Chalk it up to the mysteries of Pittsburgh. "You don't buy your own bullshit when you come from that city," says Miller. "It keeps you grounded."

1.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any idea how big your Q rating is right now?

the thinking man's smart aleck on shampoo rotation, comedy slaves and the care and feeding of the smirk

MILLER: Early on in television, you are as fascinated by your Q factor as you are by your IQ. So I leave the Q factor in the IQ realm. You'd love to find out what it is, but everybody says that you shouldn't know your IQ: It kind of fucks you up. Ditto with your Q factor. If it's very high, you probably start to let down a little, assuming that your mere presence will appease the crowds. And if it's too low, you think, Oh, shit, I'm not connecting.

2.

PLAYBOY: Give us the Dennis Miller regimen for beautiful hair.

MILLER: Rotate those mid-priced shampoos every five or six weeks. It's like crop rotation: Every six weeks, go from Vidal Sassoon to that Infusium because you have to keep tricking your hair. If it gets too used to something, it's like a dosage: Eventually, it doesn't work on it anymore. It wants more.

3.

PLAYBOY: Have you seen a political cause about which you couldn't get cynical?

MILLER: I wouldn't say much of my cynicism is contrived, but it is amplified for my act. Being a news guy is a bigger-than-life thing: You have to be a pisser. But I'm not that misanthropic in my day-to-day life. I tend to want to believe politicians. The system is so big it's out of hand. Politicians believe they're going to accomplish some good, but once they get in the job, they find the system is nuts.

Bush seems like a nice guy to me, and people want to crucify him for that. I saw him speak one night, and we chatted briefly afterward. He told me a story about his son's baseball team having a handicapped person throw out the first ball. It was one of those stories that the cynics and jaded people in this culture will jump on you for and say, "Oh, what hokum bullshit." But this guy almost cried relating this story about how proud he was of his son and the team and the handicapped person.

I view the government the way I view New York City. It's a great town. I don't know if they can fix it, though. It just moves of its own accord. We kind of go along for the ride. Now the pipes are all starting to break. You fix the pipes and do the best you can. But we're never going to make it Oz again. That's the way I view the government: You hang on. It's going where it wants.

4.

PLAYBOY: Who's most intriguing of the current politicians?

MILLER: I'm fascinated by Dan Quayle. I find it interesting that there's a backlash against humorists who poke fun at Quayle. He's probably a great father. He probably hasn't cheated on his wife. Maybe he flirts a little—he is a good-looking man. And he's probably a nice guy. I'm just shocked that he's second in command of our country. He shouldn't have been second in command of the Hekawi tribe on *F Troop*, much less the most powerful nation on earth. Quayle kinda got lucky. He's like Dan Tanna's assistant, Binzer, on the old *Vegas* TV show: You let him answer the phone, but he shouldn't drive the T-bird. The thought that he might have the keys scares the shit out of everyone.

5.

PLAYBOY: The fate of many journalism majors is public relations. Why did you decide to give up the newsroom for the footlights?

MILLER: I majored in journalism because I had seen *All the President's Men* and liked the way they dressed. I got into it for the wrong reasons: I loved the plaid shirt with the crinkled tie and the Harris tweed jacket. I thought, That's the look for me, and jumped in. But I wanted out after the first day. I went in for a stringer job at a small weekly in Pittsburgh, and the editor told me that I would be paid by the line. The payment scale was in angstroms.

6.

PLAYBOY: A lot of comedians have alter egos. Is there a Wayne or a Garth or a Church Lady rattling around in you somewhere?

MILLER: I lack the chromosome to do impressions. I've never been attracted to theme characters. At *SNL*, when they used to put me in sketches once every two years, I'd be standing there in a medieval sketch with Jon Lovitz and Phil Hartman and everybody would be thinking, Oh, look. Jon does a very good King Arthur and Phil is an excellent Gawain. But what the fuck's the news guy doing there?

One time I actually contrived a character for *SNL* and answered all the people who wanted me to do a skit. It was a little French clown named Coco. Dana Carvey and Kevin Nealon were my partners. We had divining rods and we searched for water in the French countryside. We had beautiful pastel outfits, and all we did was prance. We each had our own walk. It was

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY COSTA

ethereal, completely counter to what I was known for. I used to do it as a cathartic thing. People, to this day, actually come up to me and say, "Well, how's Coco?" What sticks in people's minds is so weird.

7.

PLAYBOY: Could there be a movie in your future?

MILLER: I did a small part in a John Larroquette–Kirstie Alley film called *Madhouse*. I played the wacky office crony. I trailed Larroquette around saying, "If you don't get your ass into the office, they're going to can it." Acting isn't my cup of tea. I don't even think of myself as a talk-show host. I'm a stand-up comedian. This late-night stuff is a stretch for me.

8.

PLAYBOY: Sartorially speaking, what is the essential Dennis Miller?

MILLER: I'm getting Richard Lewis–like in my later life. I find myself wearing a lot of black. Richard got it passed on to him from June Carter Cash, and he's passed it on to me. We're the men in black. TV is predicated on your clothes. At *SNL*, you could write what you thought was the best joke in the world and you'd never hear from anybody about it. But if you picked a weird tie, Christ, you'd get a deluge of mail.

9.

PLAYBOY: Have you worked on your smirk in the mirror?

MILLER: My smirk has carried me through my career. People either like it or hate it. But they notice it. I don't read an article about me that doesn't describe me as smug. I actually looked up the definition of smug. I didn't even know what it meant. The job at *SNL* required me to be a pisser. I've seen guys sit in that chair and try to be meek and apologetic, and they got carried out in a body bag. I made a conscious decision when I sat there to have a discernible point of view. At least I looked like I deserved to be there. You owe that to the people. When an entertainer in a club asks me to sing along, or asks me where I'm from, or what I do for a living, I always think he doesn't have his shit together. It's like in *The Dating Game*, when a guy would give a bad answer. I had to leave the room. Hey, I have a penis, too. I feel connected to him in some way. I'm cringing for him.

10.

PLAYBOY: You don't do many marriage jokes. Is marriage funny?

MILLER: I don't do any jokes about my life. I don't want to sound too artsy-fartsy here, but you have to serve your talent master. I'm not an expansive talent who can write jokes about anything. I've never written jokes about changing my kid's diapers. George Carlin is brilliant at that. That's how he thinks. My sense of humor doesn't lead me to that. It's not like I have a shitload of those jokes I'm sitting on. I can't write that. I like to read the paper. I like to write about what's happening in the world—the inequities of this life, stuff that gets me angry. You're lucky you can write a joke about anything.

11.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us five synonyms for cynical?

MILLER: I bristle at the cynicism thing because I'm a positivist about my life. It's just my act. I know there's probably a hard-core group of Weather Underground fans out there who want you to be Rasputin in your day-to-day life. But I'm not. One word for cynicism would be unhappy. I'm not that unhappy. I might have been earlier in my life. When you're finding your way, everybody's a little confused and pissed off, but I'm thirty-eight and I have a kid and a wife I love, and I don't feel that cynical any longer.

12.

PLAYBOY: What is the surefire antidote to cynicism?

MILLER: A kid. A child is an answer to everything. My kid, Holden, has taught me why we're here.

13.

PLAYBOY: People trashed you when you first filled the *SNL* anchor chair. Now Kevin Nealon has run into some heavy flack. Give us a review of Nealon.

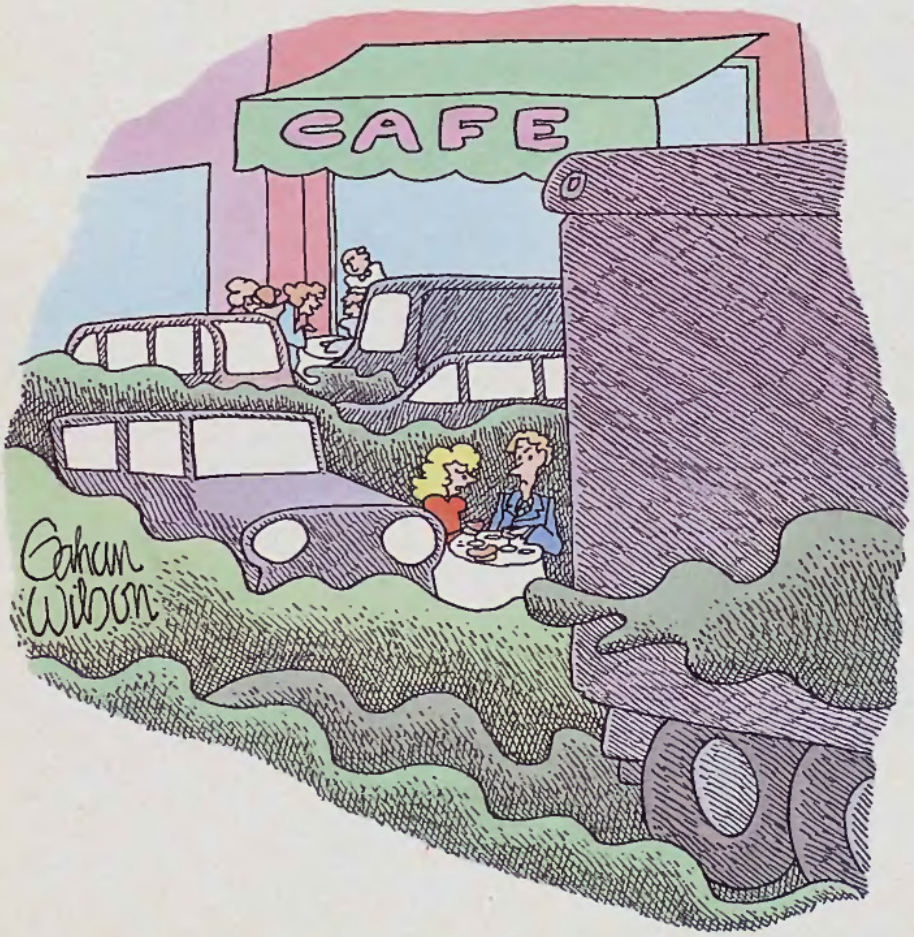
MILLER: I've seen Kevin only three times this year. Two of them were good and one wasn't, which is about the batting average for Weekend Update.

Lorne Michaels had a theory about Weekend Update: It's a fight and if you're still standing after taking a vicious body barrage in the first eight rounds, the audience looks up and says, "Maybe we should give him a chance." By round twelve you're their hero. By round fifteen you leave, and the whole process begins again.

14.

PLAYBOY: As you survey your compatriots on *SNL*, and some of the actors' careers that were snuffed out after they left the show, have you ever said, "There but for the grace of God go I"?

MILLER: I never view show biz like that. Anybody who enters through these gates, be forewarned: It is brutal. It is also fun and exhilarating—in some ways more noble than other jobs I've had in



"This is a terrible table!"

my life. But the Peter Principle does apply: If you choose to venture past the place that you are capable of handling adroitly, I don't feel much compassion. I know my place. I'm not a huge star. I'm a pretty good comedian. I'm pretty good with words—and I don't flinch. I try to play to those strengths. Then there are the talents who want to be the Renaissance men of show biz. Good, fine. Let's figure out ten more ways to get your ass kicked by this business.

15.

PLAYBOY: What was the booking agent thinking when he scheduled Sinéad O'Connor and Andrew Dice Clay on the same show? Were you tempted to join Nora Dunn and say I'm outta here?

MILLER: Not at all. I'm a worker in the hive. I never thought for a second about walking out on the show—and nobody else did, either. Nobody begrudges Nora for what she did. She didn't want to work with the Diceman, and she didn't.

I know some people are deeply offended by his work. If you don't like him, you don't go to see him. It seems simple to me. It seems mad to try to stop him from performing. I remember when I first moved to L.A., I used to hang out at the Comedy Store. It's a very competitive place. It's like gladiators' school. When I would sit out on the front porch, Clay always, always, without fail, would come up to me and say, "How are you? I saw you a couple of nights ago. You're fine." So what do I judge a man on: How he is or what his act is? Whenever I hear an act, I never assume it's a person's deepest beliefs.

Who knows where Sinéad's head is? Does she not go from defending Public Enemy's right to say anything it wants to not appearing with this man because of what he says from day to day? She's a nice-hearted kid, a woman with real sensitivity. But she gets confused.

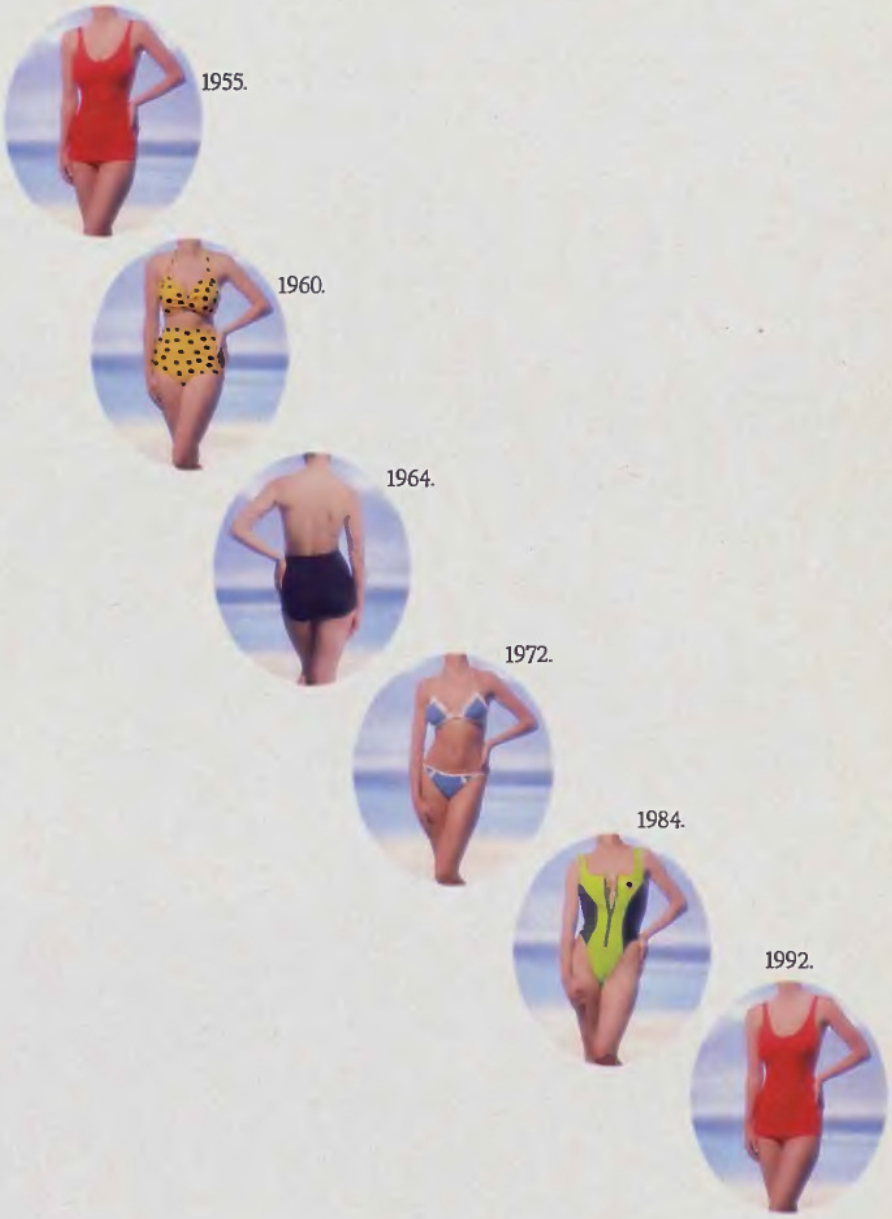
16.

PLAYBOY: You were a nerd as a teenager. What do you understand about hipness now that might have changed everything if you knew it back then?

MILLER: I learned that it's so unhip to think you're hip. It's about having a perspective and adhering to it. And adhering to it in an unflappable way. Don't you love people who have formed personal codes and adhere to them? It's the most intoxicating thing in life. We then consider that person to be figured out. Is there anything hipper than a figured-out person? I don't think so. So I would say to all those kids who are strange: The exit polls don't tell the whole tale; wait till the vote's in.

17.

PLAYBOY: During the early part of your career, who did you see when you looked into the mirror?



MILLER: Three people influenced me at the beginning of my career. I saw Robin Williams' first HBO special, which I found incredible. He was so unbridled on stage; he was speaking in tongues. Although I never took the path Robin did, I have a chance to think on my feet more on the show and have him in mind when I cut up.

Jay Leno taught me that you don't have to be an asshole to be in show biz. I met him in Pittsburgh, and his work ethic impressed me immensely, his normal approach to it. He is the nicest, straightest guy in the world. So that freed me up in a way.

The third person was Richard Belzer. He was performing at Caroline's oldest club, on Eighth Avenue in New York in the early Eighties. He was brutal with audiences. It was a tour de force. One woman said, "Do a Jagger imitation!" And Belzer said, "What am I, your fuckin' comedy pet? Why don't I go down there and fuck you in front of your husband?" I had been a comic who sucked up to the crowds. Belzer taught me one thing that night: The audience doesn't necessarily want to like you. They want you to make them laugh. It was like, bam, the sword from the stone.

18.

PLAYBOY: According to you, America is a cultural wasteland. What part of the wasteland do you embrace?

MILLER: I embrace all of it. I'm just a regular guy, living in the Valley. I have a wife, a kid and a car. I get paid to be a smart shit. It amazes me that that has happened in my life.

19.

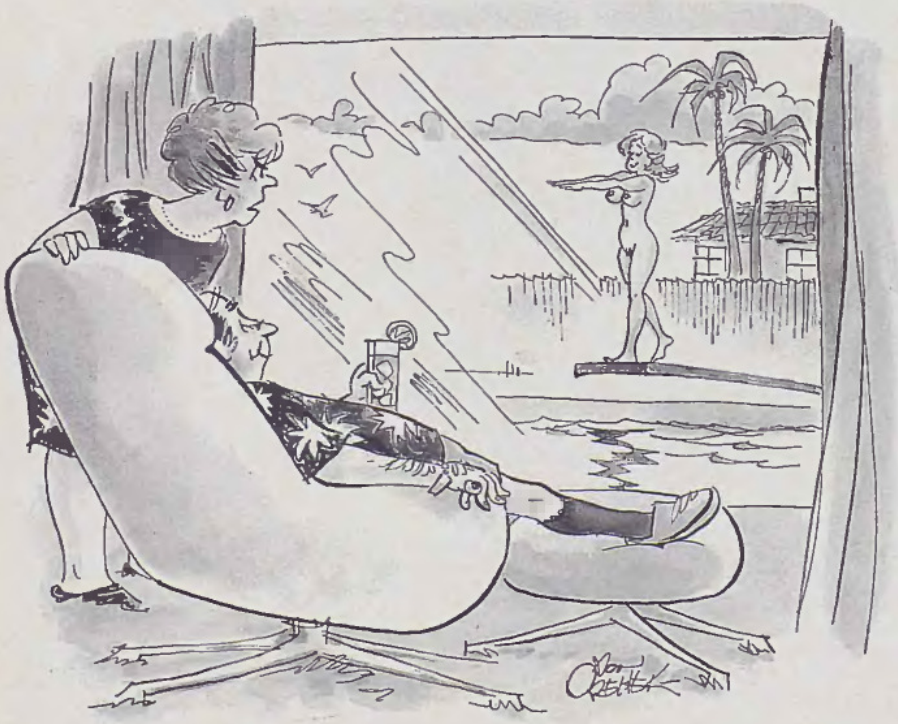
PLAYBOY: Now that you've done several months of the dreaded monolog, what have you learned?

MILLER: That Johnny Carson's a genius. That ability to extricate himself, to slip the bonds when a joke goes south. I got a real jolt out of watching that. There usually was a joke that I liked in every monolog, but I knew it could be trouble. If it is trouble, you cannot stop and look clumsy. If the audience senses fear from you, or sees blood in the water, it's curtains. They want you to get to the worst moment of it and look almost unscathed. People like their matadors the same way.

20.

PLAYBOY: The talk-show business is fickle. What will you do if the Grim Reaper makes a guest appearance on your show?

MILLER: That's the beautiful thing about show business: It's a chemical reaction with the people. I might make it for a while and, at some point, the American people will dictate whether or not they want to see me. And if it's not, I go and the next guy comes in. I'm OK with that. I still like them. I like show business for that reason. I'm not going to be crushed. I'll be hurt like anybody else. You lick your wounds a little and you get on with it. You realize what a lucky bastard you are. That's it. Case closed.



"Rodney, I wish you'd have a word with the maid!"

Wild Bunch

(continued from page 108)

men, maneuvering the eight-inch curbs of the city and the double diamond runs of ski areas with equal finesse. Today, the shopper looking for a mountain bike faces a multitude of options. There are front-suspended bikes and front-and-rear-suspended bikes, 21-pound carbon-fiber-framed bikes, 23-pound aluminum bikes and 18-pound titanium bikes. Each design and frame material has its individual style of ride and feel. When choosing one for yourself, here are some basic criteria to consider: First, even the most accomplished rider would have a hard time finding a good bike for under $500. (Those pictured in this feature are ranked among the best and range from $1060 to $6500 as shown.) The type of terrain you'll be riding on most often is an important consideration: A nonsuspension bike is fine for rolling hills and well-maintained city streets, but a bike with at least a front-suspension fork is needed for extremely rocky trails and their urban equivalent. Furthermore, the best mountain bikes have 21 to 24 gears, enabling riders to cover just about any terrain. They also come equipped with *gruppos*, or packages of components, including derailleurs, gear shifters, brakes and hubs. In the lower prices, say under $1000, look for a proven equipment group such as Shimano's Deore DX. Above $1000, bikes come with three component groups that shed weight while adding durability. These are Suntour's Micro Drive and Shimano's XT and XTR groups. Two of the manufacturers here, Bridgestone and Fisher, take pride in mixing and matching different components and groups. Frames also grow lighter in this price category because of higher-quality double- and triple-butted steel tubing and the use of space-age materials such as carbon fiber, titanium or aluminum alloys. The higher-priced bikes usually come with clipless pedals as standard equipment; however, toe clips work fine for beginning riders—they are easier to get in and out of. While suspension systems add more weight and bulk, they also add an easier ride.

The mountain bikes shown here run the gamut from the classic Bridgestone MB-2 to the exotic, carbon-fiber, dual-suspended Fisher Alembic. In each case these bikes are the top of their class. Before riding anywhere, it is essential to buy a high-quality helmet that has been approved by the American National Standards Institute. Also, it's a good policy to carry an extra tire or inner tube with you on long rides. Enjoy the mountains, man.

Frank Sinatra

Malcom X

Ayn Rand

Cassius Clay

Martin Luther King

Bob Dylan

Fidel Castro

Woody Allen

Johnny Carson

Masters & Johnson

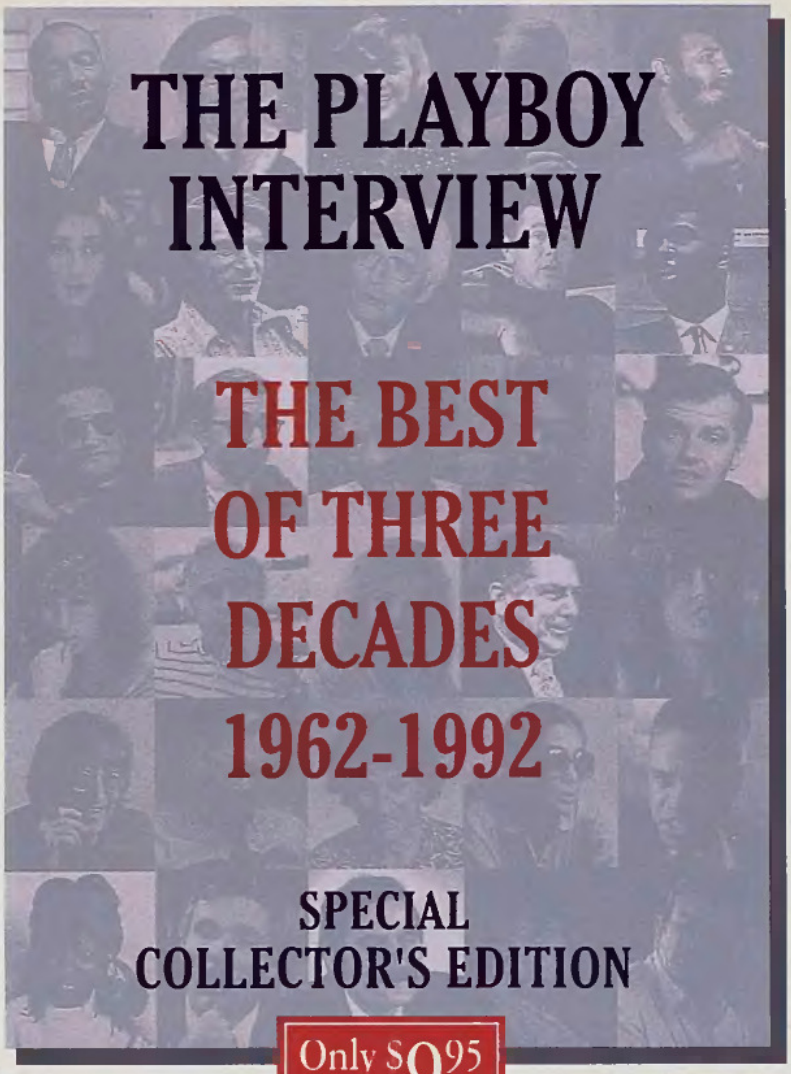
Walter Cronkite

Hugh Hefner

Jane Fonda/
Tom Hayden

Erica Jong

Jimmy Carter



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Saturday Night Live

Barbra Streisand

Marlon Brando

Pete Rose

John Lennon/
Yoko Ono

Lech Walesa

Akio Morita

Ted Turner

Bill Cosby

Oliver Stone

Yasir Arafat

Candice Bergen

Lee Iacocca

Spike Lee

Robin Williams

REAL MEN

(continued from page 68)

"Real Men still keep waiting for a band to be named either Republican Guard or Severe Tire Damage."

asks to hear *Muskrat Love*. Real men fear riding down the highway one day and punching in K-SAFE Radio: "All Phil Collins, all Whitney Houston, all the time."

Real Men love all the old Motown, doo-wop, blues and rock-and-roll songs that evoke specially cherished memories—like the first time they had sex (with a partner) or the first night they got blindingly stupid drunk. (These two are often one in the same.) But Real Men wince every time one of those old songs is co-opted for a bank, car or credit-card commercial.

Real Men admire all the Real Men rock-and-rollers who have managed to age gracefully: Van Morrison, Clapton, Harrison, Cocker, Dylan, Ry Cooder, the Grateful Dead and (honorable mention) James Taylor. (Plus Keith Richards, a man who stands in living defiance of most actuarial tables.)

So what don't Real Men listen to?

George Michael complaining about being famous, rock stars lecturing about politics, Madonna revealing still more about her life (thank you, but we've all heard enough) and Michael Bolton, period. Mr. Emotion? The King of Pain? Can you imagine the way this guy asks—pleads—begs—cries—aches—moans for a cup of coffee in the morning? Just try to picture him asking for a second mortgage.

Not a pretty sight.

Among musicians, Real Men don't sample.

Real Men aren't into glam rock. And if you have to ask, don't worry: You're already a Real Man. On the other hand, Real Men do enjoy heavy metal. Real Men appreciate anything that can drown out a 747 at full power. But they still keep waiting for a band to be named either Republican Guard or Severe Tire Damage.

"So I take it our basic disagreement is this: I think of myself as a damned attractive, highly productive individual within whom resides the possibility of greatness—and you see me as a horse's ass."

THE REAL MAN'S UNIFIED THEORY OF THE COSMOS

For aeons, Real Men have looked to the skies for answers.

How did it start?

How did we get here?

Why are we stuck in this traffic jam?

Quarks, black holes, supernovas, strings, the weak force, redshifts—we search the heavens for understanding.

Quantum mechanics, the space-time continuum, the big-bang theory, the uncertainty principle, the no-hair theorem, the thermodynamic arrow of time—we try to resolve our place in the universe.

Einstein, Newton, Darwin, Bohr, Hawking, Feynman, Rubbia, Van der Meer, Kirk—the greatest minds of their times have peered into the chaos looking for order.

Yet Real Men have always known the answer.

For in their heart of hearts, they've always perceived there's one guiding principle that governs everything from the galaxies to the planets to the fate of John Sununu and of Drexel Burnham going bankrupt:

"What goes around comes around."

THE REAL MAN'S GUIDE TO SAFE SEX

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2. Marry young.
3. Marry wealthy.

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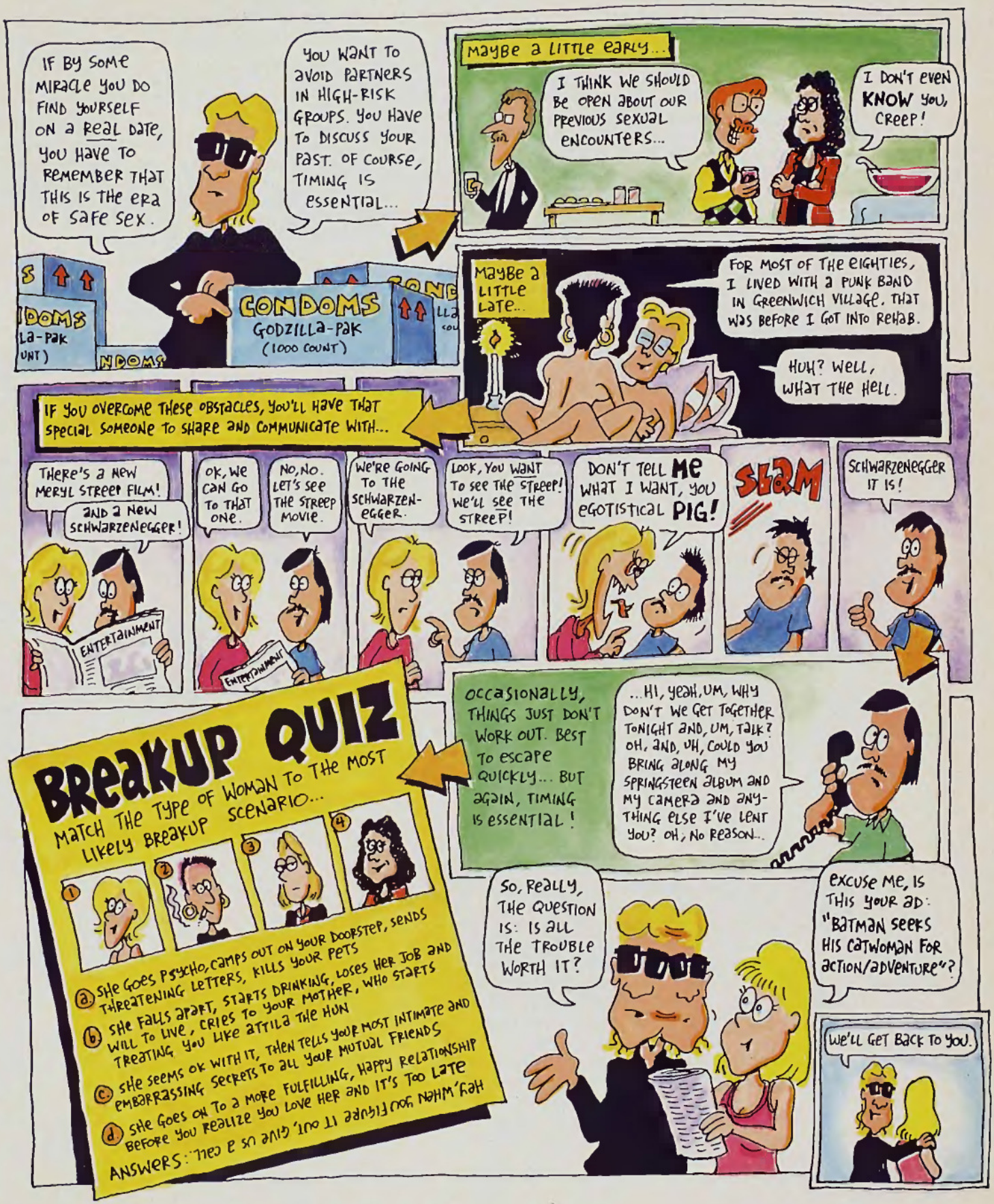
BACK TO DATING
BY KEITH ROBINSON
DIVORCE FINAL? GETTING OVER A TRAGIC LOVE AFFAIR? COMING OUT OF A TEN-YEAR COMA? TIME TO START DATING AGAIN!
BUT BE AWARE - THE RULES HAVE ALL CHANGED!
WHERE TO MEET A DATE
PLACE
PRO
CON
COLLEGE
INTELLIGENT, SPIRITED YOUNG WOMEN
ASKING THEM OUT WILL VIOLATE SOME POLITICALLY CORRECT CAMPUS ANTI-GENDER BIAS RULE AND GET YOUR ASS EXPELLED
WORK
INTELLIGENT PROFESSIONAL WOMEN
ASKING THEM OUT WILL VIOLATE SOME CORPORATE SEXUAL HARASSMENT POLICY AND GET YOUR ASS FIRED
SINGLES BAR
TIPSY WOMEN WHO SEEM TO REALLY LIKE YOU
THIS IS HOW EVERY DATE-RAPE TRIAL STARTS
NKR
TO AVOID POTENTIAL PROBLEMS, BOTH MEN AND WOMEN ARE OPTING FOR SUBTLE AND AMBIGUOUS SIGNALS UNTIL THEY ARE SURE OF MUTUAL INTEREST...
NICE PERFUME.
THANKS. IT'S "PLAUSIBLE DENIABILITY."
A FAVORITE PLACE TO TEST THESE SIGNALS IS OVER LUNCH- CASUAL, NON-THREATENING
NICE TO GET OUT OF THE OFFICE.
YOU BET.
SO HOW'S YOUR SALAD?
GOOD. AND YOURS?
GREAT!
YOU LIKE THE PASTA?
OH, IT'S FANTASTIC!
WELL, THIS WAS A NICE BREAK.
UH HUH. GUESS WE SHOULD GO BACK TO WORK.
SHE DIDN'T GIVE ME ANY SIGNS OF REAL INTEREST.
I THINK HE'S GAY.


IF BY SOME MIRACLE YOU DO FIND YOURSELF ON A REAL DATE, YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT THIS IS THE ERA OF SAFE SEX.
YOU WANT TO AVOID PARTNERS IN HIGH-RISK GROUPS. YOU HAVE TO DISCUSS YOUR PAST. OF COURSE, TIMING IS ESSENTIAL...
CONDOMS GODZILLA-PAK (1000 COUNT)
MAYBE A LITTLE EARLY...
I THINK WE SHOULD BE OPEN ABOUT OUR PREVIOUS SEXUAL ENCOUNTERS...
I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU, CREEP!
MAYBE A LITTLE LATE...
FOR MOST OF THE EIGHTIES, I LIVED WITH A PUNK BAND IN GREENWICH VILLAGE. THAT WAS BEFORE I GOT INTO REHAB.
HUH? WELL, WHAT THE HELL.
IF YOU OVERCOME THESE OBSTACLES, YOU'LL HAVE THAT SPECIAL SOMEONE TO SHARE AND COMMUNICATE WITH...
THERE'S A NEW MERYL STREEP FILM!
AND A NEW SCHWARZENEGGER!
ENTERTAINMENT
OK, WE CAN GO TO THAT ONE.
NO, NO. LET'S SEE THE STREEP MOVIE.
WE'RE GOING TO THE SCHWARZENEGGER.
LOOK, YOU WANT TO SEE THE STREEP! WE'LL SEE THE STREEP!
DON'T TELL ME WHAT I WANT, YOU EGOTISTICAL PIG!
SLAM
SCHWARZENEGGER IT IS!
BREAKUP QUIZ
MATCH THE TYPE OF WOMAN TO THE MOST LIKELY BREAKUP SCENARIO...
1
2
3
4
(a) SHE GOES PSYCHO, CAMPS OUT ON YOUR DOORSTEP, SENDS THREATENING LETTERS, KILLS YOUR PETS
(b) SHE FALLS APART, STARTS DRINKING, LOSES HER JOB AND WILL TO LIVE, CRIES TO YOUR MOTHER, WHO STARTS TREATING YOU LIKE ATTILA THE HUN
(c) SHE SEEMS OK WITH IT, THEN TELLS YOUR MOST INTIMATE AND EMBARRASSING SECRETS TO ALL YOUR MUTUAL FRIENDS
(d) SHE GOES ON TO A MORE FULFILLING, HAPPY RELATIONSHIP BEFORE YOU REALIZE YOU LOVE HER AND IT'S TOO LATE
ANSWERS: TELL US WHEN YOU FIGURE IT OUT, GIVE US A CALL
OCCASIONALLY, THINGS JUST DON'T WORK OUT. BEST TO ESCAPE QUICKLY... BUT AGAIN, TIMING IS ESSENTIAL!
...HI, YEAH, UM, WHY DON'T WE GET TOGETHER TONIGHT AND, UM, TALK? OH, AND, UH, COULD YOU BRING ALONG MY SPRINGSTEEN ALBUM AND MY CAMERA AND ANYTHING ELSE I'VE LENT YOU? OH, NO REASON...
SO, REALLY, THE QUESTION IS: IS ALL THE TROUBLE WORTH IT?
EXCUSE ME, IS THIS YOUR AD: "BATMAN SEEKS HIS CATWOMAN FOR ACTION/ADVENTURE"?
WE'LL GET BACK TO YOU.

PRO FOOTBALL (continued from page 120)

"Washington will be number one on every opponent's hit list, and it's tough for a target to repeat."

football—their 1989 trade of the much-traveled Herschel Walker to Minnesota for a bushel of draft picks—and haven't looked back since. After just missing the play-offs in 1990, Johnson got the Cowboys into post-season play last year for the first time since 1985. He'll win a division title by his fifth season.

Johnson has pro football's best young quarterback in Troy Aikman, who, despite missing five games with injuries, finished last season as the NFC's fourth-ranked passer. On the ground, Emmitt Smith, a hard-nosed runner just two years out of Florida, topped the NFL in rushing with 1563 yards. Dallas also has a great young wide receiver in Michael Irvin. A hot dog who can back up all his trash talk, Irvin led the NFC in receptions (93) and the NFL in receiving yardage (1523) last season. Combine that proven offense with an improved defense, and the Cowboys might just become America's Team again.

Having achieved guru status last year (most NFL insiders consider him the best head coach in the league), the **Redskins'** Joe Gibbs is intent on having Washington repeat as Super Bowl champions. His players are eager to pick up where they left off, and that's especially true of QB Mark Rypien, who has the most powerful passing arm in football. Last season, the Super Bowl MVP threw for a career high 28 touchdowns while tying his career low of 11 interceptions.

Rypien throws his darts and bombs to one of the best sets of receivers in pro football. The Redskins' fabled posse consists of Gary Clark (1340 yards and ten TDs last year), Ricky Sanders and future Hall of Famer Art Monk, who led the team with 71 receptions. Monk needs just 19 more to break Steve Largent's all-time record of 819 receptions.

To make matters worse for opposing secondaries, Gibbs traded up in the college draft—he wound up with the number-four pick, highest ever for a defending Super Bowl champion—and selected Heisman Trophy–winner Desmond Howard of Michigan. The Skins' passing game will be magnificent.

Washington's beloved Hogs are still effective up front. Rypien was sacked seven times in 1991, fewest by far in the NFL, while Earnest Byner rushed for his second straight 1000-yard season. The defense, led by DE Charles Mann, LB Wilber Marshall and CB Darrell Green, plays tough. But Washington will be number one on every opponent's hit list this season, and it's tough for a target to repeat.

A year after Bill Parcells took the **Giants** to a Super Bowl championship, he left his successor, Ray Handley, one hell of a problem. How do you replace the guy who took the club to two championships? Answer: You can't. Handley's Giants wound up 8–8 and didn't make it into post-season play. Prospects aren't great for this season, either.

Last year's pre-season scuffle over the quarterback job sapped confidence, especially when Jeff Hostetler—who displaced Phil Simms—failed to give the Giants much of an offensive spark. Things won't be much better this year, whoever is calling the signals. The Giants have only two proven receivers in Mark Ingram and Stephen Baker. That's why they didn't hesitate to grab Notre Dame tight end Derek Brown in the first round of the draft to fill the void caused by Mark Bavaro's departure.

The Giants' defense, while still formidable, is no longer powerful enough to carry them to even a divisional title. The once-incomparable Lawrence Taylor has shown signs of slowing down at linebacker, and he'll almost surely retire after this season. L.T.'s sack total dropped to seven, while the Giants' defense finished 16th against the run after ranking fourth in 1990. Before replacing Parcells, Handley was making plans to attend law school. Yo, Ray: It's never too early to start applying.

It's time for coach Joe Bugel to blow reveille, because his **Cardinals** need a wake-up call. Starting his third year in Phoenix, the former Redskins offensive line coach doesn't have an offense, and his defense is strictly for the birds, which is why the Cardinals lost their last eight games in 1991.

One of the problems was that quarterback Timm Rosenbach missed the entire season because of a knee operation. Rosenbach had better be ready, since he's all the team has at QB. The other two quarterbacks, Tom Tupa and Stan Gelbaugh, were lost to Plan B this year. Not that they'll be missed all that much: Under their guidance, the Cards' passing game finished 26th in the NFL. Their ground game and their run defense were out of commission, as well, also finishing 26th in the league.

How did they get in this fix? Team owner Billy Bidwill abhors the idea of paying players what they're worth on the open market. His team is living proof that you get what you pay for. That is, unless you're a Phoenix season-ticket holder.

CENTRAL DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Chicago Bears	11–5
Detroit Lions	9–7
Tampa Bay Buccaneers	9–7
Minnesota Vikings	7–9
Green Bay Packers	5–11

Mike Ditka can't stand losing. He also hates a wide-open offense. One of those things is going to have to give. Last year, da **Bears** lost the Central Division title for the second time in three years, dropping three of their final five games when they quit scoring. The time has come for the Bears to open up their offense or resign themselves to mediocrity.

Look for Ditka to spend a lot of time yelling at, and demanding more from, quarterback Jim Harbaugh and running back Neal Anderson, though he may not get it. The real key to Chicago's bearish showing on offense: Four of the five starters on the offensive line are between 30 and 34 years old.

Chicago still has a rugged defense, one that ranked tenth in the NFL against the run. But age is beginning to show here, too. The Bears should still have enough to win the NFC Central, which isn't exactly one of the tougher divisions in the NFL.

How about this for guts? After going 12–4 last year and winning the Central Division title, Detroit's head coach Wayne Fontes is scrapping the **Lions'** run-and-shoot offense. Don't knock him: Despite all the hoopla, Detroit's passing attack ranked 22nd in the NFL.

As the Lions retool the offense, they'll have plenty to work with. Eric Kramer and Rodney Peete are able competitors at quarterback, and Barry Sanders is . . . Barry Sanders. In just three years as a pro, he has rushed for 4322 yards and 43 touchdowns. For most running backs, those are career stats.

Detroit needs help on defense, an area Fontes will concentrate on. Even after improving from last in the NFL in 1990 to 15th in 1991, the Lions were inconsistent. Detroit managed to get All-Pro seasons out of nose tackle Jerry Ball and safety Bennie Blades, but the team still has a lot of holes to patch. The Lions overachieved last year by reaching the NFC championship game, in which they were blown out by Washington, 41–10. They won't get that far this time.

Despite what you may think, things aren't truly miserable in Tampa Bay. Former head coaches Ray Perkins and Richard Williamson left a strong foundation for new **Buccaneers** coach Sam Wyche to build on.

The first challenge will be to launch yet another reclamation job on Vinny Testaverde, who's been returned to the

factory for adjustment many times in his short career. Last year he threw 15 interceptions and only eight touchdown passes. Testaverde has a great arm but needs guidance and a little protection—his offensive line allowed an NFC-high 56 sacks last season.

The defense also could use a boost. The Bucs rated 25th against the run last year. Two future All-Pros, linebacker Broderick Thomas and defensive end Keith McCants, are coming on strong and should help out.

Sam Wyche will make sure that the Bucs don't stop here. He is an innovator with a proven record. His team will finish with more than the three victories they recorded in 1991, with the prospect of many more to come.

First-year coach Dennis Green may wish he'd stayed at Stanford after seeing the mess he's inherited in Minnesota. The only good thing that happened to the **Vikings** (8–8 last year) was that they finally got rid of GM Mike Lynn. He was the guy who inadvertently rebuilt the Cowboys into play-off contenders by sending three years' worth of draft choices and five players to Dallas for Herschel Walker, who was given his unconditional release in June. The quarterback situation is muddled. Although he tossed the fewest interceptions in the league (six), Rich Gannon threw for only 12 TDs. The Vikes have fine receivers in Steve Jordan, Anthony Carter and Cris Carter, but Gannon's not really the guy who can get the ball to them.

Another concern is defense. With no pass rush to speak of, the Vikes' sack total tumbled from an NFL-leading 71 in 1990 to only 33 last year. Coach Green signed a five-year contract with Minnesota. He'll need every minute of it if he's to restore the Vikings to the glory days of the Purple People Eaters.

Last year, Mike Holmgren turned down three head coaching jobs in order to spend one more season as the 49ers' offensive coordinator. Maybe he should have held out a little longer: His new team, the **Packers,** is a disaster area. Like the Red Cross after an earthquake, Holmgren's being treated as a hero merely for having the guts to show up.

Holmgren replaced nine of the Pack's 11 assistant coaches, and though he can't replace his players as quickly, he's off to a good start. Green Bay's number-one draft choice was Florida State DB Terrell Buckley, who'll immediately tighten up the team's hapless secondary. Until Buckley steps up, they'll have to rely on linebacker Tony Bennett, who finished third in the league with 13 sacks.

The Packers have two offensive liabilities: They can't pass and they can't run. Three years ago, QB Don Majkowski lighted a fire in Green Bay, but he has been hampered by injuries ever since. Last season Majkowski finished as the NFC's third-worst passer, which is why

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Holmgren quickly traded with Atlanta for former Southern Mississippi quarterback Brett Favre.

Any way you look at it, however, Green Bay is still a long, long way from becoming a contender.

WESTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

San Francisco 49ers	11–5
New Orleans Saints	10–6
Atlanta Falcons	9–7
Los Angeles Rams	5–11

San Francisco owner Eddie DeBartolo takes pride in running his team as a kind of extended family. When the **49ers** won all those Super Bowls, he rewarded the players and their wives with trips to Hawaii. They almost went on another such vacation last year, but ran out of time. During the final six weeks of the season, the Niners were probably the best team in the NFL, even without Joe Montana, who was sidelined all year. In those last six weeks, the 49ers outscored their opponents 189–94. San Francisco finished 10–6 and just missed making the play-offs. Steve Young and Steve Bono did a remarkable job filling in for Montana. They combined for 4134 passing yards; Young finished as the NFL's top quarterback, Bono came in fourth. Neither one will start for the 49ers because Montana is healthy again, and he's still the best there is.

If San Francisco has a weakness on offense, it's the running game. Keith Henderson was a hot rusher late in the season, but he'll be pushed by second-round draft choice Amp Lee out of Florida State and Notre Dame's Ricky Watters, drafted last year but out all season with injuries.

On defense, San Francisco remains rugged. Look for an improved secondary with the addition of first-round draft choice Dana Hall of Washington, a Ronnie Lott–type enforcer.

The Niners have the look of a Super Bowl team and could well be there at the end.

The Jim Finks era is beginning to pay off in New Orleans. His appointment of Jim Mora, a shrewd coach, has already yielded dividends: Last year Mora marched the **Saints** to an 11–5 record and the first division title in the team's history. The Saints accomplished that even though QB Bobby Hebert missed more than six games with injuries. With him, New Orleans was 8–1.

Running back Craig "Ironhead" Heyward was suspended for two games for breaking an unspecified team rule, and his weight is now said to be approaching 300 pounds. Faced with that rather large uncertainty, Finks traded for Allen Pinkett, who was Houston's leading rusher (720 yards and ten TDs) last year, and added Indiana's Vaughn Dunbar on the first round of the draft.

New Orleans' strength, of course, is its defense. The Saints have the best set of linebackers in the NFL. Pat Swilling (one of the highest-paid defensive players in the league) led the NFL with 17 sacks last season. Rickey Jackson had 11½ sacks, and Sam Mills and Vaughan Johnson are both death on opposing runners. If they can pick up their scoring, the Saints could conceivably go all the way.

Jerry "Elvis" Glanville found lots of talent on the premises when he took over as Atlanta's head coach two years ago. Thus, when the **Falcons** finished as runner-up in the West with a 10–6 mark last season, it shouldn't have come as a surprise.

After five years, gutsy Chris Miller appears to have arrived as a solid QB. He threw for 3103 yards and 26 TDs last season, which was why Glanville was willing to trade highly regarded Brett Favre to Green Bay. Atlanta's receiving corps might be the best and deepest in the NFL. All-Pro Andre Rison leads the way (976 yards, 12 TDs), followed by Michael Haynes (1122 yards, 11 TDs), Mike Pritchard, George Thomas and Drew Hill, a Plan B acquisition who was Houston's second leading receiver last year.

The Falcons' offense is decidedly one-dimensional: Their rushing attack was 16th in the league, and they could use another proven running back to go along with Steve Broussard. First-round draft choice Tony Smith of Southern Mississippi might fill the bill.

The Falcons' defense could also use some help. Atlanta was 23rd against the run, 20th against the pass, and if cornerback Deion Sanders joins strong safety Brian Jordan (outfielders with the Atlanta Braves and St. Louis Cardinals, respectively) and sticks to baseball only, the Falcons won't be flying very high this season.

Georgia Frontiere has made few good moves since she assumed ownership of the Los Angeles **Rams,** but her decision to bring back Chuck Knox as the Rams' head coach was one of them. While finishing 3–13 last year under John Robinson, the Rams often looked demoralized. That will no longer be the case. Everywhere Knox has gone—Los Angeles the first time around, Buffalo and Seattle—he's revived dying teams and taken them to divisional titles. Now the second-winningest active coach, Knox, an artful organizational man, must quickly restore confidence to the Rams' beleaguered QB, Jim Everett, who was sacked 30 times in 1991. When Everett gets the time to throw, he has a trio of tremendous receivers in Henry Ellard, Aaron Cox and Flipper Anderson. "Ground Chuck"—Knox's well-conceived running game—most definitely will lift the Rams from their 27th-place finish in rushing yardage last year and give Everett another boost. The defense will also improve if highly rated draft pick defensive end Sean Gilbert, out of Pittsburgh, comes along as expected.

The Rams aren't about to win the West this year, but Knox will quickly make them an outfit to be reckoned with.

EASTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Buffalo Bills	11–5
New York Jets	8–8
Miami Dolphins	8–8
New England Patriots	7–9
Indianapolis Colts	5–11

The bickering **Bills** of Buffalo figure to win their division again, but there's

"Dave, may I have a quick word with you?"

too much strife in the locker room for Buffalo to return to the Super Bowl a third straight year.

Nobody knows how much QB Jim Kelly will miss offensive coordinator Ted Marchibroda, who signed on for his second go-round as head coach of the Colts. Last year Kelly topped the AFC in passing yardage (3844) and touchdown passes (33). That great season was overshadowed by his play in the two most important games of the season, however: He looked lousy in both the AFC championship game and the Super Bowl.

Running back Thurman Thomas had another All-Pro season with 1407 yards, and with Kenneth Davis picking up 624 more, the Bills fielded the finest rushing attack in pro football. Thomas, who seems able to do whatever he wants, also caught 62 passes for 631 yards.

It's a good thing the offense was putting up the numbers, because the defense finished 24th against the run and 21st against the pass. Not even All-Pro linebacker Cornelius Bennett could do much to improve the D, which obviously suffered from a season-long injury to dominating defensive end Bruce Smith. Smith is healthy again, but that's more than can be said for relations among Buffalo's players. The Bills' penchant for arguing among themselves will cause them to self-destruct in post-season play.

As he begins his third season with the New York **Jets,** Dick Steinberg might be considered the best general manager in the NFL. Last season the Jets made the play-offs for the first time in five years, which means that New York's future is brighter for the first time in years.

Despite its recent success, New York may have a different look this year: Steinberg and head coach Bruce Coslet are both high on quarterback Browning Nagle, who was drafted last year out of Louisville. They both feel Nagle is ready to challenge incumbent Ken O'Brien.

The Jets' ground game features a quartet of running backs—Blair Thomas (728 yards), Brad Baxter (666 yards and an AFC-leading 11 rushing TDs), Johnny Hector and Freeman McNeil—who combined to lead the Jets to the top of the NFL in rushing for first downs (133) last year.

Although they were getting it done on the ground, New York's inability to score through the air was a problem. The Jets needed a talented tight end and got one on the first round of the draft in Nebraska's Johnny Mitchell. Defensively, New York has some weaknesses, especially in the secondary, which finished 24th against the pass. They may be rebuilding, but the foundation is finally there.

In Don Shula, the **Dolphins** have the winningest active coach in football and, in Dan Marino, one of the top quarterbacks, but the team's fans all seem to be asking the same question: What have you done for us lately? In the past four years, the Dolphins have gone 34–30.

The Dolphins would have done a hell of a lot better during that span if they had managed to develop any kind of defensive unit. Last year the Dolphins continued to play like guppies by finishing 25th in the league's defensive stats.

There may be help on the way. Linebacker John Offerdahl, their finest defensive player, was injured for most of the season, but he's fit again. And Miami's two first-round draft choices, Wisconsin cornerback Troy Vincent and Georgia Tech linebacker Marco Coleman, have both been projected as starters. They also made out like bandits in the swap of running back Sammie Smith for Denver disgruntled ballcarrier Bobby Humphrey. A happy Humphrey can only make the Dolphins' attack more potent. These good moves aside, any talk of a Dolphin title still has to begin with defense. Unfortunately, there's not much to talk about.

SHERIDAN'S ODDS AGAINST WINNING SUPER BOWL XXVII

San Francisco	6:1
Washington	6:1
Buffalo	7:1
Philadelphia	8:1
Houston	10:1
Dallas	10:1
Denver	15:1
L.A. Raiders	20:1
New Orleans	20:1
Chicago	25:1
Detroit	30:1
Kansas City	50:1
New York Giants	75:1
Atlanta	75:1
Miami	100:1
New York Jets	100:1
Cleveland	250:1
Pittsburgh	500:1
Minnesota	750:1
San Diego	1000:1
New England	2000:1
L.A. Rams	5000:1
Seattle	10,000:1
Green Bay	50,000:1
Tampa Bay	100,000:1
Cincinnati	500,000:1
Phoenix	750,000:1
Indianapolis	1,000,000:1

Last year when the **Patriots** hired two college guys—Miami's Sam Jankovich in the general manager's role and Syracuse's Dick MacPherson as head coach—wise guy NFL executives didn't even bother to stifle their laughter. They're not laughing anymore. Jankovich and MacPherson took a demoralized team that finished 1–15 in 1990 and wound up winning six games.

On paper, New England didn't seem capable of winning more than two. In Hugh Millen, the Patriots went with a Plan B quarterback who threw twice as many interceptions (18) as he did touchdowns (nine). New England's powderpuff offensive line allowed 63 sacks and didn't block too much better on running plays: The Pats averaged only 92 rushing yards a game. In eight games, the Patriots failed to score more than ten points. Even so, they never quit.

If New England is to match or better its six wins of last year, it will have to tighten up its defense significantly. The Pats ranked 26th overall in the league, yet they were tough against the run, finishing ninth. Obviously, the team's weakest link is its secondary—in 1991, New England ranked 27th in pass defense. Can MacPherson possibly inspire his players to greater exploits this fall? He just might.

It sounds crazy, but maybe, just maybe, Indianapolis **Colts** owner Bob Irsay and his son, Jim, are learning how to build a decent team after all these dreadful years. This year the team had the top two selections in the draft and made the most of them. Concentrating on defense, Indianapolis took Washington defensive tackle Steve Emtman and Texas A&M linebacker Quentin Coryatt, two blue chippers who'll complete the Colts' tenacious front seven.

They've also taken care of 1990's first rounder, quarterback Jeff George, by hiring Ted Marchibroda as head coach. Marchibroda, having just finished working with Jim Kelly, will help George and the Colts' heretofore dismal offense. George has fine receivers in Bill Brooks (72 receptions), Jessie Hester (60) and Reggie Langhorne, a Plan B signee from Cleveland. Running back Albert Bentley, sidelined for much of last season, seems sound again and will do a lot better than chronic malcontent Eric Dickerson, who will bring his dark clouds to the Raiders.

CENTRAL DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Houston Oilers	12–4
Cleveland Browns	9–7
Pittsburgh Steelers	8–8
Cincinnati Bengals	4–12

This is the year the Houston **Oilers** finally make it to the Super Bowl. QB Warren Moon has certainly waited long

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enough. One of the most accurate long passers in the NFL, Moon will turn 36 in November, but the thing about him is that he has improved as he's aged. In his past two seasons, Moon has put up staggering passing stats: 4689 yards in 1990 and 4690 yards last season, while leading the Oilers to an 11–5 record.

Houston's defense is fierce up front. All-Pro defensive end William Fuller led the AFC with 15 sacks and Sean Jones added ten more. The Oilers ranked sixth against the run, but were 14th against the pass and hope their secondary can step it up a couple of notches this season. If they do, the Oilers will be this year's AFC sacrificial lamb in the Super Bowl.

Bill Belichick had a rocky first year with the media in Cleveland. Nevertheless, he did a credible job in urging the **Browns** to a 6–10 record. His team also finished the season with 21 players who weren't on the roster at the start of the season. That's nearly a 50 percent turnover in personnel. Belichick continued improving his team after the season was over. The Browns signed 11 Plan B players, the most among NFL teams.

Belichick is a big believer in power football, and the Browns' running game will reflect that. Kevin Mack, the best of Cleveland's ballcarriers, rushed for a team-high 726 yards and eight TDs. Leroy Hoard is also a threat (721 yards and 11 rushing and receiving TDs), and to beef up their running game, the Browns used their first-round draft choice to grab Stanford's "Touchdown" Tommy Vardell, a 232-pounder who can block almost as well as he can run and catch dump-off passes. This can only help quarterback Bernie Kosar, who racked up great numbers last year in spite of the Browns' dismal rushing output.

Cleveland came reasonably close to a .500 season in 1991, and with a few breaks—the Brownies lost seven games by a touchdown or less—they could have emerged as winners. With an improved defense, they'll do so this year.

New **Steelers** head coach Bill Cowher, Kansas City's former defensive coordinator, hasn't exactly inherited an offensive powerhouse. Quarterback Bubby Brister's reconstructive knee surgery could require a long period of rehabilitation, and the league has suspended running back Tim Worley, the club's first-round draft choice of 1989, for the entire season because of a violation of the league's substance-abuse policy.

On defense, All-Pro cornerback Rod Woodson will be the cornerstone of a secondary in dire need of revamping after finishing 26th against the pass. The Steelers were much tougher against the run (11th in the league), but that was partly because of the ease with which opposing passers could throw against them. Pittsburgh should be able to break even this season, but that's about it.

Bengals new head coach David Shula got off to a strange start in his first college draft. Last year Cincinnati's defense was a total catastrophe, giving up 435 points, the most in the NFL. The team's prime need was a topflight cornerback, but Shula opted for Houston quarterback David Klingler, who won't play for at least three years. Boomer Esiason couldn't figure it out, and neither could anyone else. At 31, Esiason isn't even close to retiring.

On the bright side, Shula chose Miami safety Darryl Williams with Cincy's other first-round draft choice and literally stole spectacular Tennessee wide receiver Carl Pickens on the second round. However, without Plan B defector James Brooks, and with oft-injured Ickey Woods having been waived, Cincinnati doesn't appear to have a running game.

Bottom line: The Bengals are doomed to finish last in their division.

WESTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Denver Broncos	11–5
Kansas City Chiefs	10–6
Los Angeles Raiders	9–7
San Diego Chargers	7–9
Seattle Seahawks	5–11

John Elway didn't have his typical big year in 1991, but the **Broncos** still managed to win the West and just missed yet another appearance in the Super Bowl. Despite outplaying the Bills in the AFC championship game, the Broncos lost a heartbreaker, 10–7.

Elway wasn't ranked among the league's top-ten passers last season, yet Denver still went from 5–11 in 1990 to 12–4 in 1991. Elway has since had corrective surgery on his right shoulder; throwing deep might become a problem for the rest of his career. That may explain why Denver shocked the draft mavens by selecting UCLA quarterback Tommy Maddox in the first round.

The Broncos' running game flexed some real muscle last year. Running back Gaston Green, obtained from the Rams, had an All-Pro season—and may be even stronger this season. They obviously won't miss Bobby Humphrey, who sulked his way through the season. Sammie Smith, acquired for Humphrey from Miami, will provide a big boost if he has found a cure for last year's rash of fumbles.

Denver's defense will remain formidable despite finishing 19th against the run last year. One reason for that was the Broncos' brutal third-ranked pass defense, which led the AFC with 53 sacks. If Elway is fully recovered, expect the Broncos to repeat as Western Division champions.

The **Chiefs'** Marty Schottenheimer is starting to remind people of Chuck Knox. Like Knox, Schottenheimer's offense features the run, and like Knox, he

wins wherever he goes. In seven years with the Browns and Chiefs, Schottenheimer has taken his teams to the play-offs six times, and I expect him to do so again this year. It won't be easy. Schottenheimer gave up on QB Steve DeBerg and signed Dave Krieg from Seattle. Krieg, who led the conference with a 65.6 completion percentage last year, will appreciate operating behind an offensive line that allowed only 21 sacks. The same gang also opened big holes for K.C.'s running game, which happens to be the team's strength. The Chiefs ranked third in the league in rushing. Christian Okoye (1031 yards last year) often drags three or four tacklers with him before being pulled down. Barry Word (684 yards) is faster and almost as powerful, while Harvey Williams (447 yards) is a speedburner.

Kansas City has a lot going for it on defense, starting with a terrific pair of defensive ends (All-Pro Neil Smith and Bill Maas), accomplished linebacker Derrick Thomas (13½ sacks) and safety Deron Cherry. The Chiefs may not win their division, but they'll be back in the play-offs again.

Raiders head coach Art Shell and his offensive assistant, Terry Robiskie, are two of the NFL's most talented coaches. During the past two years they've managed to get L.A. into the play-offs without an effective quarterback, which speaks a lot for their resourcefulness. Owner Al Davis' latest passing fancy is Todd Marinovich, and it's way too early to predict how he'll turn out. Meanwhile, the Raiders' passing offense finished 25th in the league last year. The running attack wasn't much of a threat, either. But the Raiders have a history of going after disgruntled veterans and signed several this year, tops among them being running back Eric Dickerson, who can still motor, when he makes it onto the field. If he does, he could also prolong the career of running back Marcus Allen by sharing the work load—and the beating.

L.A.'s defense, anchored by two All-Pros, defensive end Greg Townsend (13 sacks) and free safety Ronnie Lott (who led the NFL with eight interceptions), plus defensive end Howie Long (an All-Pro when healthy, which he wasn't last year), is just plain nasty. Still, the Raiders won't go anywhere until a first-rate quarterback leads them there.

The Bobby Beathard era is beginning to take shape in San Diego. The former Washington GM has been stockpiling young talent for the **Chargers** and has also brought in a new head coach, Georgia Tech's Bobby Ross. There's really no reason to think Ross can't win in the NFL. Before his Yellow Jackets shared the national title with Colorado in 1990, Ross was also successful at Maryland.

San Diego features a big-back running attack, which finished second in the league last year. All-Pro Marion Butts gained 834 yards and Rod Bernstine added 766; they're both very tough to tackle. A merely mediocre passing attack, the kind you can expect from quarterback John Friesz, should be able to bump up the Chargers' 1991 record of 4–12 to close to .500. Count on Beathard to make it happen.

After a stint as Seattle's general manager, Tom Flores—at the insistence of meddlesome **Seahawks** owner Ken Behring—has abandoned his front-office duties to replace departed head coach Chuck Knox. In nine years as head coach of the Raiders, Flores posted a 91–54 record that included the team's 1984 Super Bowl victory.

The Seahawks' most pressing problem is at quarterback. With Dave Krieg gone to Kansas City, Seattle is without a single experienced passer and has only one notable wide receiver, Brian Blades (70 receptions for 1003 yards last year), so its passing game needs a total revamping. The same can be said of the Seahawks' ground game. Only John L. Williams (741 yards last year) can be counted on at running back—Derrick Fenner and Derek Loville both signed Plan B contracts and fled town.

Defensive end Jacob Green is expected back for his 13th season, but there's a chance he might retire. If he does, the Seahawks' defense—which finished 15th against the run and tenth against the pass—will be significantly weaker. In hopes of coming up with another quality lineman to go along with massive tackle Cortez Kennedy, Flores gambled on signing a gimpy Keith Millard, whose best years (spent at Minnesota) are all behind him.

Flores is a shrewd leader, so don't assume that the Seahawks will play like the Colts did last year. But with no quarterback to speak of, there's just no way to expect Seattle to improve upon, or even match, last season's 7–9 record.

"'Froggy' style, Mr. Fullerton? Pardon me; don't you mean 'doggy' style?"

COSA NOSTRA *(continued from page 114)*

"A gunman pressed a gun to De Dios' head and pulled the trigger twice. The job was not bungled."

The new generation of gangsters presents a challenge to lawmen and journalists. Cosa Nostra had become a cottage industry, but its run is now probably ending. Exploring the new underworld will require added research and, most likely, a change of complexion on the block. Alone, white agents and investigators cannot do the job.

Privately, some cops and writers deride the new mobsters, citing the fact that their criminal reach does not compare with that of Cosa Nostra's. The old world mobsters, they contend, ran unions and industries. They had the power to corrupt cops and politicians and to compromise entire communities.

It is true that Vietnamese, Jamaican and other ethnic criminal groups do not have a criminal structure to approach that of Cosa Nostra's—a structure that took 50 or 60 years to reach its pinnacle. It's of little comfort, however, that these emerging groups see themselves as outsiders in American society. Traditional Mob protocol, which stated that cops and journalists could not be threatened or killed, was based partly on the Mob's identification with society at large. Many new crime groups, composed of impoverished and alienated immigrant youth, do not feel this identification, making wanton violence all the more likely.

One journalist who was willing to take on the new mobsters was Manuel de Dios Unanue. Born in Cuba, De Dios came to New York City in the early Seventies and became the crusading editor of *El Diario-La Prensa*, a New York City Spanish-language newspaper.

One of his targets was Hector Delgado, an Ecuadoran businessman and naturalized U.S. citizen who runs a string of travel agencies. In late 1990 Delgado was charged with running a money-laundering operation that funneled more than $200,000,000 to Colombian drug cartels and with making $22,000,000 in five years as his percentage—a profit margin that makes the Mafia's criminal rackets look like chump change. Delgado pleaded guilty to "structuring," circumventing a law requiring that a report be filed for cash transactions of $10,000 or more. He received probation and continues as a licensed money transmitter.

As the city's newspapers routinely speculated on who might be next to take over a Mafia crime family with a few hundred members, De Dios exposed a vast criminal network that the press had all but ignored. Even the police scarcely knew of the Nine Kings, a mysterious group of drug traffickers and money launderers who masquerade as businessmen. De Dios wrote about them.

Last March, De Dios was seated at the bar of a Spanish restaurant in Queens. Two gunmen walked into the restaurant. One pressed a gun to the back of De Dios' head and pulled the trigger twice. The job was not bungled.

The blatant murder of a journalist is a relatively new phenomenon in the American underworld. The message it delivers is clear. In the new world order, society will not be allowed the courtesies accorded by Cosa Nostra's quaint code of ethics, which supposedly left room for the concept of innocent victims. Whether or not mainstream journalists and lawmen have the moxie to face the new reality remains to be seen.

In the meantime, *la Famiglia* continues its decline from criminal reality to cultural myth.

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BETTY FRIEDAN *(continued from page 62)*

"I am outraged by the pressures that enable anyone to profit by inducing women to mutilate themselves."

version thereof could solve them. I don't think that's true. I would like for women to see now that they have a new set of problems and that they need political solutions for those problems.

PLAYBOY: How does it feel to be on the outs with some factions of the women's movement? First, Susan Faludi says you're part of the backlash, and then you aren't asked to speak at the pro-choice march on Washington.

FRIEDAN: I'm not going to lie. I'm very hurt when I feel trashed by the leaders of the organizations that I helped to start. But I'm not going to indulge in the media's delight at exacerbating the divisions between us. I do admit that I was really hurt that I wasn't asked to speak at the rally. It seemed as if I were the only leading American woman that wasn't, you know.

PLAYBOY: Why were you excluded?

FRIEDAN: Someone doing my oral history was told that it was because I always get quoted by the media and these other women wanted to be quoted. I think they should be, but it isn't necessary to trash your foremothers. I have a lot of courage and guts to fight the enemy, but I get really hurt. I hate to admit it. It's sort of a de-Stalinization of the women's movement—their attempt to write me out of history, though I don't think that will happen.

PLAYBOY: Do you acknowledge that the younger, more radical voices may better address the needs of the current women's movement?

FRIEDAN: I think Susan Faludi is very important. I tell people to buy her book. I assign it to my students even though she criticizes me. But everyone knows that movements that discount their history and don't learn from their mistakes repeat them. I hope these young people don't make that mistake.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about Camille Paglia?

FRIEDAN: How can you take her seriously? She is an exhibitionist, and she takes the most extreme elements of the women's movement and tries to make the whole movement antisexual, antilife, antijoy. And neither I nor most of the women I know are that way.

PLAYBOY: How about Naomi Wolf, who, in *The Beauty Myth*, says that anything—from advertising on—that makes women self-conscious about their bodies is evil. Do you agree?

FRIEDAN: It is an important book. I am outraged by the pressures that enable surgeons or manufacturers of silicone gel or anyone else to profit by inducing women to mutilate themselves. Silicone breast implants, plastic surgery, excessive dieting are anathema to me. I object to blue-jeans ads that seem to show these women who are still children as inviting rape or having just been raped.

PLAYBOY: But you seem to draw lines Wolf doesn't draw: She would strongly criticize PLAYBOY's Playmates.

FRIEDAN: Remember, the fact that I have given you this interview does not mean that I endorse the centerfold. It's all right to look, but anything that does not show women as total beings cannot be endorsed. I am trusting that you communicate these issues to men caught up in the mystique. Look at women like women can look at men but never forget, for a moment, the complete, complex personhood of people.

PLAYBOY: How do you see things changing in the future for you personally?

FRIEDAN: No major changes. I am still working, no longer on the politics of the women's movement but on the larger vision. I'm also writing a new book, *The Fountain of Age*.

PLAYBOY: What's the fountain of age?

FRIEDAN: I see the mystique of aging as similar to the feminine mystique. Again, it denies the personhood of individuals who get older. It's about viewing age not as a decline from youth but as a unique stage of living. Because we spent that time fighting the feminine mystique, we gave ourselves a head start in the battle against the mystique of age. We stopped defining ourselves vis à vis men—as mothers, wives, sexual objects—and we discovered new joys in ourselves and in other women, and in men, too. Similarly, when we break through the mystique of age, there will be new joys in the rest of our lives, for men and women. That mystique is the next one to fight.

PLAYBOY: Given the history of the women's movement, are you hopeful?

FRIEDAN: The whole modern women's movement has taken place in only the past twenty-five years, and so much has changed. Women now make up forty percent of the students in the law schools, sixty percent in the journalism schools, forty percent of the M.B.A.s. But they are only now beginning to move in significant numbers into the middle and upper ranks of the professions. Women were earning fifty-nine cents for every dollar men earned and now it's seventy-something. It's getting better, but there is a long way to go. And do you want to know something? The countries where men's and women's earnings are more comparable are the countries that have policies of child care and parental leave. They are countries that accept the fact that women will continue to be part of the work force and that women are the people who give birth to children. And they are countries doing better economically than we are.

PLAYBOY: You've blamed the media for much of the backlash, but you just indicated that sixty percent of journalism students are women. If so many women are becoming journalists, won't things change?

FRIEDAN: For a course I'm teaching, "Women, Men and Media," we monitored the front pages of the newspapers to see the percentage of time women were mentioned, photographed or quoted. The number was fifteen percent. Women are fifty-three percent of the population. That meant that forty-seven percent of the population occupied eighty-five percent of the space on the front pages. The same was true in broadcast news. Women were sought for comment on broadcast news fifteen percent of the time. Even in the study we did last February, during a time when all kinds of stories of great importance to women were breaking—the Mike Tyson rape case, silicone gel breast implants, Anita Hill—the experts sought quotes from men. Well, the media are still controlled by men. The editors and news directors are men. That's a symbolic annihilation. Is it a conspiracy against women? No. But it surely is a blind spot coming from the all-male definition.

PLAYBOY: What will it take before there'll be a woman in the White House?

FRIEDAN: Maybe four more years.

PLAYBOY: Any nominees?

FRIEDAN: Ann Richards. Not only was she elected governor of Texas—Texas!—but what she's done as governor is a very interesting story and a bellwether. And Texas is the most macho of states. See, we've come awfully far. That's why I don't understand the media's jumping on this talk about the death of the women's movement. If you think about it, there are millions now where there were a few of us at first, millions of women who have the training, the professional opportunity, millions who have changed their lives, taken control of their lives. Why do you try to dismiss it? You just try to find all sorts of ways to whittle it down and dismiss it, when the reality is right in front of your eyes. It's threatened now and we have our work cut out for us again. Maybe it's wishful thinking on the part of the people who keep talking about the death of the women's movement. Well, they have another thing coming. We're not going anywhere.

BEAST

(continued from page 130)

"The hooker is making much of it, saying, 'That's terrible-lookin', honey. You inna accident or somepin'?'"

help me, I still worry about you after all this time."

"Ain't been that long. Three years."

She does not seem to have heard. "I still think about you under them lights gettin' pounded on. And now you offerin' me money you gon' earn for gettin' pounded on some more."

"Look here——" he begins.

"Blood money. That's what it is. It's blood money."

"Stop it," he says. "You stop that shit. It ain't no more blood money than any other wage. Money gets paid out, somebody always gettin' fucked over at the end of it. That's just what money is. But this here money, it ain't comin' 'cause of nothin' like that, not even 'cause some damn judge said I got to give it. It's coming from me to you 'cause you need it and I got it."

He steers the conversation away from the topic of fighting, gets her talking about some of their old friends, even manages to get her laughing when he tells her how the cops caught Sidney Bodden and some woman doing the creature in Sidney's car in the parking lot of the A&P. The way she laughs, she tips her head and tucks her chin down onto her shoulder and never opens her mouth, just makes these pleased, musical noises like a shy little girl, and when she lifts her head, she looks so innocent and pretty he wants to kiss her, grazes the receiver with his lips, wishes it would open and let him pour through to her end of the line. The power behind the wish hits his heart like a mainlined drug, and he knows she still loves him, he still loves her, this is all wrong, this long-distance shit, and he can't stop himself from saying, "Baby, I want to see you again."

"No," she says.

It is such a terminal, door-slamming no, he can't come back with anything. His face is hot and numb, his arms and chest heavy as concrete, he feels the same bewildered, mule-stupid helplessness as he did when she told him she was leaving. He wonders if she's seeing somebody, but he promises himself he won't ask.

"I just can't, Bobby," she says.

"It's all right, baby," he says, his voice reduced to whisper. "It's all right. I got to be goin'."

"I'm sorry, I really am sorry. But I just can't."

"I'll be sending you somethin' real soon. You take care now."

"Bobby?"

He hangs up, an effort, and sits there turning to stone. Brooding thoughts glide through his head like slow black sails. After a while he lifts his arms as if in an embrace. He feels Amandla begin to take on shape and solidity within the circle of his arms. He puts his left hand between her shoulder blades and smooths the other along her flanks, following the arch of her back, the tight rounds of her ass, the columned thighs, and he presses his face against her belly, smelling her warmth, letting all the trouble and ache of the fight with the Cuban go out of him. All the weight of loss and sadness. His chest seems to fill with something clear and buoyant. Peace, he thinks, we are at peace.

But then some sly, peripheral sense alerts him to the fact that he is a fool to rely on this sentimental illusion, and he drops his arms, feels her fading away like steam. He sits straight, hands on knees, and turns his head to the side, his expression rigid and contemptuous as it might be during a stare-down at the center of a boxing ring. Since the onset of his blindness, he has never been able to escape the fear that people are spying on him, but lately he has begun to worry that they are not.

•

For once Leon has not lied. The fight with Nazario is a simple contest of wills and left hooks, and though the two men's hooks are comparable, Mears's will is by far the stronger. Only in the fourth round does he feel his control slipping, and then the face of a hooded serpent materializes where Nazario's face should be, and he pounds the serpent image with right leads until it vanishes. Early in the fifth round, he bulls Nazario into a corner and following a sequence of 12 unanswered punches, the ref steps in and stops it.

Two hours after the fight, Mears is sitting in the dimly lit bar on the bottom floor of his hotel, having a draft beer and a shot of Gentleman Jack, listening to Mariah Carey on the jukebox. The mirror is a black, rippling distance flocked by points of actinic light, a mysterious lake full of stars and no sign of his reflection. The hooker beside him is wearing a dark something sewn all over with spangles that move over breasts and hips and thighs like the scattering of moonlight on choppy water. The bartender, when he's visible at all, is a cryptic shadow. Mears is banged up some, a small but nasty cut at his hairline from a head butt and a knot on his left cheekbone, which the hooker is making much of, touching it, saying, "That's terrible-lookin', honey. Just terrible. You inna accident or somepin'?" Mears tells her to mind her own damn business, and she says, "Who you think you is, you ain't my business? You better quit yo' dissin' 'cause I ain't takin' that kinda shit from nobody!"

He buys her another drink to mollify her and goes back to his interior concerns. Although the pain from the fight is minimal, his eyes are acting up and there is a feeling of dread imminence inside his head, an apprehension of a slight wrongness that can bloom into a fiery red presence. He is trying, by maintaining a certain poise, to resist it.

The hooker leans against him. Her breasts are big and sloppy soft and her perfume smells cheap like flowered Listerine, but her waist is slender and firm, and despite her apparent toughness, he senses that she is very young, new to the life. This barely hardened innocence makes him think of Amandla.

"Don't you wan' go upstairs, baby?" she says as her hand traces loops and circles along the inside of his thigh.

"We be there soon enough," he says gruffly. "We got all night."

"Whoo!" She pulls back from him. "I never seen a young man act so stern! 'Mind me of my daddy!" From her stagy tone, he realizes she is playing to the other patrons of the place, whom he cannot see, invisible as gods on their bar stools. Then she is rubbing against him again, saying, "You gon' treat me like my

daddy, honey? You gon' be hard on me?"

"Listen up," he says quietly, putting a hand on her arm. "Don't you be playin' these games. I'm payin' you good, so you just sit still and we'll have a couple drinks and talk a little bit. When the time comes, we'll go upstairs. Can you deal with that?"

He feels resentment in the tension of her arm. "OK, baby," she says with casual falsity. "What you wan' talk about?"

Mariah Carey is having a vision of love, her sinewy falsetto going high into a gospel frequency, and Mears asks the hooker if she likes the song.

She shrugs. "It's all right."

"You know the words?"

"Uh-huh."

"Sing it with me?"

"Say what?"

He starts to sing, and after a couple of seconds the hooker joins in. Her voice is slight and sugary but blends well with Mears's tenor. As they sing, her enthusiasm grows and Mears feels a frail connection forming between them. When the record ends, she giggles, embarrassed, and says, "That was def, baby. You sing real good. You a musician?"

"Naw, just church stuff, you know."

"Bobby Mears!" A man's voice brays out behind him, a hand falls heavily onto his shoulder. "Goddamn, it is you! My fren', he saying, 'Ain't that Bobby Mears over there?' and I said, 'Shit, what he be doin' in here?'"

The man is huge, dark as a coal sack against the lesser darkness, and Mears has no clue to his identity.

"Yes, sir! Bobby 'the Magician' Mears! I'm your biggest fan, no shit! I seen you fight a dozen times. And I ain't talkin' TV. I mean in person. Man, this is great! Can I get you a drink? Lemme buy you one. Hey, buddy! Give us another round over here, OK?"

"'Nother draft, 'nother shot of the Gentleman," says the bartender in a singsong delivery as he pours. He picks up the hooker's glass and says with less flair, "Vodka and coke."

"Sister," the man says to the hooker, "I don't know what Bobby's been tellin' you, but you settin' next to one of the greatest fighters ever lived."

The hooker says, "You a fighter, baby?" and Mears, who has been seething at this interruption, starts to say it's time to leave, but the man talks through him.

"The boy was slick! I'm tellin' you. Slickest thing you ever seen with that jab of his. Like to kill Marvin Hagler. That old baldhead was one lucky nigger that night. Ain't it the truth, man?"

"Bullshit," Mears says.

"Man's jus' bein' modest."

"I ain't bein' modest. Hagler was hurtin' me from round one, and all I's doin' was tryin' to survive." Mears digs a roll of bills from his pocket, peels a twenty from the top—the twenties are always on top; then the tens, then the fives. "Anybody saw that fight and thinks Hagler was lucky don't know jack shit. Hagler was the best, and it don't make me feel no better 'bout not bein' the best, you comin' round and bullshittin' me."

"Be cool, Bobby! All right, man? Be cool."

The hooker caresses Mears's shoulders, his neck, and he feels the knots of muscle, like hard tumors. It would take a thousand left hooks to work out that tension, a thousand solid impacts to drain off the poisons of fear lodged there, and he experiences a powerful welling up of despair that seems connected to no memory or incident, no stimulus whatsoever, a kind of bottom emotion, one you would never notice unless the light and the temperature and the noise level, all the conditions, were just right. But it's there all the time, the tarry stuff that floors your soul. He tells the man he's sorry for having lashed out at him. He's tired, he says, got shit on his mind.

"Hey," says the man, "hey, it's not a problem, OK?"

There follows a prickly silence that ends when Aaron Neville comes on the jukebox. Mears goes away with the tune, with the singer's liquid shifts and drops, like the voice of a saxophone, and is annoyed once again when the man says, "Who you fightin' next, Bobby? You got somethin' lined up?"

"Vederotta," Mears says.

"The Heat, man? You fightin' the Heat? No shit! Hey, you better watch your ass with that white boy! I seen him fight Reggie Williams couple months back. Hit that man so hard, two his teeth come away stuck in the mouthpiece."

Mears slides the twenty across the bar and says "Keep it" to the bartender.

"That's right," says the man with apparent relish. "That white boy ain't normal, you ax me. He jus' be livin' to fuck you up, know what I mean? He got somethin' wrong in his head."

"Thanks for the drink," Mears says, standing.

"Any time, Bobby, any time," the man says as Mears lets the hooker lead him toward the stairs. "You take my advice, man. Watch yourself with that Vederotta. That boy he gon' come hard, and you ain't no way slick as you used to be."

•

Cold blue neon winks on and off in the window of Mears's room, a vague nebular shine that might be radiating from a polar beacon or a ghostly police car, and as the hooker undresses, he lies on the bed in his shorts and watches the light. It's the only thing he sees, just that chilly blue in a black field, spreading across the surface of the glass like some undersea thing, shrinking and expanding like the contractions of an icy blue heart. He has always been afraid before a fight, yet now he's afraid in a different way. Or maybe it's not the fear that's different, maybe it's his resistance to it that has

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changed. Maybe he's weaker, wearier. He is so accustomed to suppressing fear, however, that when he tries to examine it, it slithers away into the cracks of his soul and hides there, lurking, eyes aglow, waiting for its time. Vederotta. The man's name even sounds strong, like a foreign sin, an age-old curse.

"Ain't you wan' the lights on, honey?" asks the hooker. "I wan' you be able see what you doin'."

"I see you just fine," he says. "You come on lie down."

A siren curls into the distance; two car horns start to blow in an impatient rhythm like brass animals angry at each other; smells of barbecue and gasoline drift in to overwhelm the odor of industrial cleaner.

Training, he thinks. Once he starts to train, he'll handle the fear. He'll pave it over with tons of sit-ups, miles of running, countless combinations, and by fight night there'll be just enough left to motivate him.

The hooker settles onto the bed, lies on her side, leaning over him, her breasts spilling onto his chest and arm. He lifts one in his palm, squeezing its heft, and she makes a soft, pleased noise.

"Why you didn't tell me you famous?" she asks.

"I ain't famous."

"Yeah, but you was."

"What difference it make? Bein' famous ain't about nothin'."

She rolls her shoulders, making her breasts roll against him, and her hot, sweet scent seems to thicken. "Jus' nice to know is all." She runs a hand along his chest, his corded belly. "Ain't you somepin'," she says, and then, "How old're you, baby?"

"Thirty-two."

He expects her to say, "Thirty-two! Damn, baby. I thought you was twenty-five, you lookin' good." But all she does is give a little *mmm* sound as if she's filing the fact away and goes on caressing him. By this he knows that the connection they were starting to make in the bar has held and she's going to be herself with him, which is what he wants, not some play-acting bitch who will let him turn her into Amandla, because he is sick and tired of having that happen.

She helps him off with his shorts and brings him all the way hard with her hand, then touches his cock to her breasts, lets it butt and slide against her cheek, takes it in her mouth for just seconds, like into warm syrup, her tongue swirling, getting his hips to bridge up from the mattress, wise and playful in her moves, and finally she comes astride him and says, "I believe I'm ready for some of this, baby," her voice burred, and she reaches for him, puts him where she needs it, and then her whole dark, sweet weight swings down slick and hot around him, and his neck arches, his mouth strains open and his head pushes back into the pillow, feeling as if he's dipped the back of his brain into a dark green pool, this ancient place with mossy-stone temples beneath the water and strange carvings and spirits gliding in and out the columns. When that moment passes, he finds she's riding him slow and deep and easy, not talking hooker trash, but fucking him like a young girl, her breath shaky and musical, hands braced on the pillow by his head, and he slides his hands around to cup her ass, to her back, pressing down so that her breasts graze and nudge his chest, and it's all going so right he forgets to think how good it is and gives himself over to the arc of his feelings and the steady, sinuous beat of her heart-filled body.

Afterward there is something shy and delicate between them, something he knows won't survive for long, maybe not even until morning, and maybe it's all false, maybe they have only played a deeper game, but if so, it's deep enough that the truth doesn't matter, and they are for now in that small room somewhere dark and green, the edge of that pool he dipped into for a second, a wood, sacred, with the calls of those strange metal beasts sounding in the distance from the desolate town. A shadow is circling beneath the surface of the pool, it's old, wrinkled, hard with evil, like a pale crocodile that's never been up into the light, but it's not an animal, not even a thought, it's just a name: Vederotta. He holds her tight, keeps two fingers pushed between her legs touching the heated damp of her, feeling her pulse there, still rapid and trilling, and he wants to know a little more about her, anything, just one thing, and when he whispers the only question he can think to ask, she wriggles around, holding his two fingers in place, turns her face to his chest and says her name is Arlene.

•

Training is like religion to Mears, the litanies of sparring, the penances of one-arm push-ups, the long retreats of his morning runs, the monastic breakfasts at four A.M., the vigils in the steam room during which he visualizes with the intensity of prayer what will happen in the ring, and as with a religion, he feels it simplifying him, paring him down, reducing his focus to a single consuming pursuit. On this occasion, however, he allows himself to be distracted and twice sleeps with Arlene. At first she tries to act flighty and brittle as she did in the bar, but when they go upstairs, that mask falls away and it is good for them again. The next night she displays no pretense whatsoever. They fuck wildly like lovers who have been long separated, and just before dawn they wind up lying on their sides, still joined, hips still moving sporadically. Mears's head is jangled and full of anxious incoherencies. He's worried about how he will suffer for this

later in the gym and concerned by what is happening with Arlene. It seems he is being given a last sweetness, a young girl not yet hardened beyond repair, a girl who has some honest affection for him, who perhaps sees him as a means of salvation. This makes him think he is being prepared for something bad by God or whomever. Although he's been prepared for the worst for quite a while, now he wonders if the Vederotta fight will somehow prove to be worse than the worst, and frightened by this, he tells Arlene he can't see her again until after the fight. Being with her, he says, saps his strength and he needs all his strength for Vederotta. If she is the kind of woman who has hurt him in the past, he knows she will react badly, she will accuse him of trying to dump her, she will rave and screech and demand his attentions. And she does become angry, but when he explains that he is risking serious injury by losing his focus, her defensiveness—that's what has provoked her anger—subsides, and she pulls him atop her, draws up her knees and takes him deep, gluing him to her sticky thighs, and as the sky turns the color of tin and delivery traffic grumbles in the streets, and a great clanking and screech of metal comes from the docks, and garbage trucks groan and whine as they tip Dumpsters into their maws like iron gods draining their goblets, she and Mears rock and thrust and grind, tightening their hold on each other as the city seems to tighten around them, winching up its loose ends, notch by notch, in order to withstand the fierce pressures of the waking world.

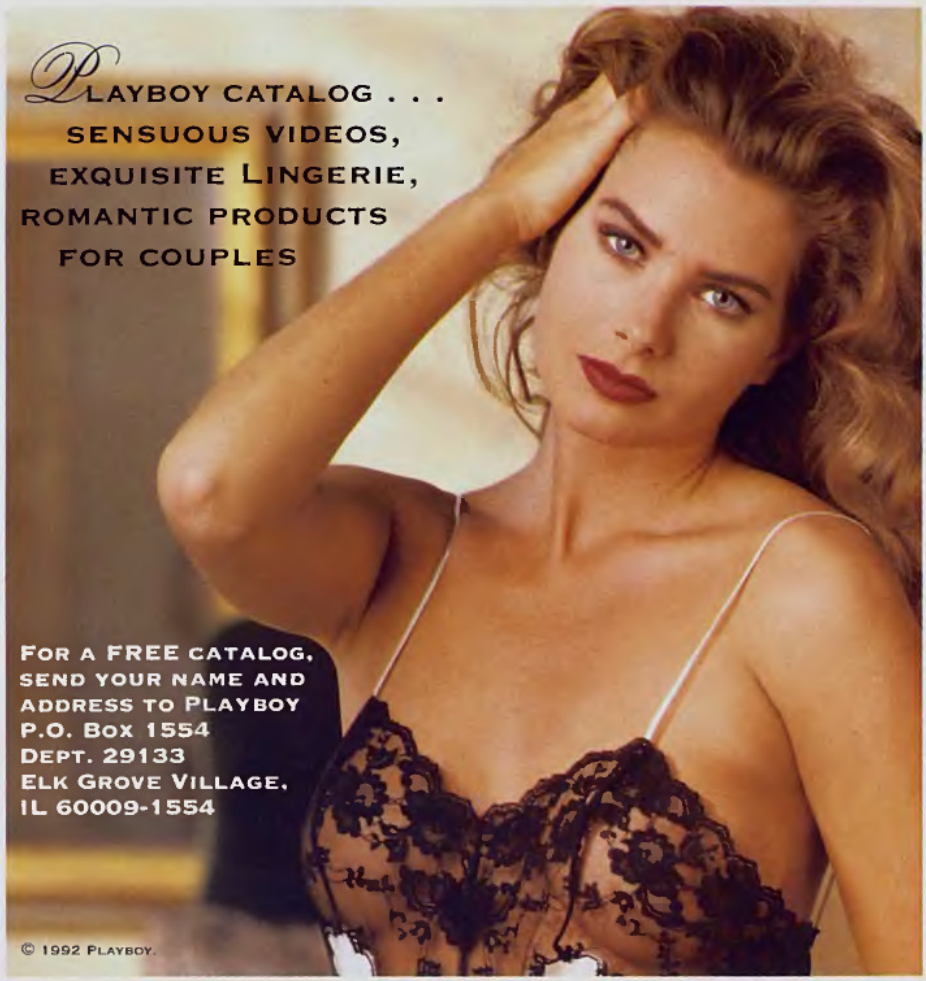
That afternoon at the gym, Leon takes Mears into the locker room and sits him on a bench. He paces back and forth, emitting an exhaust of cigar smoke, and tells Mears that the boxing commission will be no problem, the physical exam—like most commission physicals—is going to be a joke, no eye charts, nothing, just blood pressure and heart and basic shit like that. He paces some more, then says he's finished watching films of Vederotta's last four fights.

"Ain't but one way to fight him," he says. "Smother his punches, grab him, hold him, frustrate the son of a bitch. Then when he get wild and come bullin' in, we start to throw uppercuts. Uppercuts all night long. That's our only shot. Understand?"

"I hear you."

"Man's strong." Leon sighs as he takes a seat on the bench opposite Mears. "Heavyweight strong. He gon' come at us from the bell and try to hurt us. He use his head, his elbows, whatever he gots. We can't let him back us up. We back up on this motherfucker, we goin' to sleep."

There is more, Mears can feel it, and he waits patiently, picking at the wrappings on his hands while he listens to the



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slap and babble from the gym.

"'Member that kid Tony Ayala?" Leon asks. "Junior middleweight 'bout ten years ago. Mean fuckin' kid, wound up rapin' some schoolteacher in Jersey. Big puncher. This Vederotta 'mind me of him. He knock Jeff Toney down and then he kick him. He hold up Reggie Williams 'gainst the ropes when the man out on his feet so he kin hit him five, six times more." Leon pauses. "Maybe he's too strong. Maybe we should pull out of this deal. What you think?"

Mears realizes that Leon is mainly afraid Vederotta will knock him into retirement, that his cut of the $20,000 will not compensate for a permanent loss of income. But the fact that Leon has asked what he thinks, that's new, that's a real surprise. He suspects that deep within that gross bulk, the pilot light of Leon's moral self, long extinguished, has been relit and he is experiencing a flicker of concern for Mears's well-being. Recognizing this, Mears is, for reasons he cannot fathom, less afraid.

"Ain't you listenin', man? I axed what you think."

"Got to have that money," Mears says.

Leon sucks on his cigar, spits. "I don't know 'bout this," he says, real doubt in his voice, real worry. "I just don't know."

Mears thinks about Leon, all the years, the lies, the petty betrayals and pragmatic loyalty, the confusion that Leon must be experiencing to be troubled by emotion at this stage of the relationship. He tries to picture who Leon is and conjures the image of something bloated and mottled washed up on a beach—something that would have been content to float and dream in the deep blue-green light, chewing on kelp, but would now have to heave itself erect and lumber unsightly through the bright, terrible days without solace or satisfaction. He puts a hand on the man's soft, sweaty back, feels the sick throb of his heart. "I know you don't," he says. "But it's all right."

•

The first time he meets Vederotta, it's the morning of the fight, at the weigh-in. Just as he's stepping off the scale, he is startled to spot him standing a few feet away, a pale, vaguely human shape cut in the middle by a wide band of black, the trunks. And a face. That's the startling thing, the thing that causes Mears to shift quickly away. It's the sort of face that appears when a fight is going badly, when he needs more fear in order to keep going, but it's never happened so early, before the fight even begins. And this one is different from the rest. Not a comic-book image slapped on to a human mold, it seems fitted just below the surface of the skin, below the false human face, rippling like something seen through a thin film of water. It's coal black, with sculpted cheeks and a flattened bump of a nose and a slit mouth and hooded eyes, an inner mask of black lusterless metal. From its eyes and mouth leaks a crumbling red glow so radiant it blurs the definition of the features. Mears recognizes it for the face of his secret pain, and he can only stare at it. Then Vederotta smiles, the slit opening wider to show the furnace glow within, and says in a dull, stuporous voice, a voice like ashes, "You don't look so hot, man. Try and stay alive till tonight, will ya?" His handlers laugh and Leon curses them, but Mears, suddenly spiked with terror, can find no words, no solidity within himself on which to base a casual response. He lashes out at that evil, glowing face with a right hand, which Vederotta slips, and then everyone—handlers, officials, the press—is surging back and forth, pulling the two fighters apart, and as Leon hustles Mears away, saying, "Fuck's wrong with you, man? You crazy?" he hears Vederotta shouting at him, more bellowing than shouting, no words, nothing intelligible, just the raving of the black beast.

•

Half an hour before the fight is scheduled to start, Mears is lying on a training table in the dressing room, alone, his wrapped hands folded on his belly. From the arena come intermittent announcements over the PA, the crowd booing one of the preliminary bouts, and some men are talking loudly outside his door. Mears scarcely registers any of this. He's trying to purge himself of fear but is not having much success. He believes his peculiar visual trick has revealed one of God's great killers, and that tonight the red seed of pain in his head will bloom and he will die, and nothing—no determined avowal, no life-affirming hope—will diminish that belief. He could back out of the fight, he could fake an injury of some sort, and he considers this possibility, but something—and it's not just pride—is pulling him onward. No matter whether or not that face he saw is real, there's something inhuman about Vederotta. Something evil and implacable. And stupid. Some slowness natural to sharks and demons. Maybe he's not a fate, a supernatural creature; maybe he's only malformed, twisted in spirit. Whatever, Mears senses his wrongness the way he would a change in the weather, not merely because of the mask but from a wealth of subtle yet undeniable clues. All these months of imagining beasts in the ring and now he's finally come up against a real one. Maybe the only real one there is. The one he always knew was waiting. Could be, he thinks, it's just his time. It's his time and he has to confront it. Then it strikes him that there may be another reason. It's as if he's been in training, sparring with the lesser beasts, Alligator Man, the Fang, Snakeman and the rest, in order to prepare for this bout. And what if there's some purpose to his sacrifice? What if he's

"I paid off my college loan and now I've got my heart set on a charming little Van Gogh."

supposed to do something out there tonight aside from dying?

Lying there, he realizes he's already positioned for the coffin, posed for eternity, and that recognition makes him roll up to his feet and begin his shadowboxing, working up a sweat. His sweat stinks of anxiety, but the effort tempers the morbidity of his thoughts.

A tremendous billow of applause issues from the arena, and not long thereafter, Leon pops in the door and says, "Quick knockout, man. We on in five." Then it goes very fast. The shuffling, bobbing walk along the aisle through the Wichita crowd, hearing shouted curses, focusing on that vast, dim tent of white light that hangs down over the ring. Climbing through the ropes, stepping into the resin box, getting his gloves checked a final time. It's all happening too quickly. He's being torn away from important details. Strands of tactics, sustaining memories, are being burned off him. He does not feel prepared. His belly knots and he wants to puke. He needs to see where he is, exactly where, not just this stretch of blue canvas that ripples like shallow water and the warped circles of lights suspended in blackness like an oddly geometric grouping of suns seen from outer space. The heat of those lights, along with the violent, murmurous heat of the crowd, it's sapping—it should be as bright as day in the ring, like noon on a tropic beach, and not this murky twilight reeking of Vaseline and concession food and fear. He keeps working, shaking his shoulders, testing the canvas with gliding footwork, jabbing and hooking. Yet all the while he's hoping the ring will collapse or Vederotta will sprain something, a power failure, anything to spare him. But when the announcer brays his weight, his record and name over the mike, he grows calm as if by reflex and submits to fate and listens to the boos and desultory clapping that follows.

"His opponent," the announcer continues, "in the black trunks with a red stripe, weighs in tonight at a lean and mean one hundred fifty-nine and one half pounds. He's undefeated and is currently ranked number one by both the WBC and WBA, with twenty-four wins, twenty-three by knockout! Let's have a great big prairie welcome for Wichita's favorite son, Toneee! The Heat! Ve-de-rot-taaaaa! Vederotta!"

Vederotta dances forward into the roar that celebrates him, arms lifted above his head, his back to Mears; then he turns, and as Leon and the cut man escort Mears to the center of the ring for the instructions, Mears sees that menacing face again. Those glowing eyes.

"When I say 'break'," the ref is saying, "I want you to break clean. Case of a knockdown, go to a neutral corner and stay there till I tell ya to come out. Any questions?"

One of Vederotta's handlers puts in his mouthpiece, a piece of opaque plastic that mutes the fiery glow, makes it look liquid and obscene; gassy red light steams from beneath the black metal hulls that shade his eyes.

"OK," says the ref. "Let's get it on."

Vederotta holds out his gloves and says something through his mouthpiece. Mears won't touch gloves with him, frightened of what this acquiescence might imply. Instead, he shoves him hard, and once again the handlers have to intervene. Screams from the crowd lacerate the air, and the ref admonishes him, saying, "Gimme a clean fight, Bobby, or I'll disqualify ya." But Mears is listening to Vederotta shouting fierce, garbled noises such as a lion might make with its mouth full of meat.

Leon hustles him back to the corner, puts in his mouthpiece and slips out through the ropes, saying, "Uppercuts, man! Keep throwin' them uppercuts!" Then he's alone, that strangely attenuated moment between the instructions and the bell, longer than usual tonight because the TV cameraman standing on the ring apron is having problems. Mears rolls his head, working out the kinks, shaking his arms to get them loose, and pictures himself as he must look from the cheap seats, a tiny dark figure buried inside a white pyramid. The image of Amandla comes into his head. She, too, is tiny. A doll in a blue robe, like a Madonna, she has that kind of power, a sweet, gentle idea, nothing more. And there's Arlene, whom he has never seen, of whom he knows next to nothing, African and voluptuous and mysterious like those big-breasted ebony statues they sell in the import stores. And Leon hunkered down at the corner of the ring, sweaty already, breath thick and quavery, peering with his pop eyes. Mears feels steadier and less afraid, triangulated by them: the only three people who have any force in his life. When he glances across the ring and finds that black death's head glaring at him, he is struck by something—he can see Vederotta. Since his eyes went bad, he's been unable to see his opponent until the man closes on him, and for that reason he circles tentatively at the beginning of each round, waiting for a figure to materialize from the murk, backing, letting his opponent come to him. Vederotta must know this, must have seen that tendency on film, and Mears thinks it may be possible to trick him, to start out circling and then surprise him with a quick attack. He turns, wanting to consult Leon, not sure this would be wise, but the bell sounds, clear and shocking, sending him forward as inexorably as a toy set in motion by a spark.

Less than ten seconds into the fight, goaded in equal measure by fear and hope, Mears feints a sidestep, plants his back foot and lunges forward behind a

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right that catches Vederotta solidly above the left eye, driving him into the ropes. Mears follows with a jab and two more rights before Vederotta backs him up with a wild flurry, and he sees that Vederotta has been cut. The cut is on the top of the eyelid, not big but in a bad place, difficult to treat. It shows as a fuming red slit in that black mask, like molten lava cracking open the side of a scorched hill. Vederotta rubs at the eye, holds up his glove to check for blood, then hurls himself at Mears, taking another right on the way in but managing to land two stunning shots under the ribs that nearly cave him in. From then on it's all downhill for Mears. Nobody, not Hagler or Hearns or Duran, has ever hit him with such terrible punches. His face is numb from Vederotta's battering jab and he thinks one of his back teeth may have been cracked. But the body shots are the worst. Their impact is the sort you receive in a car crash when the steering wheel or the dash slams into you. They sound like football tackles, they dredge up harsh groans as they sink deep into his sides, and he thinks he can feel Vederotta's fingers, his talons, groping inside the gloves, probing for his organs. With less than a minute to go in the round, a right hand to the heart drops him onto one knee. It takes him until the count of five to regain his breath, and he's up at seven, wobbly, dazed by the ache spreading across his chest. As Vederotta comes in, Mears wraps his arms about his waist and they go lurching about the ring, faces inches apart, Vederotta's arm barred under his throat, trying to push him off. Vederotta spews words in a goblin language, wet, gnashing sounds. He sprays fiery brimstone breath into Mears's face, acid spittle, the crack on his eyelid leaking a thin track of red phosphorus down a black cheek. When the ref finally manages to separate them, he tells Mears he's going to deduct a point if he keeps holding. Mears nods, grateful for the extra few seconds rest, more grateful when he hears the bell.

Leon squirts water into Mears's mouth, tells him to rinse and spit. "You cut him," he says excitedly. "You cut the motherfucker!"

"I know," Mears says. "I can see him."

Leon, busy with the Enswell, refrains from comment, restrained by the presence of the cut man. "Left eye," he says, ignoring what Mears has told him. "Throw that right. Rights and uppercuts. All night long. That's a bad cut, huh, Eddie?"

"Could be a winner," the cut man says, "we keep chippin' on it."

Leon smears Vaseline on Mears's face. "How you holdin' up?"

"He's hurtin' me. Everything he throws, he's hurtin' me."

Leon tells him to go ahead and grab, let the ref deduct the fucking points, just hang in there and work the right. The crowd is buzzing, rumorous, and from this, Mears suspects that he may really have Vederotta in some trouble, but he's still afraid, more afraid than ever now that he had felt Vederotta's power. And as the second round begins, he realizes he's the one in trouble. The cut has turned Vederotta cautious. Instead of brawling, he circles Mears, keeping his distance, popping his jab, throwing an occasional combination, wearing down his opponent inch by inch, a pale, indefinite monster, his face sheathed in black metal, eyes burning like red suns at midnight. Each time Mears gets inside to throw his shots or grab, the price is high—hooks to the liver and heart, rights to the side of the neck, the hinge of the jaw. His face is lumping up. Near the end of the round, a ferocious straight right to the temple blinds him utterly in the left eye for several seconds. When the bell rings, he sinks onto the stool, legs trembling, heartbeat ragged. Exotic eye trash floats in front of him. His head's full of hot poison, aching and unclear. But oddly enough, that little special pain of his has dissipated, chased away by the same straight right that caused his temporary blackout.

The doctor pokes his head into the desperate bustle of the corner and asks him where he is, how he's doing. Mears says "Wichita" and "OK." When the ref asks him if he wants to continue, he's surprised to hear himself say "Yeah," because he's been doing little other than wondering if it would be all right to quit. Must be some good reason, he thinks, or else you're one dumb son of a bitch. That makes him laugh.

"Fuck you doin' laughin'?" Leon says. "We ain't havin' that much fun out there. Work on that cut! You ain't done diddly to that cut!"

Mears just shakes his head, too drained to respond.

The first minute of the third round is one of the most agonizing times of Mears's life. Vederotta continues his cautious approach, but he's throwing heavier shots now, head-hunting, and Mears can do nothing other than walk forward and absorb them. He is rocked a dozen times, sent reeling. An uppercut jams the mouthpiece edge-on into his gums and his mouth fills with blood. A hook to the ear leaves him rubber-legged. Two rights send spears of white light into his left eye and the tissue around the eye swells, reducing his vision to a slit. A low blow smashes the edge of his cup, drives it sideways against his testicles, causing a pain that brings bile into his throat. But Vederotta does not follow up. After each assault he steps back to admire his work. It's clear he's prolonging things, trying to inflict maximum damage before the finish. Mears peers between his gloves at the beast stalking him and wonders when that other little red-eyed beast

inside his head will start to twitch and burn. He's surprised it hasn't already, he's taken so many shots.

When the ref steps in after a series of jabs, Mears thinks he's stopping the fight, but it's only a matter of tape unraveling from his left glove. The ref leads him into the corner to let Leon retape it. He's so unsteady, he has to grip the ropes for balance, and glancing over his shoulder, he sees Vederotta spit his mouthpiece into his glove, which he holds up like a huge red paw. He expects Vederotta to say something, but all Vederotta does is let out a maniacal shout. Then he reinserts the mouthpiece into that glowing red maw and stares at Mears, shaking his black and crimson head the way a bear does before it charges, telling him—Mears realizes—that this is it, there's not going to be a fourth round. But Mears is too wasted to be further intimidated, his fear has bottomed out, and as Leon fumbles with the tape, giving him a little more rest, his pride is called forth, and he senses again just how stupid Vederotta is, bone stupid, dog stupid, maybe just stupid and overconfident enough to fall into the simplest of traps. No matter what happens to him, Mears thinks, maybe he can do something to make Vederotta remember this night.

The ref waves them together, and Mears sucks it up, banishes his pain into a place where he can forget about it for a while and shuffles forward, presenting a picture of reluctance and tentativeness. When Vederotta connects with a jab, then a right that Mears halfway picks off with his glove, Mears pretends to be sorely afflicted and staggers back against the ropes. Vederotta's in no hurry. He ambles toward him, dipping his left shoulder, so sure of himself he's not even trying to disguise his punches, he's going to come with the left hook under, he's going to hurt Mears some more before he whacks him out. Mears peeks between his gloves, elbows tight to his sides, knowing he's got this one moment, waiting, the crowd's roar like a jet engine around him, the vicious, smirking beast planting himself, his shoulder dipping lower yet, his head dropping down and forward as he cocks the left, and it's then, right at that precise instant, when Vederotta is completely exposed, that Mears explodes from his defensive posture and throws the uppercut, aiming not at the chin or the nose, but at that red slit on the black eyelid. He lands the shot clean, feels the impact, and above the crowd noise he hears Vederotta shriek like a woman, sees him stumble into the corner, his head lowered, glove held to the damaged eye. Mears follows, spins him about and throws another shot that knocks Vederotta's glove aside, rips at the eye. The slit, it's torn open now, has become an inch-long gash, and that steaming, luminous red shit is flowing into the eye, over the dull black cheek and jaw, dripping onto his belly and trunks. Mears pops a jab, a right, then another jab, not hard punches—they don't have to be hard, just accurate—splitting Vederotta's guard, each landing on the gash, slicing the eyelid almost its entire length. Then the ref's arms wrap around him from behind and haul him back, throwing him into ring center, where he stands, confused by this sudden cessation of violence, by this solitude imposed on him after all that brutal intimacy, as the doctor is called in to look at Vederotta's eye. He feels light and unreal, as if he's been shunted into a place where gravity is weaker and thought has no emotional value. The crowd has gone quiet and he hears the voice of Vederotta's manager above the babbling in the corner. Then a second voice shouting the manager down, saying, "I can see the bone, Mick! I can see the goddamn bone!" And then—this is the most confusing thing of all—the ref is lifting his arm and the announcer is declaring, without enthusiasm, to a response of mostly silence and some scattered boos, that "the referee stops the contest at a minute fifty-six seconds of the third round. Your winner by TKO: Bobby! The Magician! Mears!"

Mears's pain has returned, the TV people want to drag him off for an interview, Leon is there hugging him, saying, "We kicked his ass, man! We fuckin' kicked his ass!" and there are others, the promoter, the nobodies, trying to congratulate him, but he pushes them aside, shoulders his way to Vederotta's corner. He has to see him, because this is not how things were supposed to play. Vederotta is sitting on his stool, someone smearing his cut with Avitene. His face is still visible, still that of the beast. Those glowing red eyes stare up at Mears, connect with the eye of pain in his head, and he wants there to be a transfer of knowledge, to learn that one day soon that pain will open wide and he will fall the way a fighter falls after one punch too many, disjointed, graceless, gone from the body. But no such transfer occurs, and he begins to suspect that something is not wrong, or rather that what's wrong is not what he suspected.

There's one thing he thinks he knows, however, looking at Vederotta, and while the handlers stand respectfully by, acknowledging his place in this ritual, Mears says, "I was lucky, man. You a hell of a fighter. But that eye's never gon' be the same. Every fight they gon' be whacking at it, splittin' it open. You ain't gon' be fuckin' over nobody no more. You might as well hang 'em up now."

As he walks away, as the TV people surround him, saying, "Here's the winner, Bobby Mears"—and he wonders what exactly it is he's won—it's at that instant he hears a sound behind him, a gush of raw noise in which frustration

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and rage are commingled, both dirge and challenge, denial and lament, the final roar of the beast.

•

Two weeks after the fight he's sitting in the hotel bar with Arlene, staring into that infinite dark mirror, feeling lost, undefined, sickly, like there's a cloud between him and the light that shines him into being, because he's not sure when he's going to fight again, maybe never, he's so busted up from Vederotta. His eyes especially seem worse, prone to dazzling white spots and blackouts, though the pain deep in his head has subsided, and he thinks that the pain may have had something to do only with his eyes, and now that they're fading, it's fading, too, and what will he do if that's the case? Leon has been working with this new lightweight, a real prospect, and he hasn't been returning Mears's calls, and when the bartender switches on the TV and a rapper's voice begins blurting out his simple, aggressive rhymes, Mears gets angry, thoughts like gnats swarming around that old reeking nightmare shape in his head, that thing that may never have existed, and he pictures a talking skull on the TV shelf, with a stuffed raven and a coiled snake beside it. He drops a twenty on the counter and tells Arlene he wants to take a walk, a disruption of their usual routine of a few drinks, then upstairs. It bewilders her, but she says, "OK, baby," and off they go into the streets, where the Christmas lights are gleaming against the black velour illusion of night like green and red galaxies, as if he's just stepped into an incredible distance hung here and there with plastic angels filled with radiance. And people, lots of people brushing past, dark and shiny as beetles, scuttling along in this holy immensity, chattering their bright gibberish, all hustling toward mysterious crossroads where they stop and freeze into silhouettes against the streams of light, and Mears, who is walking very fast because walking is dragging something out of him, some old weight of emotion, is dismayed by their stopping, it goes contrary to the flow he wants to become part of, and he bursts through a group of shadows assembled like pilgrims by a burning river, and steps out, out and down—he's forgotten the curb—and staggers forward into the traffic, into squealing brakes and shouts, where he waits for a collision he envisions as swift and ultimately stunning, luscious in its finality, like the fatal punch Vederotta should have thrown. Yet it never comes. Then Arlene, who has clattered up, unsteady in her high heels, hauls him back onto the sidewalk, saying, "You tryin' to kill yo'self, fool?" And Mears, truly lost now, truly bereft of understanding, either of what he has done or why he's done it, stands mute and tries to find her face, wishes he could put a face on her, not a mask, just a face that would be her, but she's nowhere to be found, she's only perfume, a sense of presence. He knows she's looking at him, though.

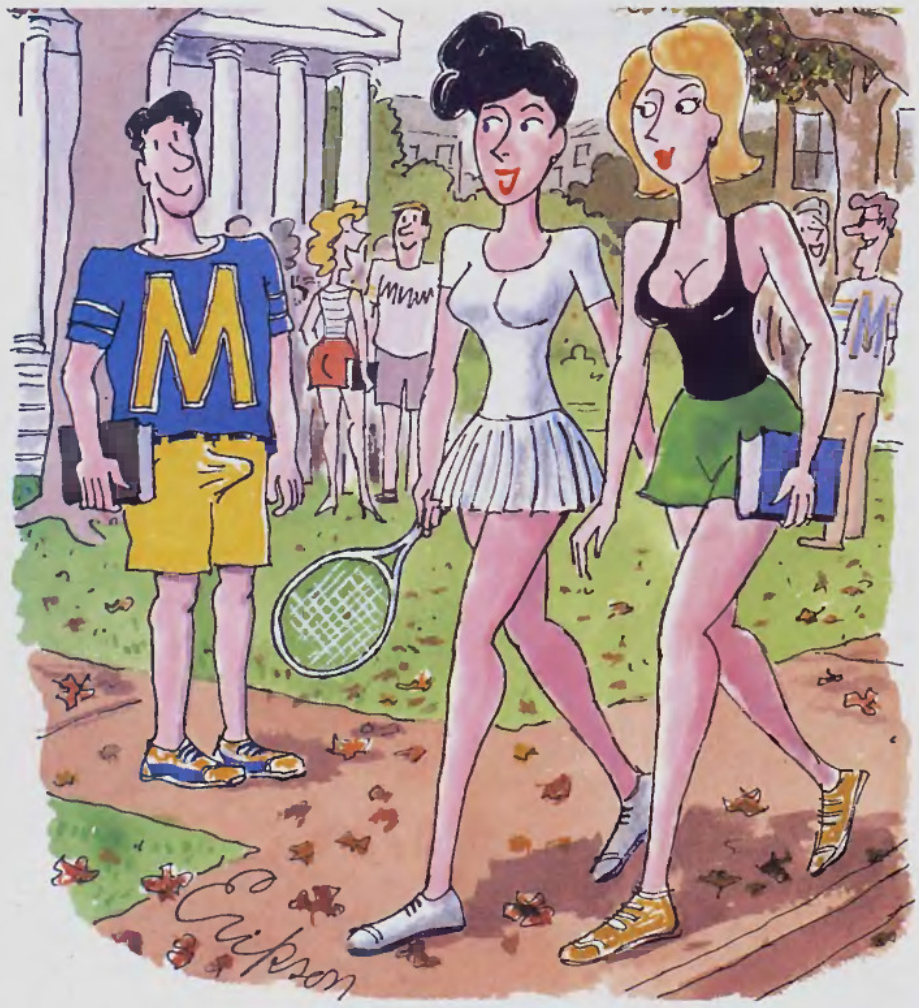
"You sick, Bobby?" she asks. "Ain't you gon' tell me what's wrong?"

How can he tell her that what's wrong is he's afraid he's not dying, that he'll live and go blind? How can that make sense? And what does it say about how great a fool he's been? He's clear on nothing apart from that, the size of his folly.

"C'mon," Arlene says with exasperation, taking his arm. "I'm gon' cook you some dinner. Then you can tell me what's been bitin' yo' ass."

He lets her steer him along. He's too dazed to make decisions. Too worried. It's funny, he thinks, or maybe funny's not the word, maybe it's sad that what's beginning to worry him is exactly the opposite of what was troubling him a few seconds before. What if she proves to be someone who'll stand by him no matter how bad things get, what if the pain in his head hasn't gone away, it's just dormant, and instead of viewing death as a solution, one he feared but came to rely on, he now comes to view it as something miserable and dread? The darkness ahead will be tricky to negotiate, and the simple trials of what he's already starting to characterize as his old life seem, despite blood and attrition, unattainably desirable. But no good thing can arise from such futile longing, he realizes. Loving Amandla has taught him that.

Between two department stores, two great, diffuse masses of white light, there's an alley, a doorway, a dark interval of some sort, and as they pass, Mears draws Arlene into it and pulls her tightly to him, needing a moment to get his bearings. The blackness of street and sky is so uniform, it looks as if you could walk a black curve up among the blinking red and green lights, and as Arlene's breasts flatten against him, he feels like he is going high, like it feels when the man in the tuxedo tells you that you've won and the pain is washed away by perfect exhilaration and sweet relief. Then, as if jolted forward by the sound of a bell, he steps out into the crowds, becoming part of them, just another fool with short money and bad health and God knows what kind of woman trouble, who in another time might have been champion of the world.



"There's a lot of that going around."

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

STYLE

Page 28: "Westward Ho!": **Shirts:** By *Atlantic Connection*, at Cignal nationwide; Punch, 336 Plaza Real, Boca Raton, FL, 407-338-6448; Bradys, Fashion Valley Center, San Diego, 619-296-8898. By *Guess*, at Macy's, 151 W. 34th St., N.Y.C., 800-44-MACYS. By *Café*, at Fred Segal Feeling, 500 Broadway, Santa Monica, 310-393-2322. By *Razzy by International News*, for store locations, 800-730-NEWS. **Jackets:** By *M. Julian*, at Thieves Market, for store locations, 714-380-7700; Leathers T'Boot, 1990 Route 70 East, The Market Place, Cherry Hill, NJ, 609-751-9333; Justers Clothier, 500 Nicollet Mall, Minneapolis, 612-333-1431. By *Winlit*, at select Macy's stores, for information, 415-397-3333. **Belts:** By *Leegin*, for store locations, 800-BELTS-4-U. By *Al Beres U.S.A.*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-3274; Stuart/Chicago, 102 E. Oak St., Chicago, to order, 800-428-1990. "Boot Camp": **Boots:** By *Durango*, for store locations, 800-251-3388 (ask for advertising dept.). By *Code West*, for store locations, 800-234-0994. By *Utility*, to order or for information, 800-733-8993. By *London Underground*, to order, 800-547-6753. By *Timberland*, at Timberland, 709 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-754-0434; 666 Bridgeway, Sausalito, CA, 415-332-1096. "Hot Shopping: New York": Too Cute, Soho, 212-777-5974. Radio Hula, 212-226-4467. Stüssy, 212-274-8855. A/X Armani Exchange, 212-431-6000. Yoshi, 212-979-0569. New Republic Clothiers, 212-219-3005. "Clothes Line": **Jeans** by *The Gap*, at Gap stores nationwide. **Sneakers** by *Nike*, for store locations, 800-344-NIKE. **Suits** by *Giorgio Armani*, at Giorgio Armani Boutiques, 815 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-988-9191; 113 Oak St., Chicago, 312-751-2244; 436 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 213-271-5555.

FALL AND WINTER FASHION GUIDE

Page 82: **Suit, shirt** and **shoes** by *Donna Karan*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-3030. **Tie** by *Donna Karan*, at select Barneys and Bloomingdale's nationwide. Page 83: **Suit, shirt** and **tie** by *Donna Karan*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-3030. **Suit** by *Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni*, at Dillards nationwide. **Sweater** by *Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni*, at I. Magnin nationwide. **Sunglasses** by *Cutler & Gross*, at Morgenthal-Frederics, 685 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-838-3090. **Collar tacks** by *Donna Karan*, at select Barneys and Bloomingdale's nationwide. **Suit** and **shirt** by *Hugo Boss*, at Stanley Korshak, 500 Crescent Court, Dallas, 800-972-5959. **Tie** by *XMI*, at Lord & Taylor nationwide. **Pocket square** by *Ashear Brothers*. **Shoes** by *Allen-Edmonds*, at Saks and Bullocks nationwide. **Sunglasses** by *Cutler & Gross*, at Morgenthal-Frederics, 685 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-838-3090. Page 84: **Suit** by *Alexander Julian*, at Beecroft & Bull, Ltd., 3198 Pacific Ave., Virginia Beach, VA, 804-422-1961. **Shirt** by *Bill Robinson*, at Macy's nationwide. **Tie** by *Audrey Buckner*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300. **Pocket square** by *Ashear Brothers*. **Sunglasses** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Bloomingdale's, Dayton's, Hudson's and Marshall Field's nationwide. **Watch** by *Pulsar*, at JC Penney and fine department stores nationwide. **Suit** by *Hugo Boss*, at Loutie, 1775 Broadway, N.Y.C., 212-265-2299. **Shirt** by *Vestimenta*, at Louis, Boston, 234 Berkeley St., Boston, 800-225-5135. **Tie** by *Ralph Lauren*, at Polo/Ralph Lauren Shop, 867 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-606-2100. Page 85: **Suit, shirt** and **tie** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Joseph Abboud, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200. **Sunglasses** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Dayton's, Hudson's and Marshall Field's nationwide. Page 86: **Jacket, shirt, pants** and **tie** by *Calvin Klein*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000. **Sunglasses** by *Cutler & Gross*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000; Morgenthal-Frederics, 685 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-838-3090. Page 87: **Jacket, vest** and **shirt** by *Grays by Gary Wasserman*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000. **Tie** and **pants** by *Nick Hilton*, at Louis, Boston, 234 Berkeley St., Boston, 800-225-5135. **Shoes** by *Walk-Over*, available at specialty stores nationwide. **Socks** by *Polo*, at Polo shops nationwide. **Watch** by *Jaz Watch*, at fine department stores nationwide. **Jacket** and **pants** by *Andrew Fezza*, at Jacobson's, Florida and Michigan, for store locations, 800-635-4770. **Shirt** and **tie** by *Assets for Andrew Fezza*, at select Bloomingdale's and Macy's stores. **Shoes** by *Edward Green*, at Louis, Boston, 234 Berkeley St., Boston, 800-225-5135. **Sunglasses** by *Cutler & Gross*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000; Morgenthal-Frederics, 685 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-838-3090. Page 88: **Watch** by *Lisa Jenks*, at all Barneys locations; Grand Jury, 10301 Old Georgetown Rd., Bethesda, MD, 301-530-7982. **Jacket** by *Bill Robinson*, at Macy's nationwide. **Turtleneck** by *Bill Robinson*, by special order only. **Jeans** by *Antique Boutique*, for information, 212-460-8830. **Belt** by *Elizabeth Rand*, for information, 212-754-1227. **Jacket** by *V2 for Gianni Versace*, at Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., N.Y.C., 212-333-4040; Martin Freedman, 1372 Broadway, N.Y.C., 212-921-1030; Boyd's, 1818 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, 215-564-9000. **Shirt** by *V2 for Gianni Versace*, at Martin Freedman, 1372 Broadway, N.Y.C., 212-921-1030; Saks nationwide. **Tie** by *V2 for Gianni Versace*, at all six Bigsby & Kruthers locations in Chicago, 312-440-1750. **Pants** by *V2 for Gianni Versace*, at Allure, 1509 Walnut St., Philadelphia, 215-561-4242. **Shirt** by *Wilke-Rodriquez*, at Bloomingdale's, Dillards and Saks nationwide. **T-shirt** by *Calvin Klein Underwear*, at Bloomingdale's nationwide. **Pants** by *V2 for Gianni Versace*, at Allure, 1509 Walnut St., Philadelphia, 215-561-4242. **Belt** by *Goldpfeil*, at Goldpfeil Boutiques, NY; Bal Harbour, FL; Beverly Hills. Page 89: **Jacket** by *Michael Kors*, at Charivari 57, 18 E. 57th St., N.Y.C., 212-333-4040. **Vest** by *Michael Kors*, by special order only, 212-581-5100. **Pants** by *Michael Kors*, at all Clappers-Adam Ross locations. **T-shirt** by *Michael Kors*, at Jonathan, 456 Central Ave., Cedarhurst, NY, 516-569-2626.

THE WILD BUNCH

Pages 108–113: **Bikes:** By *Monolith*, for information or for dealer nearest you, 408-459-9545. By *Univega*, for dealer nearest you, 310-426-0474. By *Specialized*, for dealer nearest you, 800-688-3883. By *Cannondale*, for dealer nearest you, 800-BIKE-USA. By *Dean*, for dealer nearest you, 303-494-2026. By *Fisher*, for dealer nearest you, 800-262-2247. By *Trek*, for dealer nearest you, 414-478-2197. By *Bridgestone*, for dealer nearest you, Bridgestone Cycle USA, Inc., 15021 Wicks Blvd., San Leandro, CA, 510-895-5480.

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

Page 161: **Miniature TVs:** By *Citizen*, for information, 800-421-6516. By *Sony*, for store locations, 800-222-SONY. By *Casio*, to order or for store locations, 800-962-2746. By *Magnavox*, for product information, 615-475-0317.

For free information on advertised fashions only, call Playboy's Fashion Line at 1-800-354-4502.

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PLAYBOY

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WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

TINY TUBES

Until recently, miniature television sets have primarily been a way to catch instant-replay action at the ballpark or to relieve boredom at the beach. But now that the home-video market is booming, electronics manufacturers have come up with interesting new angles. In addition to having screen sizes of less than five inches, the latest color models incorporate liquid crystal display technology for improved picture quality. Some feature special sensors that adjust screen illumination to meet light conditions, and optional automobile adapters on others make them perfect road-trip companions. The best tiny TVs even have input/output jacks that enable you to connect a camcorder to instantly view your home-video footage—in color.

STEVE CONWAY

Color LCD TVs, clockwise from 12: Citizen's 2.2" P522 comes with audio/video inputs, an optional AC adapter and car-battery hookup, $170. Sony's 4" FDL-K400 comes with audio/video jacks and an AC adapter, plus a 12-channel memory, a remote control, a light sensor and an optional car-battery adapter, $700. Casio's 2" TV-500 features an external antenna, earphones and audio/video jacks, plus optional AC and car-battery adapters, $250. Magnavox' 3" CK1050CH has a pop-up screen, an AM/FM radio, audio/video input and an AC adapter, about $450.

Where & How to Buy on page 159.

A Rae of Light

Leggy actress SHANNON RAE has been around—from *Wayne's World* at the movies to Firehouse's music video *Love of a Lifetime* to ads for Frederick's of Hollywood. Now, here she is. Lucky us.

© ANDY FRAIRMAN

Braga Rights

Actress SONIA BRAGA is her own woman. She takes movie parts only when she believes in the scripts. Seen most recently on the big screen in *Havana* and on cable last year in *The Last Prostitute*, Braga can draw a crowd just by getting dressed up.

© JOE MARZULLO

Lisa Switches Hats

Violinist LISA GERMANO tours often with John Mellencamp and played with Billy Joel, Bob Seger and Indigo Girls. Her first solo LP, *On the Way Down from the Moon Palace*, showed off her writing talent. She's working on number two now.

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC

© ROBERT MATHEU

The James Gang

British rockers JAMES's fourth studio album, *Seven*, is finally catching on in the U.S. Two of the singles are breaking on the charts. Now you can catch them in concert. Why have they persevered? "Songs would appear. Wonderful songs. That's why we kept going." Welcome, James.

© WERNER W. POLLENER

Tally's Extra Points

TALLY CHANEL graced the cover of a 1990 *Playboy's Book of Lingerie* and appeared on Showtime in *Knockouts* and in music videos for Kix and David Lee Roth. In *Grapevine*, she is playing with the pros.

© WERNER W. POLLENER

Heather and Yon

HEATHER TUSCANY was a Page Three girl. She's moved on to an ABC movie, *Heroes and Villains—The Beach Boys Story*, and a music video for Skid Row. We know they all can't be California girls.

Pearls for Earl

Look out mainstream pop divas, STACY EARL is a newly discovered gem. Her self-titled LP has already yielded two top-20 hits, *Love Me All Up* and *Romeo and Juliet*, on the singles charts. Recently recognized by the Boston Music Awards as the rising star of 1992, Stacy proves that a big voice and a beautiful face are a winning combination. They work great for us.

© ROBERT MATHEU

SOMERS IN THE CITY

The House of Seagram's latest contribution to the premium-gin market is Somers, a light, crisp, 70-proof British potable with a hint of citrus and other flavors named after the English explorer and founder of Bermuda, Sir George Somers. A game of croquet goes well with a Somers and tonic, and a Somers martini puts a nice twist on a summer's eve. Currently, you can find Somers only in parts of Connecticut, New Jersey and west Los Angeles, but it should be available nationwide soon.

CHUCK WALKER

NIGHT SIGHT

Night Driving glasses are to the dark hours what sunglasses are to daylight. That is, their special amber-tinted lenses are supposed to brighten your view by as much as 30 percent while cutting the glare of oncoming headlights. They work well in snow, rain or fog, too. Blue Seas Treasures, P.O. Box 6765, Metairie, Louisiana 70009, sells Night Driving glasses and clip-ons for $18 each, postpaid. Onward into that dark night—safely.

TIM O'BRIEN

MADEIRA AND LAMBS' BALLS, MY DEAR?

Back in 1952, Norman Douglas wrote *Venus in the Kitchen*, subtitled "Recipes for Seduction," under the nom de plume of Pilaff Bey. Now Halo Books in San Francisco has reprinted the classic in a softcover edition that includes an introduction by Graham Greene. While we can't attest to the aphrodisiacal power of a pie of bulls' testicles or sparrows' brains served in a chickpea broth, Douglas' after-love drink, consisting of maraschino liqueur, egg yolk, cream and brandy, did go down nicely in one gulp. Oysters in champagne and mutton cutlets with cognac also were mighty tasty, but we took a pass on the eel soup and fritters of elderflower, thank you. Call Halo at 415-981-5144 and get cooking for only $15.95, postpaid, you horny devil.

THE GREENING OF BLUE HAWAII

If you want to see what kind of establishment $600,000,000 will buy you in Hawaii these days, check yourself into the Grand Hyatt Wailea Resort & Spa on Maui. Would you believe a nine-story atrium filled with more plants and flowers than were probably in the Garden of Eden, a 2000-foot river pool featuring the world's only water elevator and a Polynesian restaurant that "floats" on a 700,000-gallon saltwater lagoon filled with 2000 varieties of tropical fish? This ain't no Motel 6, Marty. Plus, there's a 50,000-square-foot spa, a Japanese restaurant where you can order the 14-course *kaiseki* dinner for $500 and a private club within the hotel that has each room staffed with a butler. Prices for a double begin at $280 a night. For reservations: 808-875-1234.

TREASURE OF THE TAJ

Arthur C. Clarke, author of *2001: A Space Odyssey*, has been on the track of sunken treasure for years. Now he and Captain Carl Fismer of the Spanish Main Treasure Company have announced their discovery off the coast of Sri Lanka of about 3000 silver rupees from the year 1702 that were originally minted for the family that built the Taj Mahal. Prices range from $1297 for a rupee to $1997 for one with blue moonstones set in a half-ounce gold bezel and include a certificate of authenticity. Call 305-451-5225 for more information.

FOR CHOCOPHILES ONLY

Death by Chocolate: The Last Word on a Consuming Passion is a cookbook to die for. In it, Marcel Desaulniers, the executive chef and co-owner of the Trellis Restaurant in Williamsburg, Virginia, serves up more than 80 killer recipes for everything from Deep Dark Chocolate Fudge Cookies to Death by Chocolate, a ten-pound cake made of seven layers of chocolate. *Death*, which is published by Rizzoli, costs $25 and is chock-full of color photos of delicious-looking desserts.

SOMETHING TO BEEF ABOUT

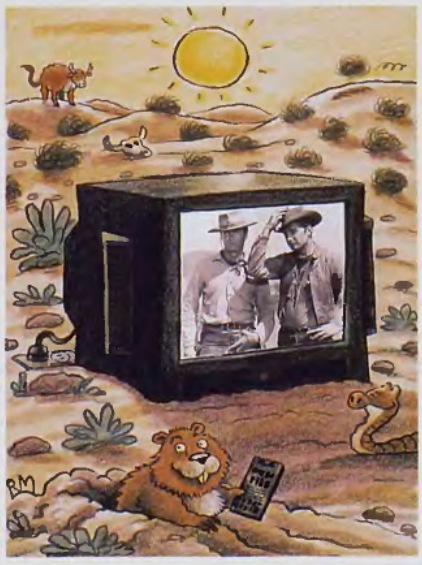
Homer didn't buy any beef jerky on *The Simpsons* because it was "too salty." But Homer obviously hadn't tasted the Jerky Hut's jerkies. Its jerkies range from a Cowboy Style Soft Salt Cure to a Chernobyl Total Meltdown. And Jerky Hut also mail-orders terrific beef sausages, turkey-breast snacks and beef pepper sticks. Prices range from $8 for a quarter-pound of Chernobyl to $24.95 for a pound of Hot Nugget Soft Sweet Cure. A call to 800-2BF-JRKY will get you all the details. If you're *really* hot for jerky, Jerky Hut franchises are available, too.

GOING BATTY

Batman the Ride, "the world's first and only suspended, outside-looping, nothing-below-your-chair-but-air thrill ride," has been carrying screaming thrill seekers along 2700 feet of track at Six Flags Great America in Gurnee, Illinois, all summer. And if you haven't experienced this 50-mph, two-minute journey to hell high above a replica of Gotham City, do so before the park closes September 27. You'll be riding in chair lift–type vehicles that whisk you through a "heartline spin" at zero gravity—just like Batman.

ON THE TRAIL AGAIN

TV's longest-running cattle drive, *Rawhide*, is now available on videotape, and in case you've forgotten, it was the show in which a still wet-behind-the-ears actor named Clint Eastwood starred as trail ramrod Rowdy Yates. Through a subscription series only, Columbia House Video Library is selling the first two-episode tape of *Rawhide: The Collector's Edition* for $7.40, postpaid, with VHS videocassettes of subsequent *Rawhide* shows (each containing two one-hour episodes) available for $22.40. Call 800-638-2922 to order. Head 'em up.



NEXT MONTH

THE GREYHOUND

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

BODY THIEF

FUNNY GIRL

SISTER SOULJAH SETS THE RECORD STRAIGHT WITH A RAP ON RACE, FEMINISM, VIOLENCE AND WHAT SHE REALLY THINKS OF MICHAEL JACKSON IN A SURPRISING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

"CRY INCEST"—FROM THE MOUTHS OF "INNER CHILDREN" COME CHARGES OF SEXUAL ABUSE. ARE THE MEMORIES TRUE OR ARE THEY IMAGINED?—AN INVESTIGATIVE REPORT BY DEBBIE NATHAN

"THE GREYHOUND"—IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A LITTLE JOKE ON THE LOCAL DON, BUT NABBING HIS PRECIOUS POOCH TURNS OUT TO BE UNEXPECTEDLY TRICKY—BY COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER DANIEL LYONS

"FUNNY GIRL"—LET'S HEAR IT FOR *STAR SEARCH* COMEDY CHAMP FELICIA MICHAELS, THE STAND-UP COMIC WITH A VOICE LIKE MINNIE MOUSE AND A BODY THAT JUST WON'T QUIT—A LIVELY PLAYBOY PICTORIAL

"THE TALE OF THE BODY THIEF"—ON A WORKING VACATION IN MIAMI, A BLOODTHIRSTY SEDUCER STALKS A SERIAL KILLER—AN EXCERPT FROM THE LATEST CHAPTER IN ANNE RICE'S VAMPIRE CHRONICLES

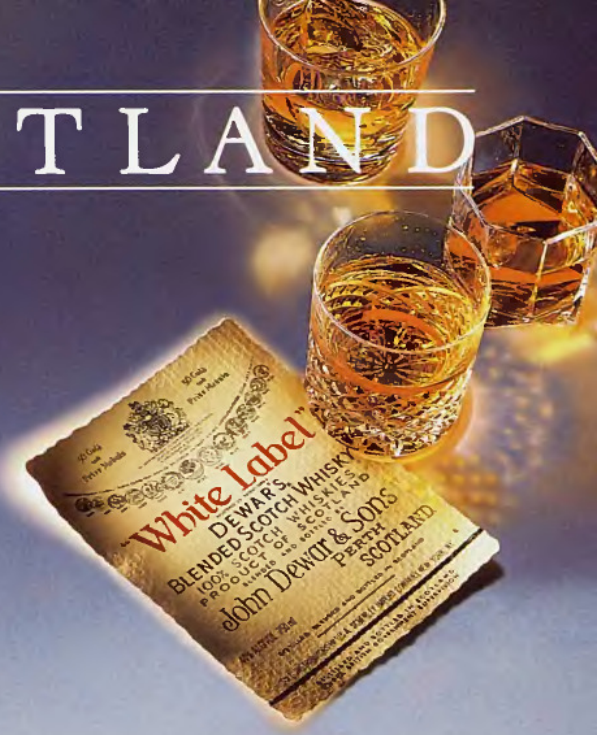
TIM (*THE PLAYER*) **ROBBINS,** RENEGADE ALTAR BOY FROM GREENWICH VILLAGE, HAS BECOME ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTEST PROPERTIES. HE DIVULGES HIS FEELINGS ON MOVIEMAKING, GARTER BELTS AND PARENTHOOD WITH SUSAN SARANDON IN A FASTBALLING "20 QUESTIONS"

"BORN TO BE MILD"—YOU KNOW HIM AS A VERY FUNNY PERFORMER AND SAVIOR OF THREE OSCARCASTS. IN *MR. SATURDAY NIGHT*, HIS DIRECTORIAL DEBUT, BILLY CRYSTAL BRINGS HIS ALTER EGO, BUDDY YOUNG, JR., TO THE SCREEN—A PLAYBOY PROFILE BY JOE MORGENSTERN

"GOOD GONZO—NOT AGAIN!"—YUP, THAT BAD BOY OF ASPEN, HUNTER S. THOMPSON, DUCKS THE MORTARS IN HIS COLORADO FRONT YARD TO LOB A FEW SHELLS OF HIS OWN AT THE ELECTION'S SO-CALLED CANDIDATES—ARTICLE BY CRAIG VETTER

PLUS: DON'T MISS "GIRLS OF THE BIG EAST"; "PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW," OUR ANNUAL (UNCANNY) LOOK AT THE COLLEGE FOOTBALL SEASON, BY GARY COLE; THE BEST IN BACK-TO-CAMPUS FASHIONS, BY HOLLIS WAYNE; THE LATEST ON DCC—DIGITAL COMPACT CASSETTES; FUTURE TVS IN "STAR SETS: THE NEXT GENERATION"; AND MUCH MORE

DEWAR'S SCOTLAND



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